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MY RECOLLECTIONS.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

Translated, with Notes and an Introduction.

BY

COUNT MAFFEI.

23531

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MY RECOLLECTIONS.

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Revolution of 1821 in Piedmont—My father forbids me to approach Turin—I obey without any great merit—Family disagreements on this occasion—At the first rumour of danger my father and other old nobles hasten to the defence of the king—Fortitude of my mother at that conjuncture—My opinion on the political movement of 1821—Military revolutions, and loyalty to the flag—My brother Robert at Paris, and afterwards at home—In July 1821 I remove from Castel Sant' Elia to Rocca di Papa—Description of the surrounding scenery—Origin of Rocca di Papa—Physical and moral portrait of the peasant women of the Roman Campagna.

LET us go back a little.

In March 1821 a revolution broke out in Piedmont, which was stifled and put down in a month; leaving, however, many sad traces behind it, and still sadder germs in society as well as in the country.

Although a complete stranger to this outbreak,

from which I expected very little, I nevertheless felt my pulse beat quicker when the news of it spread throughout Italy, and at last reached even Rome.

My friend Bidone wrote to me to return immediately, in order to take part in the movement. My father, on the contrary, dispatched three letters all at once, forbidding me to stir under any pretext, and directed one to Rome, another to Florence, and the third to Genoa; to make sure that one at least should reach me, in case I had already started. I obeyed him with a docility for which he ever after gave me great credit. But, in truth, I deserved very little. When only at the age of twenty-two, I understood that to endeavour to establish the Spanish constitution by surprise in an Italian state, without strength or support, while the Holy Alliance was in its first blush of prosperity, was neither more nor less than to make oneself the purveyor of the scaffold. And then, why precisely the Spanish constitution? As if Spain and Piedmont were like twins, each of whom can wear the clothes for which the other has been measured. There was, however, a reason. That constitution peculiarly favours politics in the streets. Always the same comedy!

While the invasion of the kingdom of Naples, decreed at Laybach, was preparing, I had presented myself to the Chevalier Micheroux, the Neapolitan

Minister in Rome, asking to serve in the army. He gave me a cold and evasive answer, saying, as well as I can recollect, that it was not the intention of the Neapolitan government to introduce foreigners into the ranks of its soldiery. Having taken this step without a shadow of enthusiasm—for if I had little faith in the Revolution of Piedmont, I had still less in that of Naples—I did not insist any further. I was lucky, for I escaped Antrodoco!*

These political perturbations produced painful consequences in my family, as in many others. My father, although considered one of the staunchest supporters of absolutism, was, in fact, far from being so. He had too much intelligence not to perceive its dangers and its impossibilities; but he was an enemy to revolutionary changes, which very often only transfer power to other and worse hands. I defy anyone to be otherwise who had watched the French revolution from beginning to end, and seen Mirabeau succeeded by Robespierre, Robespierre by Napoleon, and Napoleon by Louis XVIII., with the Cossacks bivouacking on the Place de la Concorde!

* A gorge in the Abruzzi mountains, where the Neapolitan liberals, with more confidence in their patriotism than their military organisation warranted, awaited the Austrians in 1821, and from which they were driven by the advancing enemy, completely defeated.

When the Piedmontese movement burst out in Turin on the 10th of March, my father no sooner had wind of it than he put on his uniform, and hastened to join the king, who was in his palace wavering between conflicting resolutions.

Many other nobles had done the same. They were chiefly old men, who had long been on the retired list; among others there was the aged Marquis of Rodi, an old soldier, full of honour and energy, whom I knew well, and with whom I was a favourite; but years and retirement had left them all with more good-will than strength.

The king was in the dilemma of having either to oppose the insurgents at the head of the few troops at his disposal, or else yield to their pretensions. Opinions were divided. Several of the veterans, who had ordered their horses to be kept in readiness in the courtyard of the palace, and feared lest, if the course of energetic action prevailed, they might find it difficult to mount quickly, left the council in the midst, and hastened downstairs to get helped into their saddles, so as to be quite ready for an immediate departure, should the order be given.

But good King Victor, as loyal and honest as he was narrow-minded, followed another course. He shrank from bloodshed no less than from concession. So he chose a third line, and abdicated.

To their great disappointment the gallant veterans were obliged to dismount, as they had climbed upon their chargers; and my father took leave of the king, whom he had formerly attended as equerry when Duke of Aosta. He now quitted him with sad and ominous presentiments for the future of the house of Savoy and the country. Fortunately they were not to be verified. I was told afterwards, that when he entered the hall, on his return home, he unbuckled his sword, flung it indignantly on the floor, and withdrew to his room, where he locked himself up.

My mother had been ill in bed for several months. Concerning these events I find the following lines in her manuscript:

". . . . I turn back to say a few words on the fatal year 1821. It was a most painful epoch for all the loyal subjects of the king; among whom Cesare was one of the first, both from a sense of religious duty, and from the affection and devotion he had so sincerely vowed to the house of Savoy. . . . Cesare spent those three days of agony at his post, as one of the high dignitaries of the court, in the king's antechamber, with many other noblemen of upwards of seventy or eighty years of age, awaiting the royal commands to follow his master, and die at his feet if necessary. The abdication and departure of his

majesty ended all uncertainty. I must not omit to say that, before Cesare went to fulfil his duty, he embraced his beloved wife, who had been for many months on her sick-bed, and said, with mingled tenderness and decision: 'Our sentiments have always been in unison; you certainly will not change on this occasion. I am now going, and shall stay at my post to the last; perhaps I may not return. God be with you!' God was with me indeed, since I had the strength to answer: 'Go, stay at your post, and die, if die you must! I should be too unworthy of you if I said otherwise!' And he went."

Compare yourselves with these noble souls, ye Italian men and women; and remember that when you have become like them, Italy will be really a nation.

By being like them, I do not mean that people should share their thoughts and opinions; but I do mean that, in the first place, it is necessary to have some; in the second, that they should be your own, founded as much as possible on reason and justice, and held to be certain and true; and lastly, that you should know how to uphold them in all circumstances, even at the risk of life.

My brother Roberto, though not one of the originators of the insurrection, was sufficiently compro-

mised to make it prudent for him to avoid the first severities of the government of Charles Felix.* Then, as usual, there were zealous men, who tried to win laurels at their neighbours' expense, and build up their own fortunes on the ruin even of their friends. It cannot be said, however, that the government displayed excessive cruelty, though the king had been nicknamed "Charles Ferox." Only one capital sentence was executed, that on Captain Garelli. Collegno used to tell me that this unfortunate man had a strong presentiment of his fatal end. When he was addressed as General, he immediately replied: "Yes . . . General, or hanged!" This single execution was certainly one too many: it must, however, be borne in mind that opinion had not then sanctioned the maxim now generally admitted, that capital punishment should never be inflicted for political offences. The other persons condemned, Collegno, Caraglio, and La Cisterna,† &c. were only hanged in effigy, having saved themselves by flight. But even in 1821, a government had no longer a brand of infamy at its disposal, and the hand of the executioner was powerless to stain the honoured

* Charles Felix succeeded to the throne, on the abdication of his brother Victor Emanuel I., during this revolution.

† They all belonged to the highest Piedmontese aristocracy, and the last was father of the present Duchess of Aosta.

names of those gallant youths, even though he hung them on the gallows. The public already knew that ignominy results from the crime and not from the penalty; and if there was guilt in violating the military oath, the intentions and characters of the offenders, and the circumstances of the time, shield them from every breath of dishonour.

They were not politically wise,—that was their crime; they had forgotten to make that indispensable calculation of force and resistance without which it is impossible to set the grindstone of a mill in motion; how then could the incomparably more difficult task of bowing a people and government to a totally new order of things be accomplished without it?

They had so little considered this problem, that, being nearly all nobles, consequently members of the privileged class, who ran all these risks with the sole object of abolishing their own privileges, they did not manage to secure the support of the excluded crowd, for whose sake the revolution was being made.

The gift of liberty is like that of a horse, handsome, strong, and high-spirited. In some it arouses a wish to ride; in many others, on the contrary, it increases the desire to walk.

My eldest brother had meanwhile taken refuge with his wife in Switzerland, and remained there

some time. My other brother Enrico, the artillery-man, refused to meddle in these concerns; he stuck to his colours and did well.

The future may perhaps see the dawn of a day in which standing armies having not only been disbanded, but their very existence, their traditions, and the worship of the ancient profession of arms absolutely forgotten, a flag will be a mere object of curiosity, fit furniture for a museum, a silken rag nailed to a staff. It may be that, as some imagine, states will come to have no other forces than their citizens armed for the nonce—a kind of English special-constables. But this concerns those who may live at that period.

As this future, however, is still very distant, and armies, rifled cannon, and monitors flourish more than ever in the beautiful garden of Christian civilisation, it is well that the respect, the idolatry, or, if you will, the superstition of the flag should be thoroughly grafted in the souls of the new generation. If this sentiment was not greatly developed in certain provinces of Italy, it is not to be wondered at, and can hardly be called a crime. Who the deuce could feel his heart throb at the sight of the Modenese banner of Francis IV., of the Bourbon lilies of the petty Duke of Parma, or of the keys of St. Peter, &c.?

But now, by Jove, that there is an Italian flag, let it be the task of all, young and old, great and small, to found and diffuse its worship. Let it be the fixed feeling of every one that the banner represents Italy, our native land—the liberty, independence, justice, dignity, and honour, of twenty-two millions of men; and that therefore the standard must never be lowered, never be stained, never be deserted: every man must sooner die.

Young men must impress this upon their minds, and make it their second nature.

The military revolution of 1821 was, as far as I know, an unheard-of instance in our army, and might have set a fatal example. Fortunately it remained an isolated fact, a sad instance of an exceptional aberration; and thus Piedmont, and certainly all Italy henceforward, will escape the unhappy fate of some countries which are lacerated by military insurrections, and torn to pieces, the subject of dispute among the vulgarly ambitious. From this curse may Heaven always deliver us!

I rejoice that neither of my brothers fell into the fault of deserting the flag. Roberto was not a soldier, and Enrico, who was so, preserved his faith unbroken. But this was not enough for my father. To think that his name might be registered in the history of a revolt against the king: "To think" (as

he said to me many years after, still with gloomy anguish), "that my name might have been hung on the gallows as that of a rebel!" This recollection remained fixed in his heart like a barbed arrow, which cannot be withdrawn from the wound it has once made.

He was a true likeness of those stern historical figures, rare even in history, who could never change themselves, their opinions, their aspect, their intents, nor even their language and usual expressions, any more than a fish can leave its element and fly up to perch on the top of a tree. "When I had to draw the character of Niccolò de' Lapi,* if any truthfulness and beauty has been found in it, it is entirely due to my having painted it from that true and beautiful ideal which I had studied in the person of my father. His love for his son, the conciliatory words of my mother, the austerity of his religious sentiments, all induced him to forgive; and in fact he did pardon, but to forget and remain indifferent was beyond his power.

My brother Roberto, on his side, felt that he had a right to embrace the political opinions which he deemed the best. Was he wrong? Certainly not; and all my respect for the memory of my father must not prevent me from saying, that perhaps he

* The hero of the second novel written by Massimo d'Azeglio.

did not sufficiently recognise that right, without which Christians would still be pagans, government one may fancy what, and the great machinery of the world would have stood still for centuries, like a watch the spring of which has been broken.

Nevertheless, even his inflexibility was to be respected. Poor old man! it was heart-breaking to see his resigned but invincible and silent sadness.

It was long before the contact of father, son, and daughter-in-law again became agreeable; domestic intimacy offered too many grounds for collision to characters little disposed to pliancy; it was therefore decided that Roberto and his wife should go to Paris. He inhabited the house of his father-in-law, Marquis Alfieri, then Sardinian Minister, and lived there many years. Unluckily they did not suffice to remove the impressions of 1821, and the harmony of former days was never entirely restored.

Our father, who during our childhood had treated us with inexorable severity, changed his manner after we grew up, and behaved to us with the most delicate consideration.

If in the circumstances of every-day life he occasionally inquired into our private affairs, and gave us any advice, he employed the forms with which a friend would treat an equal. Things thus went on peacefully, and even satisfactorily, when my brother

returned home. From that day the latter devoted himself exclusively to the education of his two children (Emanuel, now Italian Minister in London, and Melania, who married the Marquis Villamarina,* and died very young); he cultivated art and artistic learning; and began that course of charitable instruction for poor children which he extended and perfected later, and which did so much good to the lower classes of Turin.

As for Piedmont, everything having been quieted by the Austrian Uhlans, and poor Garelli executed, all those who were compromised sought safety in flight and exile, the usual final scene of such tragi-comedies. The population was a little more humiliated, a little more oppressed than before; Italy registered one more foreign intervention in her annals. The reactionists and the Jesuits held their heads higher than ever; and Turin, which now appears to me the town of all Italy where there is most freedom, and where it is best understood (for those who conceive liberty to be a respect for the rights of others, and not the power, for instance, of breaking the windows of those who do not choose to illuminate whenever a mob is pleased to order it)—Turin had become the dullest and most unbearable of

* My uncle: he was formerly Italian Minister at Paris, and is now Prefect of Milan.

Italian cities; I could not endure it, and so remained at Rome.

The opinions I have just expressed on the revolution of 1821 are perhaps now shared by very few people either in Piedmont or Italy; but they are mine. My programme obliges me to say what I think, and not to plagiarise; for I do not write to gain popularity, but with a view of being useful if I can, and to maintain my reputation for straightforwardness; so I express myself in plain terms.

I did not stay long at Rome after my return from Castel Sant' Elia. In July I could only live among the mountains; malaria reigns everywhere else. I therefore selected Rocca di Papa, and immediately began to search for a house, with the assistance of my companion, who possessed a small villa on the slope of the mountain on which the little town is built.

Railways now begin to intersect the Roman Campagna. In the days of my youth there were no such luxuries; so one evening I arrived, at the usual hour of sunset, at the Piazza, outside the gate of Frascati, with my legs curled up in one of the indigenous small jingling carrettelle, in which I had occupied one of the six available seats.

I then hired a donkey, put my luggage on his back, and driving him before me, trudged on foot up

the mountain by the narrow paths leading to Rocca. Rocca di Papa is one of the most beautiful positions of the Ager Romanus.

For those who have never been at Rome, I will add, that looking south-east, from the gate of San Giovanni in Laterano, on a clear day, one perceives in the extreme distance a line of azure mountains of majestic shape, bounding a gently undulating plain, that stretches for fourteen miles unbroken by a single tree, but covered with fragments of tombs and aqueducts. These hills, starting from the old country of the Sabines, gradually rise, in a capricious and graceful sweep, up to a peak called Monte Cavi, which overtops the surrounding ranges. From this point the chain again slopes down in a gentle declivity of great extent, and sinks imperceptibly into the plain not far from the sea-shore.

Near the summit of Monte Cavi — where once stood the temple of Jupiter Latialis, at which the *feriæ Latinæ* were celebrated, now replaced by a Passionist convent—an isolated rock, shaped like a sugar-loaf, juts abruptly out from the profile of the mountains. Alexander VI. selected the spot as a suitable stronghold, from which his soldiers could overawe the old Colonna fortress of Marino, and the rock was soon crowned with crenellated walls.

Everybody knows that in those centuries the

poor and weak had a choice between two ways of being assassinated, but it was necessary to choose one, and either be plundered by casual and vagrant thieves, or by those regularly established in the castles. A preference was generally given to the latter; and thus there grew up round the fortresses those timid groups of humble houses and peasant huts which afterwards were transformed into villages and towns.

This preference is a eulogium on the much-calumniated mediæval barons.

Such had been the origin of the place which I selected as my residence, and where I arrived long after sunset at the house which I had secured, and which fortunately had its door still open to receive me. Let me now give an idea of Rocca di Papa.

High above is the crag, with the ruins of the antique feudal tower; on the bare granite surface are perched, one knows not how, the first and more ancient houses, hanging like wasps' nests among the crevices of the rock. Then where the latter, after a fashion, joins the declivity of the mountain, the more modern buildings begin, forming the two sides of a long and precipitous street, leading to a little terrace outside the village, where there is a second convent.

Upon another little open space, exactly where

the rock ends, stands the church, the fountain, the little café, and the best houses. Mine was the last, at the bottom of the descent on the left-hand side; and there was an interval of about two hundred yards between it and the convent below.

Here I had not to deal with a dilapidated house, like that at Castel Sant' Elia. I occupied two neat rooms on the first-floor; one looked on to the street, the other commanded a view of the country, the house being, as I said, at the extremity of the village. I rented it from a middle-aged widow, belonging to that special class of peasants which is to be found in several parts of Italy, and more particularly in the hamlets of the Ager Romanus, whilst in the north it is entirely unknown.

If the peasant-women of all Italy were like them, their denomination would never have been used as an adjective. Their peculiarity consists in this: among us in the north, and in several other places, a peasant-woman is only the wife, nay the female, of the peasant, as the hen is the female of the cock; for—barring the difference of sex—habits, food, and daily occupation are all in common. This equality, moreover, is sometimes disturbed, to the detriment of the poor woman. Here, for instance, on the Lago Maggiore, where I live, suppose a load of chopped wood weighing half a hundredweight, and a few chickens,

have to be brought from a village half-way up the mountain to the market on the shore, the work of the family is distributed thus: the wife takes up the heavy load of wood, and the husband the basket of poultry. It is curious to hear the peasants, when they try to lift a weight and find it too heavy, drop it, saying, "It is a woman's work!" In mountainous countries this is the general custom.

This shows that gallantry towards the fair sex is entirely a human institution, except among pigeons and poultry. Whereas the peasant-woman of the mountains a little further south is generally the wife of a man who owns the house in which they live, and either a little vineyard or a field, more or less distant from the village.

The climate increases the fatigue of cultivating the soil to such an extent as to prevent women from sharing in it. Besides which, there being no houses spread through the country as elsewhere, the whole population nestles in the hamlets; and it would not be safe for women, very often of extraordinary beauty, to go about alone at all hours.

Therefore it is customary for the husband to leave his house (in the summer at midnight), with a spade and his gun (his inseparable companion) on his shoulder, and go to work in the fields. The wife may be said never to stir from home, where

she looks after the children and her domestic duties. The husband thus becomes sunburnt, black, and rough; his callous hands are like the claws of an eagle, with muscles made prominent from continuous labour; while the wife, who has been spared every hardship, possesses the golden and transparent complexion of the pictures of the Venetian school. She has well-shaped hands, clean, and not disfigured by hard work; she is neatly attired, and very careful of the picturesque white linen cloth which forms her head-dress, and which differs in every village, so that by its shape it is easy to distinguish the native place of the wearer.

In a moral aspect, there is not so much difference between the individuals of the two sexes. Their ignorance, prejudices, and impressionability are about equal; but, as is always the case, the women are a little better than the men. They are free from intemperance, blasphemy, and the use of the knife; they are chaste, or at least they were so with very few exceptions; and then there is in them a certain spontaneous elegance; they speak a language full of graceful and endearing expressions, like *Figlio mio! Core mio! Bello mio!* pronounced with a tone of voice which goes to the heart, and which is the most charming of harmonies. They have a picturesque dress, which sets off their natural ad-

vantages, and a certain innate cleverness; they are quick and lively in their replies, so that with them there is no danger of a remark remaining unanswered. All these things place them in a very different category from our peasant-women in the north, deformed by manual labour, dirty, and dishevelled, who stare at you open-mouthed, if you only say a word to them.

I do not, however, mean to say that the Roman women are always angels of sweetness and peace; their passions are sometimes like real storms. The big silver pin called *spadino*, which fastens their back-hair, does not bear that gracefully bellicose name for nothing. Sometimes it has been the instrument of feminine vengeance, or at least a dangerous weapon in many angry discussions. I never saw it glitter in any fair hand, but I remember that one summer at Genzano there was such a drought that the fountain almost dried up, and the women, armed with the *spadino*, warmly disputed for the water.

My widow, who was no longer young, may perhaps have used it on great occasions. One day she entered my room, her eyes starting out of her head, and said abruptly, "*Sor Massimo*, give me your rifle!" Without much entreaty, she confessed she wanted to aim at somebody who had incurred her displeasure, I know not how. As may be ima-

gined, I did not comply with her request, but sent her away with my blessing.

Such is the character of those women, whose habits I think I have described pretty accurately. If at this moment, my dear reader, a smile is on your lips, and you suppose I must have studied them very closely to have the power of portraying them, I must tell you that you are greatly mistaken. Upon my honour, I never had an intrigue with any of them. I buried myself in the Campagna to study, and not for amusement; besides, if another person had questioned me on my behaviour, I should not have liked to be on the horns of a dilemma, between a confession and a lie.

CHAPTER II.

I apply myself to painting and other studies previously neglected —The *History of Pignotti* and the *Lives* of Plutarch—I have as yet no distinct ideas on historical criticism—The worship of violence—Considerations on the greatness of ancient Rome —Distinction between the Justinian code and the old Roman jurisprudence—The essence of the ancient Roman polity consisted in the right of the stronger—Notwithstanding the light of modern civilisation, the worship of brute force is still too general—Different mode of appreciating the ideas of honour, justice, &c., according as they refer to individuals or to governments—While at Rocca di Papa I allowed my judgment of certain facts to be too much swayed by my imagination—Sketch of the surrounding district—The Eternal City —Justification of this title both for ancient and modern Rome —However strange and mysterious it may seem, the fact is so —Many reasons, even of recent date, prove it—Rome free and Italian, yet the religious capital of Christendom.

I HAVE seen in my life beautiful and wide expanses of mountains, plains, seas, and unrippled lakes; but I never saw a view equal to, or even comparable with, the glorious panorama I enjoyed from the windows of my room at Rocca di Papa, nor one which opened so vast a field to imagination, and aroused such grand recollections, artistic taste, and poetical aspirations.

At that moment, besides my art, I was pursuing

other studies, in which, as I have already said, my education had been sadly deficient. I had brought with me some books on history, which has always appeared to me the most profitable of all studies; and I endeavoured to gain some knowledge of what our world and our race had been since the time of the Romans, the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Medes, the Assyrians, &c. As you see, I had a wide gap to fill up.

Having no money, I could not procure all the requisite books. I contented myself with what I could afford, and the first I read was the *History of Pignotti*, which I had bought at a book-stall for a few paoli. It would now be considered obsolete—so great has been the progress made in historical philosophy and in the search for original documents; but then, and for me in particular, it was a treasure. My means had also enabled me to buy the *Lives* of Plutarch; and I could thus study ancient and mediæval history alternately. My frenzy for the heroes of Alfieri had passed away; I no longer felt the slightest wish to slay any majesty whatsoever. The few notions I had already collected concerning more recent centuries had revealed a new horizon to me, which I began to find as attractive, if not more so, than that of ancient history; but my judgment was not sufficiently ripe to strip those old societies of

their classico-scholastic prestige, and I therefore still esteemed them in everything superior to modern ones.

I had not yet been able to attain that criterion —the true and only one—by which it is possible to form a sound judgment on the things of this world, or appraise at their real value philosophical, political, and religious systems; the vicissitudes of history, nations, governments, parties and sects; the productions of human ingenuity in literature and art; all the actions, in short, either of single individuals or of mankind in general.

This test—the easiest and simplest in the world, but also the least used—may be summed up in one formula—*the good of our kind.* Measure every subject, every question, by this standard, and ask yourself, "Was it a good or an evil to men?" Approve or blame according to the answer, and you cannot err. I presuppose, however, that we are all agreed on the definition of *good* and its classifications, and call it *good* for men to be honest first of all, then healthy, then sensible and intelligent, then free, then instructed, then well off, then strong, dexterous, handsome, &c.

If the world were to be weighed in these scales, how much that now passes current as sterling coin would prove deficient, and be thrown aside! How

many peoples, sovereigns, governments, heroes, and high-sounding names, hitherto lauded by everyone, would topple down from their lofty pinnacles into the sad category of public calamities! The true and substantial difference between civilisation and barbarism consists, not in the possession or absence of science, with all its results, but in the application or non-application of the aforesaid scales, whenever men and their works have to be judged and weighed. All who reflect, consider this the true criterion for testing the progress of a nation or of an epoch. In the preceding volume, I have already expressed the opinion that Christian civilisation is steadily advancing on this path, and I cited the examples of Ghino di Tacco and of Carlo Baglioni, to prove the difference between their age and ours. I now repeat this opinion, and add that it is the duty of governments and their chiefs, no less than of all those who are in any way connected with that great propelling engine, the press, to coöperate in accelerating the movement which already carries the world onward to a better standard.

Let monarchs and potentates by their example, statesmen and parliaments by eloquence, writers by the press, proclaim to the world from the housetops, the towers, the summits of the mountains, that the first law is to *do good to men;* that it is good, beau-

tiful, great, honourable, and glorious to make them happy, and that all which tends to make them more unhappy than they were before, is wicked, hideous, vile, shameful, and infamous. If such were the general feeling, violence would be swept away from the face of the earth. It would thus seem that this ought to be the *credo* of all the weak and humble, that is to say, of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the world.

Instead of this, what is most admired by mankind? Violence! Let us hope that by dint of being beaten, men may some day or other open their eyes, and award laurels to their protectors, punishment to their tormentors.

As we are on my balcony at Rocca di Papa—from which we overlook the whole of Latium and discern the cupola of St. Peter's, which rises isolated in the desert, cutting the furthest line of the horizon, while the other highest pinnacles of Rome, veiled by the vapours of the hazy distance, are scarcely distinguishable from the plain—I think it is a good opportunity to sum up a crowd of ideas about the history of that region, which were even then thronging in my brain.

I was at the age in which the thirst for inquiry, the yearning after a clear direction in everything, the anxiety to see whether the world corresponds to

the ideas imparted by our teachers, are most predominant. It is a great epoch in life when one first dares to examine the principles and systems hitherto accepted without discussion, and ask the reason of their existence. I felt astonished at myself, the day I exclaimed: "What was this Rome, after all? If the religion of charity be true, why do Christians worship the triumphs of violence?" And indeed, if we consider Roman history from the point of view of the happiness of mankind, how different an aspect it assumes from that shown to us by our classical masters!

If nothing else, it seems to me that in order to judge it with impartiality, it would not be too much to demand, not only a faithful narrative of the battles, the victories by land and sea, the triumphs, the conquests, and all the Roman splendours, but also a no less faithful one of all the massacres, the blood, the tears, the agony, the miseries, the exterminations, and the devastations, with which the great mass of mankind have paid for the pleasure of having those victories, those triumphs, and that great capitoline phantasmagoria trumpeted in their ears and flaunted before their eyes for centuries.

And if the fundamental principle of all modern society—that the legality of a government depends on the will of the people over whom it rules—be just

and true, I should like to know whether, if mankind had been consulted, it would have voted for the empire in the time of the Romans? And if, according to the ideas we believe most sacred, it is true that one man is as precious as another, and that the least of the unhappy Germans butchered in the circus, for the amusement of the greatest of the Romans, had the same rights as he; is there, I say, any reason for us always to kneel in blind admiration before that colossal monument of human arrogance which men call ancient Rome?

As you may conceive, it is not that I fail to recognise all that was extraordinary and admirable in the virtues and qualities of individuals, and in the sublime, and sometimes even generous, sentiments of the whole people; it is not that I despise the fortitude of Regulus, the severity of Cato, the generosity of Curius Dentatus, the great sacrifice of the Fabii, and so forth. Among all the empires of antiquity, it is Rome, on the contrary, that I admire the most; of course, only down to the age of the Gracchi. I admire the time when law was supreme; when the most boiling passions, stirred up by the most vital interests, sought no other arms or victories than a vote in the comitia; when a whole people of plebeians, impoverished by long wars, covered with scars, and nevertheless in bondage to the usury of the patricians

(Rome, it must be remembered, was the paradise of usurers), instead of shouting, "Down with the rich!" or *la propriété c'est le vol*,—instead of stoning their creditors, or worse, merely withdrew from the city and demanded tribunes.

I bow my head to a people like that. But the people who held as an article of faith that they were the sole masters of the liberty, possessions, and life of the universe; whose individual members learnt as children from their teachers, *Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento*; and, when grown up, therefore, considered it their right to reduce all nations to slavery by violence, craft, or fraud, whichever was most convenient; and with all this secular arrogance dreamt of a divine mission, a halo of glory superior to that of any other race; so that the most excessive and implacable cupidity, the sensual enjoyment of living idly on regular alms, was presented to the world as a fulfilment of the will of heaven,—this people, and its long existence, appear to me as perhaps the most colossal fact recorded in history; but the blind adoration which is so indiscriminately paid to it by the great majority, strikes me as being the most gigantic piece of humbug by which mankind has ever imposed upon itself.

When (I shall never weary of repeating it) men

cease to burn incense before those who trample, or have trampled, upon them, the number of tyrants may perchance diminish.

But are not the works of Tribonian, the Code, the Institutiones, the Digest, the *Novellæ*, the entire *Corpus Juris*, you will, perhaps, remark, the most splendid monument of human wisdom? And is not this monument — the eternal basis of jurisprudence — a Roman work?

When Odoacer, Theodoric, Theodatus, Totila, and Teja had already reigned over Rome; when her representatives tore each other to pieces in the circus of Constantinople for the sake of green or blue charioteers, and the emperors spent their time in discussing obscure questions of dogma, it seems rather late to speak of Rome.

The real ancient code of Rome made the head of the house arbiter of the lives of his wife and children. It gave up insolvent debtors to their creditors, with the soft hint expressed in three words of the twelve tables, "*In partes secanto*," namely, cut him up and divide him between you. It was inexorable to slaves. The Sclave Justinian, on the contrary, threw light on the chaos of Roman legislation, shaped it into a homogeneous body, and followed up the work of Constantine by endeavouring to introduce the new Christian principle of the

equality of rights among men into that pagan jurisprudence which only recognised as men those who were citizens.

The sentiment of right and justice is not the true legacy of ancient Rome. Its real and sad inheritance, the sentiment it consecrated, and which has remained more or less latent in human conscience for fourteen centuries, is, on the contrary, the glorification of might at the expense of right. Ῥώμη meant *strength;* and the name was well applied. All the chiefs of the first barbaric invasions extorted the title of *patrician* from the weak emperors; and why did they demand a contemptible title from contemned princes? Because the public conscience then entertained the idea that the privilege of oppression had been granted to Rome by Heaven; and that the title of "patrician" carried with it a kind of delegation of this privilege, so well adapted to secure the happiness of the human race!

Without entering here on a regular course of history, have we not ourselves heard for the last time a faint echo of Rome in the "Holy Roman empire" of Germany? And if so many emperors and princes clung jealously to the title of Cæsar, and only renounced it under compulsion, had they any other motive than that they considered it the

most powerful fetter by which they could bind the people they wanted to chain down? And is it not a last relic of ancient prejudice, the belief that Rome is the solid foundation of all civil power—an idea which first swayed the ancients, then the barbarians, next the German emperors, and now Italy herself, inducing so many people to think that, once within *her* walls, the Italian Government will nerve itself, and become wise, strong, and beloved by all?

As you see, I do not shrink from frankly expressing the opinions I deem true. But unfortunately, though the constitution can proclaim men free, it cannot endow them with intelligence, nor with that proud sense of liberty which alone forms independent characters.

Formerly men were afraid of Austria and her spy system; now they fear the revolutionists and their old men of the mountain. The object of alarm is changed, that is all. I see very few persons who feel themselves free and independent, and act and speak in consequence. The favourite phrase of most of them is—"Yes, it is true; but these are things which must not be said." There is a great deal to do before we become a free people. But do not let us despair. A depraving oppression, which lasted centuries, cannot be wiped out in three years. Italy has risen; so also will the Italian character.

I do not wish all I have said of Rome, of conquerors, and of the heroes who have tormented mankind, to be attributed to a spirit of contradiction, nor have I any desire to appear different from other people, or to indulge in the petty vanity of abusing great deeds and resounding names. I assure the reader that no such idea has been entertained by me.

No; yet I never lose an opportunity of speaking in this strain, because I am struck by seeing how utterly just and sober ideas on authority—its aim, its reason for existence, its duties, its deserts, its decorum, and its glory—are falsified; and because it seems to me important to forewarn the public in every possible way against these antique falsifications.

For the last two centuries, free-thinkers, writers, and searchers after truth and justice have not been wanting; men who recked not of danger or profit, but boldly spoke out that which they believed to be the truth. Schools have sprung up among us, which teach the most daring innovations in philosophy, politics, jurisprudence, and economy. It is certainly not a respect for what is ancient or customary, nor the yoke of the old scholasticism, which imprisons the thought and fetters the judgment of the world.

Yet if we sound the profoundest depths of the public conscience, what is the feeling we discover? The worship of brute force! Is a government prized, perchance, for the happiness it confers upon men? Is a higher meed of admiration paid to that which labours with impartial solicitude to render each individual man better, more instructed, freer, and wealthier? In what does the honour of authority consist? In justice, benevolence, moderation, and reason?

The ancient pagan methods of conquest, violence and coercion, are still the ways resorted to by authority to win public esteem, in spite of the current jabber about rights, independence, and freedom. Then the honour of authority, which ought to be of the selfsame stuff as that of individuals—let us see what it is like. Example: I, a private person, have extensive estates inhabited by a numerous tenantry. I am, however, aware that my tenants were once the owners of the soil, but that my father or grandfather, taking advantage of a moment of anarchy, ousted them either by force or fraud. Thence the freedom of these poor people was changed into servitude, their happiness into misery. One day they come to me, and more or less politely protest against the violation of their rights.

If I am a man of honour, what do I do? Re-

cognise their claims, restore the property to them, with an indemnity for their losses; they go away satisfied, and I rise in public estimation higher than before.

But if the Poles say: You have murdered and despoiled us; give us back our property. If the Venetians say: You made a bargain, and bought us of Napoleon at Campo Formio. Were we chattels? Restore us to ourselves.—God forbid! Honour is at stake. It is a question of *honour*. The statesmen of Petersburg and Vienna are indignant at the bare idea of their ever condescending to such a shameful transaction. And public conscience, with very few exceptions, holds that, all things considered, they are not so much to blame.

Now public conscience, which is a synonym for public opinion, is sure to have *la dernière victoire*. In other times, when its mouth was sealed, it might taunt authority as the source of evil; now that it can speak, and that from a slave it has become a master, if authority continues to oppress the masses, it must accuse itself and its own stupidity.

Therefore, we who represent public opinion—we, the multitude of the governed interested in the matter,—let us try no longer to admire the authority which makes us wretched, but rather to applaud that which makes us happy. Let us try to set this

new fashion. Let us say to authority, with the voice now become so potent, that its honour consists in keeping its hands free from assassination and robbery; or, if they be soiled, in washing them, not in heaping up fresh crimes. Let us try to tell it that its duty is to lighten the burdens of each individual, down to the most obscure member of the community; that God instituted princes, and we elect them, for this end; and let us ask it if a poor mougik of Orenburg is much happier when a corporal instead of law reigns in Warsaw. And practically let us award good repute to those who do us good, and one of infamy to those who harm us.

I therefore, for my part, place that of ancient Rome among the innumerable usurped reputations, which lead human minds astray from rational ideas of truth and justice; and as a proof that this notion of mine, though not common, is sound, tell me, would you like the world to see a repetition of that great complex fact designated the Roman Empire? I think that neither you nor anybody else would ever conceive such a wish: then I am right!

As I said before, the above ideas did not yet govern me during my stay at Rocca di Papa; their germs, however, were already sown in my mind, while I was striving to shape my judgments for

myself, and not to accept them from other people, like ready-made clothes.

But, in spite of these reflections, was it possible for me—being only twenty-two, and having a lively fancy—to avoid excitement on seeing stretched at my feet, like a large topographical map, that region which was once the theatre of events more widely and more eloquently narrated than any others recorded in the annals of our race,—the ultimate result of which made the Italians masters of the richest and most civilised countries of the West? And there, my dear reader, is your humble servant caught in the flagrant crime of having concealed in a corner of his heart an altar dedicated to the goddess Violence, whom he spurned a moment ago! So true is it that the adoration of that deity is in our very blood, the least contestable part of our ancestral inheritance.

The loveliness of the view, especially in the evening, when a new moon, with its ever silver horn, hung over the horizon for a couple of hours after the sun had gone down, made on me an impression which I shall never forget.

The panorama from my window began on the left from the cliff, clad with dark groves of chestnut and walnut trees, terminating the mountain upon which the house I lived in was built. This mantle

of luxuriant foliage entirely covered the surrounding country, which descends towards the plain in an alternately abrupt and undulating declivity. When looking at the soft and fresh masses of a large forest at your feet, have you never conceived the desire to throw yourself forward and plunge into that sea of verdure, as you would into the water? I have always felt that fascination, and experienced it then as I gazed from my window. Half of the furthest horizon was occupied by an azure strip of the Tyrrhenian sea, half by the extremely distant mountain of Viterbo, and the outline of the Umbrian and Sabine hills, in front of which the ancient Soracte, now called Mount St. Oreste, stands out isolated: it was but a few miles distant from me when I lived at Castel Sant' Elia. Still looking from left to right, beyond the Sabine territory I saw Mount St. Gennaro, the mountains near Tivoli, and then, only a few miles off, the long slope of the barren hills of Tusculum, and below them the villas and gardens of Frascati, the towers of Grottaferrata, and nearer yet the roofs of Marino, the ancient fief of the Colonna family. The space comprised between the extreme horizon and the range of Mount Albano, upon which I found myself, was Alfieri's vast unhealthy region,—the Roman Campagna. There is no doubt that, with a slight touch of spleen, one may see nothing in it but

the malaria and the wilderness; but it needs must be confessed that, in spite of philosophy, history, logic, morality, love for independence, and hatred of conquest, it is impossible to escape from the sense of respectful stupor which impresses one at the sight of that vast tomb, wherein the grandeur of ancient Rome lies buried.

And it must also be confessed that the Eternal City, however much reason may smile at this title, seems fatally to deserve its name. Rome existed before Romulus. Was it a Siculian, Oscan, Tyrrhenian, Pelasgic, Etruscan, or Sabine city? God knows; but it was! It must have had its history. God knows what virtues, glories, and greatness may have been displayed in it, now for ever hidden in the sepulchres of those ancient races. How many heroes, then believed by themselves and others to be immortal, have yet not left even a name upon earth!

And will not ours be the same fate, perhaps? In ten thousand years, will the existence of London and Paris be known? Who can tell? Will it be known who Napoleon and Washington were? Again, who can tell? Perhaps, ten thousand years hence, the crust of the globe will be entirely different from what it is now. Perhaps the abysses of the earth may swallow up the ground upon which we tread, in

some great cataclysm; perhaps future archæologists will find the traces of our modern civilisation, fragments of our arts, mingled with those of the ancients; perhaps the colossal statue of Napoleon by Canova, naked and holding a globe and sceptre in his hands, which is now at Milan, when compared with the fragments of Castor and Pollux at the Quirinal, will be supposed coeval. And if the bronze ball which crowns the cupola of St. Peter's is dug up, will the use to which it was destined be divined?

After the mythical Rome of Saturn, Evander, and Pallas, comes the scarcely known Rome of Romulus and the kings. The great cyclopean cavern, the only uninjured and surviving witness of that age, which for three thousand years has received the drainage of the city, and discharged it into the Tiber, tells us, if such was the sewer, what must the palace, the temple, the curia have been? But do we know the history and the habits of those who dwelt in and defended them? Livy says a great deal, Niebuhr often doubts. Who is right? But the Cloaca Maxima does not lie: Rome existed, and was powerful.

Republican Rome down to the Gracchi, as I have said, is for me as great, respectable, and really glorious as any human thing can be. Then comes the savage Rome of civil strife; then the cruel and cour-

tesan Rome of the Cæsars and the Emperors; then Rome the slave of the Goth, and we arrive at Christian Rome.

Let us pause a moment to glance backwards. The star of Rome, which arose amid the clouds of a doubtful origin, has never declined; but the setting of how many others has it not beheld! The stars of Etruria, Magna Græcia, Sicily, Carthage, Athens, Sparta, Pontus, Judea, Egypt, have each gone down in turn. The star of Byzantium had just risen, and emulated that of Rome, which seemed doomed to emit a last ray, and then disappear amid the ravages of Alaric.

In Rome, the city of five millions of inhabitants under Claudius, after Alaric there wandered three thousand spectres, who had escaped from fire, famine, and the sword, amidst ruins and corpses. "Rome is no more!" exclaim the barbarians, the Romans, the Christians, and the Pagans; but St. Augustine discovered a new Rome;* his voice is heard by the world, and it declares that the city of God, of the apostles and the martyrs, lives in hearts burning with faith, and not in the porticos, basilicas, and palaces.

Christendom discovers another Rome; it regains hope, takes courage, unites itself, and repeoples the

* St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei.*

Eternal City; and from that moment we may say that Christian Rome really begins, since it was the cross of Christ which recalled it from death to new life. The ancient power of the sword had been shattered; Rome was perishing; but she found a new strength—a power which would become no less arrogant, rapacious, and haughty than the old. It too, by a frown, will make nations tremble, and deprive distant kings of their sceptres.

How long did the rival Constantinople endure, when opposed to Christian Rome? Time is on the wing: the kingdoms of the Goths in Italy, of the Visigoths in Spain, of the Burgundii and the Franks, are born, live, and die; the Carlovingians arise, and Charlemagne governs nations with his falchion and his name; he and his sons, his dominions, palaces—all the pomp of Aix-la-Chapelle—decline, die, and disappear; the Frankish empire becomes German; the houses of Franconia and Suabia arise and perish in succession. Everything passes away; Rome alone survives.

The fragments of old kingdoms form new nations and states. Deserted feudal castles give rise to cities. Great and illustrious capitals are founded. Italy sees the growth of Venice, Verona, Milan, Bologna, Florence, and Naples. Vindebona is transformed into Vienna; Lutetia becomes Paris; the ancient

stronghold of Cæsar on the Thames will be the Tower of London, with three million inhabitants clustering round it.

A new enemy, stronger and more inexorable than all the other foes of Rome, is generated in the viscera of nations startled by the apparition of the new light of modern civilisation. A breath passes over the new kingdoms and towns, which will soon become a hurricane. Free inquiry has been let loose upon the world!

Papal Rome wore out the patience of the world by the pretension to make it buy heaven with gold instead of virtue. Luther pronounced an "*enough*" which was lustily reëchoed by the multitude. The Reformation seemed destined to supplant Rome; but, on the contrary, Rome survives; and after its first conquests, the Reformation gradually loses itself, and among its thousand creeds cannot distinguish the original one.

Dynasties succeed revolutions, and revolutions dynasties. To-day a prince of ancient descent, to-morrow an obscure tribune, is master of the oldest palaces of Europe. But the venerable dynasty of St. Peter has been immovable in Rome for nearly two thousand years, and rules Christianity either from amid the gloom of the catacombs or the splendours of the Vatican. The first French Republic

wrenched the old and haughty Pontiff from his holy see, and sent him to die of grief and misery at Valence, establishing a republic on the ruins of his throne. Napoleon transfers his successor from prison to prison. The second French Republic, unlike the first, ingloriously slays her Roman sister, and becomes the sentinel of the reinstated Pontiff.

Are these soldiers, these princes, these republics animated by an ardent faith? Faith! they believe in nothing. What, then, would they have? what fate urges them on? What has the world meant for centuries by sometimes throwing itself furiously on Rome, to tear her to pieces, and then falling at her feet, frightened at its own audacity, and offering blood and treasure in atonement?

Who can explain this unique fact in history? Not I, certainly; and I content myself with repeating that Rome really deserves the name of the Eternal City. Believe in it or not, Rome has heretofore exercised, and still exercises, a fascination over the minds and hearts of the whole earth. If Florence, Naples, or Milan succumb, the world just looks round, then pursues its way; but if Rome falls, all mankind is perturbed. This is the undeniable historical fact—undenied by those who are familiar with the past.

This rapid review, with the series of arguments

which have guided me through it, will not appear useless if I am to describe not only the events of my life, but also the filiation of my thoughts, and the formation of the opinions that I have always professed. If it were not too presumptuous, however, I should wish it to serve another end—that of awakening a doubt in those politicians who complacently expatiate on the Roman question, whilst in truth it would seem they have not studied it so much as might be requisite.

Had they given it a little more attention, they would have held the temporal power for that which it really is: an anachronism, an injury, and an evil for Italy—an ever-present temptation to sin for the Church—a perpetual danger for the faith—a dissolvent of the religious sense—a denial of the doctrines of the gospel. Comparing the past with the present, they might have speculated on the future, and persuaded themselves that the moment had come to close that long list of facts, alternately good, bad, abominable, holy, and beneficent, but always grand, always an object of the affections or the passions, the curses or the adoration of the world, which make up the power of the Pontiffs. But they would also have understood that such venerable relics—the idols of so many centuries—require more than a vulgar tomb, and that all modern civilisation would be affected at

the sight of such a funeral, and insist on taking part in it.

They would have understood that if Rome is an Italian city—if her inhabitants are citizens of the new kingdom, like ourselves, with identical rights, duties, aspirations, and wishes — yet they were born within those walls over which hovers a mysterious and exceptional destiny, recognised and feared by all since the earliest centuries of history; that a mystic link exists between Rome and the world—a link shielded first by the terror of the sword, then by the dread of celestial vengeance; that this link, whether one wills it or not, is a fact, and that every wise policy is composed of facts, and not of fancies; that if the right of the Italians to Rome be undeniable, although a fact twenty centuries old can in no way weaken it, it must nevertheless urge every man who has a little sense to consider and take it into account, and attach the utmost importance to questions of time, form, and opportunity;—they would, in a word, have given more weight to the susceptibilities of society, instead of wounding and despising them. Above all, they would have endeavoured to show themselves better, more just, more sincere, more respectable, and worthier in everything, than the partisans of temporal Rome; and then, perhaps, the fears and suspicions of public

opinion would have died away, and the Roman question be more mature than it now is.

The Christian world might then have admitted the possibility of a Rome Italian, free, and living under the common law, and still the religious capital of Christendom. It would have, perhaps, conceived the existence of a Pope, the independent chief of the faith, defended by his title and his prerogative, and not by his authority as a prince.

But the question has been treated in such a way, that modern civilisation has not learnt to accept the idea of seeing the portals of the Vatican flung wide open, for the Papacy to file out by one door, while the courtiers and courtesans of the revolution enter by the other.

This is why I write these pages. But I had yet another motive. No one can say that I have disdained the great memories of Rome, or mocked the superstition of her worshippers. I think I have spoken so as to satisfy the great majority and the most rigid, and magnified her destinies and her glories above those of any other city. I have done so, that the conclusion I intend to draw may have greater weight and importance.

All the splendours and glories of Rome, like all the grandeurs of the world, do not redeem one single act of injustice or violence; and if they were pur-

chased at the price of human sorrow and agony, they have been too dearly bought. Let us, therefore, learn not to be dazzled by genius, glory, and conventional magnificence. Let us praise and admire those who make men happy, and always condemn and despise those who make them wretched and miserable.

CHAPTER III.

My incognito was not betrayed at Rocca di Papa—Carluccio Castri and his wife Carolina—Unfounded gossip of the town about Carolina and me—A Roman lady comes to Rocca—She makes me play the part of a new Joseph—The legal lover—While I am drawing from nature, I fall in with brigands—They turn out to be mock ones—Sor Jacobelli, and his strange notions of affection.

THE humility of my entrance into Rocca di Papa, alone, and driving before me a donkey laden with my few belongings, had not betrayed my incognito. Generally the sight of my professional implements—the sticks, easels, white umbrella, and colour-box—awoke in the urchins of the villages I passed through the idea and hope that I might be the puppet-showman; and occasionally I was greeted with joyful cries of, "The *fantoccini!* here come the *fantoccini!*" This time I arrived after the *Ave Maria*, and did not meet with even this modest ovation. I began at once the life I had chalked out, and soon made acquaintance with several of the townsfolk, who took me for a poor artist (as to the poverty, they hit the mark), and a simple descendant of Adam (in which they did me a manifest injury).

On the little piazza at the top of the ascent there was a café, kept by a young man called Carluccio Castri, and his wife Carolina, one of the handsomest women of the place. All the notabilities used to repair thither after sunset, and indulge in a good chatter for an hour or two, like sparrows before they put their heads under their wings for the night.

I went there too, and sometimes sang tarantellas and other popular tunes to the accompaniment of my guitar, which soon made me a great favourite at Rocca. My popularity increased still more when, the village feast happening to recur, I invented some sort of an arch for the procession to pass under, and painted a Madonna upon it, which, in an artistic point of view, could not indeed be called *sine labe.* The public, however, accepted it, such as it was.

I soon started an intimacy with Carluccio, the keeper of the café. There are few men for whom I have ever had a greater affection. Poor Carluccio! my arrival was a bad business for him, as I shall soon have to relate. But who can read the future?

He, being unable to read it, soon showed me much cordiality, and we gradually became friends: we were always together; on holidays one never appeared without the other at fairs and festivals: and Carolina too, without either of us thinking any

evil, was very friendly, and became quite at home with me. As I was fair, and wore my beard *en collier grec*,—more or less like the pictures of the Saviour,—she used to say, "*Sor Massimo, tu pari el cor di Gesù.*"

About half a mile from Rocca there is a little sanctuary, called La Madonna del Tufo, and the road leading to it is a shady avenue, which forms the public walk of the village. I established myself on this road to make one of my first studies. The day I began, as I was drawing, I saw Carolina appear in the graceful dress of the country—a red bodice, and a white linen kerchief on her head fastened by the silver *spadino*, with its handle terminating in the traditional emblem of a hand with the thumb closed under the first and second fingers—a last remnant of Heaven knows what forgotten age and worship!

Carolina had what the French term *un port de reine;* she stopped a moment to see what I was about, and then pursued her way towards the chapel. On the morrow she came again, and so on till the sketch was completed, every day visiting the Madonna del Tufo.

The whole town, right or wrong, did not fail to persuade itself that she had a very decided sympathy for me.

One day, during the very hottest hours, when no

one ventures out of doors, she came into my room, and told me that people began to say things that distressed her much; for if (which God forbid!) Carluccio had scent of it, &c. I did not choose even to put the question any young man would have asked himself in a similar case, and still less to answer it in the affirmative, and act accordingly. I wanted to study, to work, and not to make love. Then Carluccio was my friend, I liked him; and moreover, in the internal moral revolution that I was undergoing, feelings of justice and loyalty were gradually gaining the ascendancy; I remained therefore irreproachable in word and deed, and Carolina left the room as she had entered it.

So far there was nothing likely to give rise to a catastrophe; nor did anything reprehensible ever occur between the good Carolina and me. But in certain cases innocence is of no use. Unfortunately, as there are vipers in the material world which human foresight is often unable to avoid, there are souls in the moral world who seem to have the mission of poisoning and polluting everything beautiful, happy, and honest, that chances to be within their reach.

A Roman lady came to spend the summer at Rocca; she was alone with a baby, which she nursed herself. I had known her in Rome; where,

in those days politics being laid aside, in their stead the only occupation of men and women between fifteen and sixty was to make love; and the Signora Erminia, a woman over thirty, did not deserve any reproach for either losing or wasting her time in this respect.

A friend of mine was just then master of the field. He was a good fellow, half a painter and half a singer, who had also been on the stage, but had quitted it for a modest appointment less exposed to storms, which, however, kept him in Rome, and at that moment, therefore, far from his lady-love.

Thanks to the easy manners which distinguish Italian society, from Florence southwards, I was constantly in her house, without the hypothesis that there could ever be anything in common between her and me even flashing across my mind. I remember that almost every day I used to make a second dinner there—an excess allowed by a facility of digestion characteristic of my age and my artistic profession. My reserve, however, had no merit whatever. In any case, I would have sued for the good graces of Carolina, and not for the favours of a woman ten years older than myself, and who, at a time when the cleanliness of the Roman ladies was not beyond suspicion, presented herself to my eyes

in all the picturesque and scented *débraillé* of a wet-nurse in active service.

It is no great boast to have obtained a favourable glance from this lady. She belonged to the class of women for whom it is an absolute impossibility to remain a month without making love in some way, little or much, at close quarters or at a distance. If I must tell the truth, certain overtures, certain confidential disclosures about her own merits, make me think myself entitled to believe that *faute de mieux*, she had *in pectore* intended me to fill the gap that this country excursion threatened to make in her busy career. But I, always for the usual reasons (to which I might add the best of all, total indifference), never took the hint; and without being reduced to the extremity of leaving any portion of my garments in her hands, I attained the same result as the ancient model of chastity; and, like him, aroused a venomous spite in the lady, which, alas, produced fatal consequences.

After a few weeks her official lover appeared; that is, he who, according to usage, is in the house at all hours, and without whom the husband would be quite lost; who takes the children to school, and inflicts punishment, up to boxing their ears inclusively; and who, when the lady goes into society, does not accompany her, but arrives a quarter of an

hour before or after, *per non dar dell' occhio* ("not to attract attention")—the technical expression.

Her said lover had had two or three days' holiday given him: they were, however, of little advantage to him.

On his arrival he was radiant at finding himself in the pure country air, far from his office, and in the bosom of *his family;* but soon his face was an ell long; his language became sharp and bitter, full of allusions such as "I know all," "I am not blind," and other exclamations against feminine frivolity and despotism.

I, who was as innocent as a lamb, would not show that I applied these nebulous interjections to myself, recollecting the legal axiom, *excusatio non petita,* &c. The lady, on her side, did not seem the least put out by the repressed anger or the personal remarks of her friend. I could even detect on her face and in her satirical smile an expression almost amounting to pleasure, but such a pleasure as witches must feel when they cast an evil spell on babies in their cradles — if the legend be true, and does not calumniate them.

The devil knows what deep-laid calculations were brewing under this exterior—what things she said, or made other people say, or caused to be suspected or insinuated! Be that as it may, if her

project was to sow discord between her friend and me, the trap was baited in vain. He departed in a few days, and I remained, less disposed than ever to admire the physical and moral charms of Signora Erminia.

Meanwhile I pursued my studies diligently. From Rome I every now and then received letters which gave me an account of the gay world of my contemporaries. I do not deny that I sometimes felt a secret longing to share in their merriment. After all, at twenty-three one cannot be a hermit; but my better principles prevailed then, and ever after. If I was not moved by an abstract love of morality, I was supported and guided by an inward satisfaction, and the idea that I was winning a great victory, and might believe myself better than many of my companions.

At that time the country was infested by bands which, four centuries ago, would have been called *condottieri*, and been under the command of Count Lando, Fra Moriale, or Duke Guarnieri, *the enemy of God and of mercy;* but in my days they were led instead by Barbone, Spadolino, De Cesari, &c., and later still by Gasparone. They were called brigands, and had the police and the gendarmes at their heels. From Count Lando to Gasperone how the world loses in poetry!

The Papal Government had tried to rid the country of them; but if on board ship, for instance, every rope hauled in broke off short, I should like to know how it would be possible for the crew to manœuvre?

The government of the Pope was, as it now is, and always will be, in this predicament. All its efforts to destroy brigandage had come to nothing, because the tools it employed were rotten. And thus it never succeeded until the day that it concluded a treaty with them, as one power does with another—the terms of which the brigands observed, and the government violated by treacherously taking Gasparone and all his band prisoners at the Castle of Riccia.

But all these things occurred many years after the period I am writing about.

At that time, first one system, then another, was tried; and that actually in fashion was to enlist bands of retired brigands, either converted or disgusted with their trade, who were armed, dressed, and disciplined in the same way as the professional brigands. There was no need to be particular about their spirit or tendencies. The identity was perfect.

I was one day in a thicket beneath the so-called fields of Hannibal, which found purchasers, although

they were occupied by the Carthaginian army when the senate put them up to auction.

From a refusal to negotiate with Hannibal to a treaty with Gasparone, the descent has cost Rome a journey of more than two thousand years.

While I was drawing a beautiful group of trees, I heard the report of four guns behind me. I turned my head, and saw a party of men dressed like brigands.

Were they the originals or the copies? As the *cantabit vacuus* of Juvenal was exactly my condition, I had no motive for any great anxiety. I rose and went towards them.

They were fortunately the copies. So much the better. I asked at whom they had fired. "At a tree," they answered, "to keep our hands in." Now would you like to know how they practise, and how their target is made? They fix a leaf in the interstices of the trunk of a tree, and then run away from it with their carbine (which they facetiously call their *cherubina*—she-cherub) at full-cock; and at a distance of a hundred yards or so, on a signal being made, they turn sharply round, fire, and off again. All these movements must be instantaneous.

I went to see where the bullets had lodged. They were all in the trunk, as close as the four

fingers of a hand. Had it been a breast or a head, its owner would have been done for. But in this warfare the victor is he who fires straight.

The band, composed of rough men, of vulgar appearance, was commanded by a young fellow, tall, slender, handsome, and of courteous manners, who almost seemed a gentleman disguised as a brigand. I walked on with them, and chatted with this exceptional personage, who had a great charm for me.

I intended to study his character, and make a friend of him; but ten days after, he was treacherously killed by a hunchback dwarf in a tavern, in the midst of his companions. Yet the dwarf succeeded in escaping. I met the band a second time. They told me the fate of their leader, biting their fingers with rage, and swearing to hunt down the hunchback till they found him, and then nail him to the tavern-door like a kite. They were fellows likely to keep their word.

In that country these accidents are not rare. The bravo life of yore, extinguished everywhere else, is still vigorous there; and the quietest and most temperate persons are more or less tainted by it.

While on this subject I must mention a certain Jacobelli, an acquaintance of mine, whose notions

of filial piety and conjugal tenderness, as will be seen, were more in harmony with those customs than with ours.

Jacobelli was a small proprietor, of about fifty, of modest and peaceful bearing, a member of the fraternities of his parish—in short, a model of regularity and respectability. He had a wife, who, though young and handsome, was pale and always very sad. What ailed this young woman? An old husband, said I to myself; but I learnt afterwards that, if my guess was not quite unfounded, I was still far from the whole truth.

Before this wife, Jacobelli had had another whom he loved passionately. The poor woman died, and was carried to church, and buried there according to the custom of the country. Next day the widower disappeared; but just as his neighbours began to fear he might have taken some desperate resolution, he returned, after two days' absence, quiet, if not consoled, and nobody troubled themselve any farther about him. Where could Sor Jacobelli have gone so suddenly? He had been to Rome; and without breathing a word of his scheme to living soul, he had bought a large quantity of the drugs which, in his ignorance, he thought the best disinfectants —pepper, camphor, salt, cinnamon, and the like. After his return to Rocca with this stock, he suc-

ceeded in bribing the sacristan, or sexton, who was the same individual; by whose help he carried off his better half during the night, and took her home. There he set to work, and heaven knows in what strange manner he cooked her: the fact is, however, that having stuffed and saturated her with drugs, he shut her up in a chest, which he kept in his house, and often visited, watering it with his tears.

But as everything has an end in this world, the posthumous fidelity to an adored shade in time wore out. He fell in love with another, married her, and the chest containing the former divinity was nailed down and put in a corner. I have even been told that on some occasions it was used as a dining-table.

But the feminine curiosity of the new bride made her one day determine to examine the contents of the mysterious chest. She drew out the nails, opened it, and beheld the sight I leave you to imagine. You may likewise picture to yourself the astonishment, the inquiries, the discoveries, and ultimately the confession of the poor husband, who, as a first penance, had to pack up the precious relics, and take them back to where he had found them. He begged that the secret might be kept; but from gossip to gossip the affair reached the

ears of the magistrate; and finally, one day poor Jacobelli found himself in prison under the charge of having violated a grave; and he was not restored to liberty until after a lapse of time, which may perhaps have appeared long to the wife, but which certainly appeared much longer to the jealous old husband, who was a captive, while she was young, handsome, and free.

This adventure had not been the only one of its kind in the life of Sor Jacobelli. When his father died, he insisted on watching the corpse at night. He was crying, and muttering between his sobs: "To think that I shall no longer see you, daddy!"

Unable to endure a total separation, he hit upon a bright expedient: he unnailed the coffin, and with a knife cut off the head of his parent; and having replaced everything in order, at least preserved this memento; of which I forget, and it does not much matter, the ultimate fate.

Such was Signor Jacobelli and his conception of attachment.

CHAPTER IV.

The *somarata* of the Princess Trois Étoiles and Co.—I join them, and spend some time at the villa of the Princess—Study of Roman manners, especially of those of the nobility at that date—Faults of the aristocracy shared by the other classes of society—Departure from Rocca, and sad recollections—Carluccio kills himself the night after I left, and the reason why—I go to rest at Albano in October—Advice to young men who work hard—The upper Roman *bourgeoisie* and certain anonymous professions—Expedients for living well without exertion—Singular constitution of the Roman patriciate—I return to Rome in the winter, and renew acquaintance with Marquis Lascaris di Ventimiglia, a Piedmontese—He buys one of my pictures—Remarks on working for money—The Marchioness Lascaris—In April I go to Genzano—I am in time for the *Infiorata*—What the *Infiorata* is—Signor Raffaele Attenni—The castle of the Sforzas, and its position—At the Attennis I turn an old wine-cask into a bed, but the master of the house will not permit it—Duke Salvatore lets me live in his castle—Description of its interior—Long and curious collection of family pictures—I am not afraid of ghosts—I lodge my horse in an old pantry—The inn of Genzano kept by a Milanese—Morbid fears of one of the usual customers—The carters of the wine-trade one of the most respected and respectable classes of the Roman people—I sleep at the castle for the first time; my precautions—Rats and bats—Long and arduous studies from nature on the banks of the lake—The ex-sbirro and his trade.

MEANWHILE the cool and wholesome breeze called at Rome *la rinfrescata* had set in; and the Romans, who very judiciously spend the dog-days in their vast and

cool palaces in the city, only going out at night (if they were in the country, the heat would keep them indoors all day, and where could they go in the evening?), now came in flocks, according to their custom, to occupy the neighbouring villas. Being at home one morning, I heard myself called from the street below by a chorus of sopranos, tenors, and basses. I sprung to my window, and beheld a *somarata*—that is to say, a long procession of donkeys, each carrying a gentleman or lady on its back; and I recognised Princess Trois Etoiles, with her daughters, their lovers, her own, her sons, the friends of the family, the hangers-on, the *piqueurs d'assiettes* —in short, all the retinue of a Roman *villeggiatura* of those days, who composed a caravan of no less than twenty persons. Come! come! come! was shouted by the different voices of the chorus.

I beheld the inviting lips, bewitching smile, and magnetic eyes of one of the young ladies, who was said to be in love with me, but who was, at least, equally so with an individual possessed of wife and children, afterwards discovered to be an arrant thief. This tenderness may appear strange in a young princess; but the adage of the epoch was that "the heart cannot be commanded;" and the number of facilities this axiom introduced into juvenile intercourse is quite incredible.

The temptation was too great; and in a moment I had joined the gay company, bent on ascending Monte Cavi, and returning in the evening to the villa, which shall be nameless, that I may describe the ways of the time with greater freedom.

I offer you, O reader, a study of manners showing how much the world has improved, if you compare those days with ours. The party was composed as follows:

The princess, a buxom woman over forty, had once been attractive, if not extremely beautiful, but she was now very haggard, thanks to the oblivion in which she had always left the *ne quid nimis*. Formerly the idol of an almost sovereign prince, she was now glad to welcome a far humbler adorer. The son of an hotel-keeper—a sturdy young fellow of twenty, with powerful frame and muscles, stupid and uneducated—was her master, and took good care that everybody should know it. The young ladies boasted a various paternity; one, for instance, was the daughter of a riding-master, as she herself knew well. The sons were in the hands of a priest—an abominable wretch, the abettor and accomplice of shameful orgies celebrated in the back-rooms of the palace. Then there was an old foreign music-master, who gave himself the air of being indispensable, and whom the princess treated with great forbearance; the reason

was unknown, but he was supposed to be the depository of some ugly secret: and finally a legion of toadies and hangers-on, beings who, by alternately rendering a service and playing the buffoon, always ready to accept and endure everything, and invariably flattering their lords without measure or cessation, contrive to secure the equivalent of a very comfortable income, live basely but gaily, and grow fat and sleek, without a thought or care in the world. Among these might be reckoned the fellow with wife and children, whom I indicated as the happy possessor of at least one half of a heart, the remainder of which it appears fell to my lot. Having abandoned my solitary roof, it was in this delectable society that I wound my way up the tortuous path leading to Monte Cavi.

The princess asked me to spend a few days at the villa she had hired for the season, and I accepted. The finances of the good lady had been sadly dilapidated by her extravagance, that of her family, and many other people besides. How she got on at all, Heaven only knows. It is true, however (and this we have the means of knowing), that when a cloud of creditors were at her heels, she obtained from the Pope an authorisation not to pay them. I remember hearing her say, as she came home from the Corso, "Do you know, as I passed the café Ruspoli, I saw

A——" (a poor devil who had lent her several thousand scudi, without hope of repayment): "fancy! he looked at me with an air,—a pretension." And she meant to say, "Can you conceive such insolence?" But the enviable privilege of not paying her debts did not suffice to set her at ease; yet as amusement was a necessary of life, she treated her guests without ceremony. In the little villa, where she only occupied one floor, there was a parlour at the top of the staircase, which at meal-times was entirely filled by a great table, enlarged in urgent cases by the addition of some planks supported on trestles, till every inch of the room was occupied; and as for leaving space for the servants to go round it, that was quite out of the question, so the plates were never changed, nor the dishes handed about, and the dinner was a perfect pell-mell. In a room next the parlour slept the princess and her daughters; and on the other side was a dormitory for the friends of the family, where, as was but fair, the athletic innkeeper rejoiced in a bed, while the floor was strewn with a miscellaneous collection of mattresses and sacks of straw, upon which the guests were free to select the most commodious position for their night's slumber. All this seemed quite natural then, and did not in the least deter the party from being extremely jolly.

To complete the picture of these manners, I will add a few anecdotes.

Among the numerous passions which had burnt in the heart of the princess, one had been kindled for a certain time by her coachman. It was certainly very convenient to have her lover under her roof without causing scandal; and even in Rome, the truth would not have been guessed without irrefutable evidence. In this case, however, it was such as not to admit of the slightest doubt.

The princess used to go to the Corso. It was the custom to stop in Piazza del Popolo, and all the young dandies went round to the carriages and spoke to the ladies. When by chance an adorer who did not please the coachman came near the princess, he of his own accord whipped the horses, and away he went; and if his rival were leaning, as is usual, on the carriage, with his toes exactly in the line of the wheels, so much the worse for him.

One day the princess was in a small open carriage, with only two seats, very short, and thus within reach of her beloved, who, either from jealousy, or some other motive never divulged, turned round on his box, and in the midst of a crowd of vehicles and spectators, gave her a sharp slap in the face.

By excess of depravity, some natures have no appetite for anything unless it be spiced with scan-

dal, disgrace, and baseness. If this style was not very common, it was, however, far from rare in Rome before the revolution. A lady who had long lived there used to tell me that few were the ladies who, besides their regular lover—a man of rank—had not a coachman, a soldier, a *quidam* of some sort, &c. Such was the social state which those hare-brained revolutionists came to disturb!

The aforesaid coachman was the father of one of the young princesses—charming, lively—a perfect darling! She married; and as blood is thicker than water, she too fell in love with her coachman. Her husband seized the correspondence, which he showed as a *curiosity*, and left to one of his mistresses, whom I knew. I thus read it; and I remember a note, which ran as follows: "*Peppe mio*, I am in despair; Z——" (the husband) "will not take thee with us" (on an excursion into the country), "and says that Cencio must come with his horses," &c. This was a pencil-note, hurriedly scribbled in the morning, a few moments before her departure for the intended excursion.

This fast young creature, when her love-affairs did not proceed to her mind, commended herself to no less a person than the prince of darkness, with the assistance of a hag, who lent her terrible intervention. I quizzed her about it; and one day she said to me,

"Well, laugh as you please; all I can tell you is this: when I was in love with R——, and he deserted me, I was in despair. I went to my usual oracle, and told her my grief. 'Eh, signora?' says she; 'a remedy is soon found; but I must warn you: I can bring him back; but, mind, you will never get rid of him again.' I looked no farther, and accepted."

Here followed an account of the incantation, and she continued: "I went home, and the sorceress said, 'Do not trouble yourself; you will see him within forty-eight hours.' He had not been near me for months. That same evening I was at my window about the hour of the 'Ave Maria,' looking into the street. The noise of the carriages did not let me hear what was going on in the house. Suddenly a soft voice whispered in my ear, 'Angelina!' It was his voice. I looked round—it was he! 'What would you have?' You may fancy that not a drop of blood was left in my veins."

Disbelieve sorcery after that, if you dare! This wretched girl, when she and her husband had squandered all they possessed, fell into great poverty. In her passions she descended to the very bottom of the social ladder, and in the end was sometimes seen late at night in the streets near a barrack, in tender dalliance with a soldier, who loved her for a few

paoli. I think she followed one of them during the campaign of 1848. I saw her at Bologna, and afterwards in Venetia, and had her included in the order issued by General Durando, the commander-in-chief, which prevented many tender souls from wandering about the world after us. It grieved me to see her fallen so low. I had known her as a child on the threshold of a life which might have been honoured and tranquil; but redemption was no longer possible for her. I heard many years afterwards that she had died, I do not know where, either of destitution, or of disease entailed by her degraded existence.

The fate of the rest of the family, if less shameful, was far from brilliant; and, on the whole, its members will not leave behind them a good repute.

Energetic aristocracies may have been the source of some good. The French, the Italian, the German, and others in war, the English in statesmanship, have produced great men and useful results; but what can be expected of a do-nothing aristocracy like the Roman, the offspring and slave of the Papacy? The clergy, by whom it was enriched, looked on it with suspicion, and refused it power. Excluded from all share in politics, all its virtues were stifled in luxury and a forced idleness, whence apathy, degradation, and ruin. But we will return to this subject by and by.

Such vices are not, however, a special inheritance of aristocracy; they may be found in any class in the enjoyment of privileges which dispense it from having an inherent value, real merit, or a virtuous scope for existence. The Roman populace, cursed by the right of living on the regular alms and amusements provided by the emperors without earning them, became the most colossal mass of scoundrels known to history.

And, unhappily, the imperial donatives, and the profit of the sale of indulgences by papal Rome, have handed down the bad old traditions, which are still vivid and powerful, among a people, whose El Dorado it is to *make money without exertion.*

Thus, at Rome, the Roman undertakes any easy menial trade; for hard work strangers are called in. It is really curious to see the repugnance of the aboriginal Quirites to work, not so much from laziness as from pride; and here again the *tu regere imperio*, &c. crops up. In the country, all the hard work is done by gangs of labourers from a distance. The men of the Marches plough and ditch; those of Aquila reap; the Lucchese gather the olive, &c.; and the Quirite looks on, draped in his mantle.

If the Romans really intend to make Rome a wholesome capital, which will add strength and energy to the Italian Government, they must cancel

the traditions of the populace of the Cæsars, and become a modern people, holding labour, and not idleness, in honour. Let them look to it, and remember that one deed is of more worth than a hundred words.

I returned to Rocca after a few days, and as the season was rather advanced, I prepared to take my departure. It was destined to be signalised by a very sad event.

My friendship for Carluccio had remained unclouded. No suspicions had ever crossed his mind. They would have been unjust, for I had not even a word to reproach myself with as regards Carolina. But Erminia put a finger in the pie, and Carluccio learnt that there had been gossip afloat in the village.

The day of my departure came, and he offered to accompany me down to the plain. We mounted our horses—or, to speak more correctly, took them by their bridles, to get the easier down the steep descent of nearly a mile, which leads through a thick wood to the vineyards of Marino. When we were in the midst of the thicket, he began to talk about Erminia, and, exciting himself as he went on, said of her what she deserved, or perhaps not quite enough; and at last, stopping short, he looked me full in the face, and added, "Do you know what she has hinted? That you were making love to my wife!"

In any country, such words in such circumstances may be the forerunners of serious events; but in those regions, more than elsewhere, they are almost always the inseparable companions of one or more deadly stabs with a knife; therefore, by way of precaution, I watched closely his every gesture. Anyone may feel that, in a similar case, the difficulty is not so much to find an answer as an expression, a look, a tone of voice, which may make it natural and convincing. But after all, thank God, there is no safeguard like that of innocence, and a pure conscience is not without value in human intercourse. "My dear Carluccio," I quietly answered, "Sor Erminia may say what she pleases, but I give you my word as an honest man that I never said or did anything to your wife that you could have reason to complain of."

The good fellow, who wanted to unburden himself of the load which lay heavy on his heart, and bore me no malice, felt that I was speaking the truth. He had never read novels, so he did not hold out his hand, nor use any of the fine phrases which may be learnt in the *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*. He only shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Ay, I believe you without an oath; it is that bad-tongued Erminia!"

I need not hand down to posterity the litany

which he poured forth for the greater honour and glory of that lady. The reader needs but little imaginative power to conceive it.

We pursued our way, chatting on different topics, and it seemed to me that his mind, though for a moment overcast, had not been deeply impressed by those first words. We parted at last in perfect harmony, and with many reciprocal protestations for the future. I spurred forward to Rome, and he turned the head of his horse towards Rocca. I was never able to learn what took place that evening between him, Erminia, Carolina, and perhaps some others.

A long while after, all I could hear was, that late at night he met Erminia, who, on finding he had accompanied me, burst into a laugh, saying derisively, "He even saw him off—ha! ha! ha!—he even saw him off!"

Poor Carluccio went home blind with rage. Next morning he was found dead.

Men are hanged for stabbing with a dagger or a sword, but the code takes no account of the blows of a slanderous tongue. Several surmises were made, all more or less improbable; and I never succeeded in fathoming this sad event. I have always preserved an affectionate remembrance of this obscure but honest and upright villager, who constantly gave me positive proof that he was my friend; and I have

also felt a real regret—I cannot say remorse—at having been the indirect cause of his death, and the misfortune of all his family.

I brought back to Rome, from Rocca, a good deal to show for my summer work: three or four large studies from nature, finished on the spot, about twenty small ones, and several drawings. After this, I thought it fair to allow myself a month of rest and relaxation, and I went to spend October at Albano.

I must give a piece of advice to studious and hard-working young men, which experience has shown me to be excellent.

The moral as well as physical working power in every one is limited. It is well to employ it thoroughly, for this leads to rapid progress; but to strain it by over-exertion is bad, and instead of improvement often causes a falling off. The results of overwork are too dearly bought, and common sense should avoid it as an excess. Some excesses spring from a virtuous origin, as others do from a vicious one. Our intellect, as well as our senses, may lead us into them.

But there is another rule still more important for hard-working young men. If nature can sometimes resist one excess, she cannot endure two. Wherefore, O youth! one excess at a time, if you have not the strength to refrain from them altogether! Thanks

to these rules, and a good though not a robust constitution, I have been able to bear immense fatigue.

At Albano I found assembled the society I frequented in Rome, belonging to that upper class of citizens, between which and the rest of the Roman world very peculiar conditions draw a strong distinction.

In the Ager Romanus the land is owned by the nobles, the church, or charitable institutions; divided among those *latifundia quæ Italiam perdidere*, but which henceforward only ruin a small part of her. The middle classes have to pick a living out of public appointments (the few which are open to the laity), commerce and industry, the leasing of large estates (*mercanti di campagna*), the liberal professions, and finally a host of anonymous and more or less anomalous trades — such as clearing the accounts of the congregations, public offices, &c. This latter business requires an acquaintance with everything and everybody; a familiarity with all the intrigues, the hidden threads, the secret squabbles, the influences, the love-affairs, the hatreds, the jealousies of the country, in order to play them off at the moment most opportune for the interest intended to be served. But, setting aside anomalous positions, even the regular (or quasi-regular) ones are uncertain, and usually insufficient. The head of a family must

often have recourse to various expedients to make both ends meet, at the close of the year. The tendency, or rather the firm resolution, of everybody to enjoy themselves being quite out of proportion with the income and the disposition to work, expedients must be resorted to. Thus, an official, with wife and family, will double the 100 scudi he receives from the government, by his nightly devotion to *monte* or *toppa*,* games in which fortune seldom fails him; perhaps he may scrape a few more together by buying and selling a quantity of oil at the right moment; certain boxes of French bonnets, by passing behind the custom-house at Ripa, instead of before, may also have contributed to swell the income of the year: so that a man apparently having only 100 scudi a month, and the luxury of a wife, sons, and marriageable daughters, and who ought to occupy a third floor in Via Giulia or Campo di Fiore (everything else in proportion), far from that, rejoices in an elegant apartment in Campo Marzio or towards the Gesù, a carriage, half a box at Tordinona, a villa in the country in October, and all the accompaniments of toilette which are the true well of St. Patrick of every improvident family. And as, *more Romano*,

* *Monte* and *toppa* are old-fashioned games of hazard, formerly played with those peculiar Italian cards still used in Italy for several games.

great prudence consists in spending every shilling of income, and just avoiding debt without laying-by anything, in these families the dowry of the daughters may be set down as zero.

At most they receive a *trousseau* when they marry. The day the head of the family dies, everything crumbles away, like a castle of cards; and without any transition, luxury is replaced by poverty, and too often by utter destitution.

Such is the felicity the laws and the exclusiveness of the clerical policy secure to the *tiers état.*

The influence of these conditions upon character is no less deplorable. Even the most honest accustom themselves to a certain elasticity in questions of speculation and expediency. All rectitude of mind and delicacy of feeling becomes blunted; want, uncertain prospects, the malleability of the laws and the tribunals when certain persons and their interests are at stake, despotism, and interest undermine the independence and the dignity of the most upright characters. Servility and duplicity are means of existence; and a hand-to-mouth life, supported by dishonourable compromises, becomes the sad and inevitable lot of a numerous and respectable class of people, on which two privileged castes—the clergy and the aristocracy — weigh almost equally. But the middle-class in Rome is not the only one that

labours under special conditions; the constitution of the patriciate is no less singular and abnormal.

Nepotism has been the creator of the greater part of the families inscribed on the Roman golden book. While our nobles in Piedmont won their titles on the field of battle, the Roman aristocrats acquired theirs at court; and as for their wealth, I do not think I calumniate their origin when I say, that if the spirits of all the cardinal-nephews could be evoked and called on to publish their accounts, some most curious revelations would be brought to light.

The result of all this is, that the fibre, if I may so express myself, of this aristocracy is without energy, or any great distinction and elevation of sentiment; that they live in complete apathy, wedged as they are between the hammer and the anvil, between the domineering clerical caste and a totally passive population. The worst part of all is, that, not feeling how abject or unenviable such a position is, they do not seek to escape from it, and even appear perfectly happy.

I have never been able to frequent this latter class much, or to live amongst it; though I hasten to add that I have met worthy exceptions, and been treated with great kindness by many of its members. As *qui se ressemble s'assemble*, the intellectual standard of their conversation is quite below par. A spirit

of gossip and intrigue, and more or less a parasite element, reigns among them. One meets many of the types which may occasionally be found in Milan or Naples in several wealthy families,—amphibious beings, whose position is half-way between that of a servant and of a friend; who say *eccellenza* to the prince or the duke, by whom they are treated with the utmost familiarity; a custom which may appear incredible to anybody not acquainted with Rome, and which has also been extended to the relations between the nobility and the middle-class.

As I did not hunt after dinner-parties, and had no motive to consider intimacy with a family inscribed on the golden book as a promotion, it was only natural that such an atmosphere should not suit me. So, barring a few exceptions, I always kept aloof.

But as I am describing classes and not manners, here are a couple of anecdotes which I consider very significative.

I was looking one night with Prince A—— at a Flemish tapestry hung in one of his large reception-rooms, representing the storming of an embattled tower by warriors armed in that amphibious Roman style which pervaded the Flemish manufactures in the seventeenth century.

"I wonder what historical event this assault is

meant to represent," quoth I to the prince. Who answered: "It must be the battle of Lepanto." I looked in his face to see whether he was joking; but he was quite serious, so I said "Amen."

On another and very different occasion, at a much later date, I found myself at Rome in a semi-official capacity. One day I determined to pay off an arrear of formal visits; I started, and stopped the carriage at the door of the X—— Palace, saying to my servant, "Ask whether the prince is at home." After a long delay a footman came down, approached my carriage, and said, "His excellency desires you will come again to-morrow morning at eleven," and with a bow reëntered the palace.

I laughed so heartily that I had no time to send the messenger back with the information that I had asked whether the prince was at home, and not solicited an audience.

I spent October at Albano very merrily, although I did not, nor ever could, partake the views of the Romans about country life. If I am not mistaken, one goes into the country to enjoy the fresh air, which is better appreciated by the light of the sun than of the stars. But when the whole night is spent in gambling at *toppa;* when one sups at two, and goes to bed at four; it is a logical necessity to sleep till noon. So country life at Albano is reduced

to a walk late in the day in the groves of Villa Doria. Such, at least, was the custom in my day; it may have been altered since, but I doubt it very much.

I accepted it such as it was, and adapted myself to it, being bound by the commencement of a passion which I could not control, and which in course of time caused me endless grief and bitter delusions.

As I have already declared, I do not mean to describe love-affairs; I just allude to this one, that the reader may understand some facts which would otherwise appear inexplicable.

On my return to Rome I hired a studio near Sant' Isidoro, above Piazza Barberini, in the house of two old women, who paid me the greatest attention, and I did my very best to distil a presentable work out of all the studies and the experience acquired in a long season of uninterrupted work. I painted a picture, representing a ravine with a yawning cavern, near Castel Sant' Elia; and altogether it was not devoid of effect, united to a gleam of truth; a first-fruit of having attentively seen and studied nature for six months.

That winter a Piedmontese gentleman, a friend of mine, came to Rome with his wife and his only daughter, who afterwards married the elder brother of Count Cavour, the Marquis Gustavus, only very recently dead.

This gentleman was the Marquis Lascaris, of Ventimiglia, of the ancient eastern family of that name, which came to Italy in the fifteenth century, after the fall of Constantinople.

He and I became more intimate than before; for he was an excellent man, a perfect gentleman, very learned, affectionate, of a lively and cheerful disposition, and with a great deal of originality about him. He was passionately fond of art and artists, and at leisure hours I sometimes acted as his cicerone. When he saw the picture I had just finished, it pleased him—or it is more probable he wanted to do me a kindness—and he gave me the happy news that he intended to purchase it.

The great question discussed in the house of the Marchioness of Crescentino, at Turin, was thereby solved. But it did not thus decide itself without my feeling internally an impression difficult to define; but which, in truth, was not without analogy to a decided repugnance. It is very hard to expel the prejudices of early youth; and how important is it, therefore, to impress on the tender minds of children not prejudices, but sound and true ideas from the outset!

I did not refuse the offer, however, as you may believe. Nay, to punish myself, I resolved to receive the money in hard cash, looking straight in

the face of him who gave it me, and to avoid all those petty hypocrisies resorted to by many persons in certain professions at the moment of receiving payment for their work, as if they could thus veil or alter the reality of the fact.

I reasoned as follows: If an act be shameful, abstain from it; if it be not shameful, the humiliation would consist in doing it as if one were ashamed of it, which would be equivalent to saying, "I know I ought to blush for what I am doing; yet I will not refrain, because it is profitable."

So I bravely took my money. I am, however, not quite certain that I followed my programme exactly, and that I did not look down a little at the important moment.

The fact is, that an artist or an author feels a great emotion the first time he sees before him a handful of gold, and is able to say, "I earned this with my brains and my hands." Cupidity has nothing to do with this feeling. It is self-love which feels its most legitimate gratification. He who praises your work may perhaps for some reason deceive you; but he who pays for it,—where can one find a more certainly sincere admiration?

To the gratification of self-love is added another and worthier one—that of feeling more independent—the consciousness that one is able to earn one's

livelihood without submitting to anybody. The wealthiest man in the world who loses his riches, if he cannot work becomes poorer than he who exercises an art or a profession. For this reason an Italian proverb taught long before Rousseau, "Learn art, say I, and lay it by." Such was my maxim from early youth; and I had to thank God for it, in very difficult circumstances, many years after. When I left the cabinet—for special reasons—my little income quite failed me, and for three or four years I lived entirely by my brush; and I then found it indeed useful to have learnt a trade.

The sentiment of independence must be felt for one's own sake first of all; that which concerns the nation will be its necessary complement.

The mode of spending the money I had earned was settled long before I had received it. For some time I had been on foot, to my great regret. Though my pension had been raised to forty scudi a month, it was impossible to save the price of a horse out of it. The one I bought was of Roman breed, and had long cut his wisdom-tooth. Though rather shy, he was a good beast. I found him very useful indeed in my artistic excursions; and in the meanwhile I rode him about Rome with immense delight.

My passion for horses has been a real tribula-

tion to me. Every now and then fortune has enabled, nay obliged, me to keep horses only to mock me by the necessity of selling them just as I had become attached to the poor brutes. As a soldier, a minister, and a governor, I had good and fine horses; but as soon as I left office, farewell to my stud. I was obliged to sell them.

Among the number of secondary grievances, this is one of those I have felt most acutely. How I understood and envied Alfieri! But I have always sacrificed everything rather than run into debt; which very often means living at the expense of other people instead of at one's own.

If I had remained in Rome, I must either have ended in this way, or sold my nag to purchase his corn. But the winter was drawing to a close; and I was soon going to undertake my laborious life of study from nature. In the country it was possible to keep a horse even with an exchequer like mine.

The spring, which drives visitors away from Rome like wild-ducks from a marsh, and sends them in flocks to the north, deprived me of the genial and pleasant society of Lascaris.

I have spoken of him; but I must say a few words about his wife before I take leave of their memory. She was a little woman, in delicate health;

not pretty, but amiable and gentle, and yet as firm in character as a rock. She gave many proofs of it in her life; but I will only mention one.

She did what Europe for a long time either could not or dared not do—she held her own against Napoleon.

"I was lady-in-waiting to Maria Louisa" (so she told the story), "and we were at Saint Cloud. One afternoon we went out driving with the emperor and empress. The weather was cold and damp, and I, as usual, felt far from well. The carriage in which I sat was a close landau. The emperor suddenly sent word that all the carriages were to be opened. I would not, however, comply with the order. There ensued a battle with the equerry, then negotiations, and at last the landau remained shut; and thus I beat Napoleon before the Duke of Wellington."

Meanwhile April had come. I wanted to change my quarters to study new scenes, and I selected Genzano, a hamlet eighteen miles from Rome on the road to Naples. Placed on the crest of a hill, it commands on one side the vast plain and the sea, from the hills of Cervetri to Monte Circello; and on the other it reflects its image in the depths of one of the ancient craters of Monte Albano, now transformed into the Lake of Nemi. The

time of the popular festival of the *Infiorata* was approaching; and I could not have had a better opportunity for a preparatory trip. The day of the festivity having arrived, I mounted my horse at daybreak and set off for Genzano.

What is the *Infiorata?*

The *Infiorata* takes place on Ascension-day, and is celebrated in honour of the procession which passes through the streets of the town. It consists in a layer of flowers so thickly strewn on the ground as completely to cover the whole of the steep ascent leading from the piazza to the church. A few days before the solemnity, the women and the girls of the village go round the meadows, woods, and gardens, and strip them of their flowers, which they carry home in large bundles. They then pull off the petals one by one, and separately heap up together those of each colour, thus composing a kind of odoriferous palette of the richest tints.

The occupants of every house facing the street undertake to cover the space in front, each executing a different pattern. One makes an arabesque, another a wreath; some the arms of Duke Sforza, the ancient lord of the place, or their own if they have any, or those of the bishop or the Pope, and so forth. The outline of the pattern is first fixed by means of

a long flexible rope placed on the ground, and then filled-in with leaves of different colours. The general effect is most brilliant; and seen from the foot of the ascent looks like a gorgeous carpet, which one regrets to see spoilt by the passage of the procession.

I arrived at Genzano, where the only person I knew was a small proprietor, whom I had seen but once, I forget where. It would hardly have been safe to put up my horse at the inn, amid the confusion of that day. I went to the house of my one acquaintance, Raffaele Attenni by name, who allowed me to stable my steed in a close shed where he kept his wine-vats, and I accordingly left him safe and happy in the society of two trusses of hay.

I saw the festival, the people, the really extraordinary beauties of the country, the Romans who had arrived in crowds, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring castles; and then I took a turn to look at the neighbourhood, in order to judge of the profit I might hope to derive there.

I was greatly pleased with the castle of the Sforzas. It stands on the mountain ridge, above and a little beyond the village. It commands an immense view of the sea and, towards the mountains, the severe scenery of Monte Cavi, of Nemi, of the Fajola forest, and of the high and abrupt cliffs

beneath which sleep the dark waters of the lake. I thought I should like to live in this castle. I found the old keeper, and he consented to show me the interior.

It was uninhabited, and I may say dilapidated, not quite like the house at Castel Sant' Elia, but very nearly; still, it pleased me, such as it was.

Night had come on while I was exploring, and it was necessary to find shelter, unless I particularly wished to sleep under the starry canopy. In the shed occupied by my horse, I had observed an empty cask; straw was not wanting, and so I was better off than Diogenes.

I retreated thither at nightfall, and having looked to the horse, rolled myself up in my cask and closed my eyes. But the master of the house, hearing how discreetly (I say it in my own honour) his guest had provided himself with a bed, came down to the shed with a light in his hand; and there was no help for it; I had to get up, and accompany my host to the rooms inhabited by the family, where I found his daughters and his son, who scolded me for not having applied to them for a pair of sheets to sleep between, instead of nestling in a corner like a dog.

After so many years I still recall with pleasure the cordial attentions of those dear new friends of

mine, who, not having the slightest idea who I was, treated me with true patriarchal hospitality. Thirty-two years after, I again visited Genzano, as the guest of my excellent friend Don Lorenzo, the present duke. I once more saw the Attennis, who could not make up their minds to recognise the old occupant of the cask in the minister, who was now an honoured and welcome guest in the palace of my lord duke.

I did not find it difficult to obtain full leave from his brother Don Salvatore, the then duke, to inhabit his ruined castle as long as I pleased. A few days after, therefore, I went one morning to the keeper, who lived in the village below, and showed to him the document empowering me to take the temporary possession of the premises. He read it, and then fetched a large bunch of keys, which he put into the hands of a maid-servant, in whose company I climbed the steep hill towards the castle, dragging my horse behind me.

The first thing to be done was to open the massive entrance-door with a key, that might have easily figured in a trial for murder as an offensive weapon. We first found a vast staircase, then a vestibule, with a stand for the halberds of the guards; next a hall, with a theatre (style of 1700), literally falling to pieces; then other rooms, in one

of which there was a collection of family portraits of the ducal house of Sforza.

From Giacomo Attendolo,* defiant, black, bearded, and smoky, the series came down to one of the last dukes of the Pompadour period, white and pink, powdered, affected, and smiling, in sky-blue knee-breeches, a silk waistcoat, and a dove-coloured coat embroidered in silver.

The successive transformation of those faces was the faithful image of that of the great Italian families, which, raised by activity and energy, have decayed in apathy and sloth.

The rooms I have just described all opened into one another in the front of the palace. There were some more at the back, one of which contained the remains of a couple of beds, and this formed the first-floor. I mounted to the second, followed by the under-keeper peasant-girl. It was distributed like the apartment beneath, with some subdivisions, and was almost entirely unfurnished. I went down again, and having deposited in the double-bedded room the saddle-bags I had taken off my horse, I proceeded to prepare my quarters.

* Giacomuzzo Attendolo Sforza, so called on account of his great physical strength, the son of a peasant of Cotignola (Romagna), was born in 1369. He became a famous *condottiere*, and the founder of the illustrious house of that name.

The girl stared at me, unable to make out my intentions. When at last she understood them, she said with an indescribable expression of wonder:

"Do you really mean to sleep here all alone?"

"Please God and the holy Virgin," said I.

"But do you not know the place is haunted by spirits?"

"Ha! May the will of God and the Madonna be done!"

This edifying answer admitted of no reply. She shrugged her shoulders, gave me a last glance of pity, and having gratefully accepted a present in harmony with my means (probably a couple of bajocchi), she went away in peace, leaving a whole bunch of keys in my hands.

When I was left alone, sole possessor (things belong to the person who enjoys them, not to the master) of the old castle, at once its lord and its garrison, I swam in such an ocean of independence and freedom, that for full five minutes I danced a *pas seul* in honour of my total emancipation. But a true horseman thinks of his horse before providing for himself.

Mine was tied to a rusty rail near the entrance, and I found him lashing his tail vigorously to keep off the flies.

"And where shall I put the poor beast?" thought

I. The old ducal stables were a long way off, and therefore rather inconvenient for a pluralist like me, who was both master and groom. I looked in every corner under the archway, where there was a Madonna, but nothing by way of a stable. So I took the bunch of keys, to discover whither a door I had just detected in a dark nook might lead.

The key was luckily there; I unlocked the door, and certain remnants of furniture made me guess that I had groped my way into the old pantry, the sanctum of sweetmeats and other delicacies, by no means likely to flourish in my reign; so I forthwith transformed the place into a stable.

I obtained help from outside, and with some nails and a hammer, the old planks I found there soon made a manger in a corner. After expending a few paolis on straw and hay, so as to provide for the first day, I introduced my tired horse, and put him in possession. Having made him comfortable, I left him happily munching his hay.

To complete my work, I sent a lad to cut me a few elm-branches. Between us we succeeded after a few minutes in making a capital verandah, which we placed before the window, so as to keep the stable cool and dark.

If ever you go to Genzano, look at the lower grating next the entrance on the left; and if the

information be of any interest to you, know that was my stable.

Then, finally, it struck me that I was entitled to think of myself.

My luggage and the artistic paraphernalia I could not bring with me I had sent on from Rome by the Genzano carrier. This I now went to fetch; and having had it taken to the castle, I began to make myself at home.

With the remnants of the two beds I made one; and on it I afterwards enjoyed a series of slumbers really like those of innocence. I selected the back-room next the stage of the theatre to sleep in; for if its doors did not shut very well, those of the others were worse still.

The hangings had formerly been of leather, with gilt ornaments and arabesques, of which only half now remained, and that was torn, and falling in tatters from the walls.

There was also an antediluvian chest of drawers for my linen. In the large room of the portraits I arranged all my painting materials, a dozen volumes (the usual Pignotti and Plutarch), with the requisites for writing; in short, I made it my studio; and thus inaugurated my establishment in all its details before midday.

Twelve o'clock at that time, and for many years

after, was my dinner-hour. There was a tavern at Genzano, kept by a Milanese, and situated in one of the last houses on the right at the end of the town, towards the Velletri road. I paid it a first visit, destined to be followed by many others; and not being very particular, I was perfectly satisfied.

It is quite extraordinary how much more fastidious people have everywhere become than they once were. This tavern, praised by everyone, was only a large room on the ground-floor, an ex-granary, one end of which was occupied by the chimney, a couple of stoves, and the bar. At twelve o'clock one was sure to find soup and a few dishes, three at the outside, hot and ready, though homely; so the bill of fare was soon glanced over. The massive tables, long and narrow, were spread with a strip of napkin, each person had a smaller one, iron forks and spoons, half a measure of wine, and a couple of small loaves. Your meal over, a barefooted country lad, acting in the capacity of waiter, made his appearance, and after taking away the cloth, leant his left elbow on the table, and with a bit of chalk in his right hand wrote on its dark oak polished surface the expense incurred by the customer. This once paid, he wiped out the score with his shirt-sleeve, and the accounts were thus

kept with a simplicity which made any mistake impossible.

The messmates I found there were not so often natives of the village, who generally dined at home, as people holding some appointment, or merely passing through. These customers (everyone by himself, mind you, and on his own isolated strip of cloth) soon became acquaintances, and some almost friends. There was, among others, the sergeant of the gend'armerie (the big-wig of the company), a young Neapolitan, fair, a good fellow, and a genial companion; and a friend of his, who presented a strange phenomenon. He had suffered from a long and severe illness, his recovery from which was a real miracle, and he was now at Genzano during his convalescence, to regain strength. Before he fell ill he had been a venturesome, active man of business, who had tried every mortal thing, and his age was hardly forty. After his long malady, Heaven only knows what revolution had taken place in his organisation, but the fact is, that he had become more timid than a child two years old. He could not remain alone or in the dark, and the slightest incident or noise put him out of sorts.

One day I recollect we went to Albano together, towards evening. I had a little business to transact, and said to him, "If you do not mind, wait for

me a bit at the café. You see it is full of people, and at this hour it will hardly remain empty."

He answered, "Very well, go."

Off I ran, saying, "I shall have done in a twinkling, and be here again immediately."

I came back in ten minutes, and saw from a distance a crowd collected before the café. I guessed what had happened; and, in fact, there he was in a swoon, surrounded by people busy assisting him.

At another time, five or six of us went to the festival of Cisterna, in the Pontine Marshes, and all slept at Velletri in one room, with a light, on account of his terrors. During the night the light went out; he began to fret; no one liked to get up, so a chorus of voices bade him keep quiet, and not bother us; but he suddenly jumped out of bed, ran to the window, and if the nearest to him had not been quick, and caught him in mid-air, we should have had to fish him up off the pavement. This maniac, and a few other commonplace individuals, were the regular visitors. The casual ones were wine-carters, members of one of the most respectable and respected classes of the Roman people. This is no joke; I say it seriously.

As everyone knows, Rome has for centuries been the *refugium peccatorum* of the whole world; and if proofs were wanting, the family names would suffice

to establish the fact. They are of every language and every nation, though those who bear them show no trace of their foreign origin. But this admixture is confined to the middle-class, or sometimes the nobility. There is no example of it among the people, and especially in the Trastevere. Even in the lower orders there is a kind of oligarchy peculiarly jealous of preserving the purity of its Roman blood, and this is very remarkable in the two trades of the paviors and the wine-carters.

These people very seldom marry out of their own profession, and there is no chapter of German canonesses more convinced of the superiority of their birth than the members of these two humble but not degrading professions.

According to a physiological law, frequent intermarriages deteriorate a race. In this case, however, the physiological law is at fault; or perhaps decay only invades the idle and effeminate classes, not the strong and hard-working ones. A glance shows the difference between them and the rest of the population. The square build of their bodies, the size and shape of their muscles, the elegance of their extremities, their wiry frames, without fat or corpulence—whereas both sexes of Romans of the other classes have a tendency to rotundity and enervation—reveal them as true descendants of those sturdy legionaries

who, besides their arms and victuals, carried on their marches a heavy pole for the encampment they had to fortify with a ditch and rampart before they rested. The bas-reliefs show us in marble what the iron men of yore were like, and the wine-carters represent them now in flesh and bone.

They are rough and ignorant, it is true; but in their appearance, their gestures, their way of standing, moving, and placing themselves, there is an air of haughtiness, a proud self-assurance, I never met with in any other people in the world. It is impossible not to be struck with the indications of superiority to be found in this class: their features, expression of countenance, mode of living, even the materials and implements of their trade, show a grand form, quite as peculiar to them as the majesty and elevation of mien which it is vain to seek for among the upper classes.

At Rome it really seems as if the servants had turned the masters out of their palaces, and driven them into the streets. Nor is this class of the population at all wanting in fine qualities. There is in them a certain generosity of feeling; as a rule, they are not addicted to drunkenness (their profession obliges them to observe strict sobriety). They are accused, it is true, of baptising the wine-barrels they carry; and I would not swear that their stoppages

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at the fountains of the Campagna are always for the refreshment of their horses; but, after all, who does not mix a little water with his wine in this world? If you treat them on terms of equality, they will behave well to you; but if you look down upon them, they remember that they are the true Romans.

As I said before, there is something grand even in the antique simplicity of their very carts. Two long and strong bars form the shafts, and are supported at one end by two high wheels, while the other extremities rest horizontally on the back of a horse, also very tall, and almost always jet-black, with a neck, head, and limbs altogether recalling the horses of ancient art. These carts have no sides. A few planks connect the two shafts, upon which eight casks are generally placed. The carters start from Genzano towards the evening, and travel all night, lying on the cask next the horse, and leaning against what is called the *forcina;* that is, the branch of a tree fixed on one side of the cart, and which, dividing into smaller branches, like a fan, forms a kind of niche, lined with a sheepskin.

They generally travel in company; one keeps watch (a prudent precaution in the Roman Campagna), and a lantern hanging beneath one of the carts suffices for the whole caravan.

At midday I generally had the pleasure of seeing

six or seven of them grouped round a table; and it was a real treat for an artist to see, hear, and study them, with handsome and energetic faces—always grand and majestic in their movements. I defy anyone to detect them in a vulgar attitude.

One of them was called Pizzetta; and I remember that one day after dinner, in the great heat, he fell asleep on the table, round which five or six of his companions were seated. His head was resting upon a pair of bronzed and muscular arms, and he snored with all his might. Presently his companions, I do not know why, set up a shout which awoke him. I can still see him raise his head, with sleepy eyes; then flash a fierce glance round him, saying in a hoarse voice, *Pozziate morì d'accidente!** And then he sank down again fast asleep. I relate this trifling incident to show how singularly artistic those figures must have been, to remain impressed on my memory after the lapse of forty years, as if they were present before my eyes!

And even poor Pizzetta was of some use to me. In the sack of Rome, described in *Niccolò de' Lapi*, I represented him as one of the desecrators of San Giovanni de' Fiorentini.

The evening of the first day I supped at the same

* In the corrupt Italian of the Campagna, "May you die an ill death!"

tavern, and late at night I went up to the castle by the long alley which leads to it, with the bunch of keys in one hand, and in the other a lantern, which I had bought as an indispensable piece of furniture.

I have already said that, in making the analysis of my nature, a touch of Don Quixote would be found. He saw an adventure in every event, even the simplest; and though I did not take things so seriously as he did, I yet felt my imagination at work as I approached my solitary and melodramatic abode in the stillness and darkness of night.

Arrived at the gate, I selected the monster key I was already familiar with, entered, and then locked the door behind me; and having gone up the state staircase, where the sound of my feet re-echoed, I crossed the halls, which by daylight had not appeared half so vast and mysterious as they did now, and at last reached the room where my bed was prepared.

The reflection that I had no enemies in the place, and had not appeared in a trim indicating that I had brought strings of pearls with me, or any sum likely to tempt even peasants; and considering that apparitions, witches, goblins, unluckily formed no part of my creed (I say *unluckily*, because the world would be much more amusing were it otherwise), I thought myself justified in expecting a quiet night,

without having recourse to any precaution; but as in this world keepers of old castles do not like the ghosts who live in the houses of their masters to be despised; as, moreover, there are lovers of practical jokes more or less indiscreet; and lastly, as an old proverb says "forewarned is forearmed," I made the arrangements I have always relied on in suspicious places, and which I recommend as equally easy and efficacious.

There were some huge leather arm-chairs, with gigantic backs; I placed one against the door, the two front legs a little raised off the floor, so that it was balanced, but the slightest push must have upset it. It was an alarm quite equal to a cannonade, I promise you.

On my bed, instead of a bride, I placed my loaded carbine, and having blown out the tallow candle in the lantern, was fast asleep in five minutes. My slumbers, however, were brief. The profound stillness of the night, as everyone may have remarked, makes the slightest noise appear ten times greater than it really is. When I awoke, every floor and room of the castle seemed swarming with people. It was like a general tramping of feet. On the stage of the theatre a representation seemed to be going on. Next I felt something fly close to my face, which passed to and fro, and then rose in the air. A loaf

I had brought for my breakfast first moved, then fell from the table upon which I had left it, and proceeded on its journey over the floor. I sat up in bed and listened attentively, saying to myself, "What the devil is the matter?" And I thought anybody with a tendency to see spectres and apparitions might easily have perceived the ghosts of all the Sforzas, from Giacomo Attendolo down to Lodovico il Moro, at his side, in the midst of that disturbance. In the meanwhile my loaf was pursuing its excursion, and I confess that at first I could not guess the physical explanation of that phenomenon; but light soon broke in upon me.

It must be a rat, a good husband and excellent father, who was trying to take the loaf to his family; and whom necessity alone compelled to gnaw it on the spot; for, arrived at the door of the theatre, the loaf naturally stopped, although little knocks against the wood-work showed it was doing its best to go through. Half a minute was spent in this operation, and then I distinctly heard a sound indicating that the crust was attacked by a double set of teeth in first-rate order. The mystery was thus explained.

I lay down again, saying, "To-morrow we will have a word about this," and resumed my interrupted slumbers.

To end this instructive episode, for the use of artists who may choose to study from nature in similar circumstances, my new dispositions were as follows:

The next day I found a large stone, part of a step of the grand staircase, and carried it, not without difficulty, into my room. I made it into a trap of a novel kind, which I charged with gunpowder; and at night I had the satisfaction of hearing it go off and announce the death of a large rat, who was underneath. I even had the barbarity to jump out of bed in my shirt, and execute a war-dance on this sepulchral stone, to make more sure of his destruction.

I found no cure for the bats that flew about my face; they came out of some enormous holes in the walls behind the leather tapestry. But they are the most harmless animals in the world, and never gave me any annoyance.

I now began one of the hardest courses of study I ever went through in my life.

The beauties of Genzano lie on the banks of the lake. In those days one reached them (now it may perhaps be different) by a very steep and difficult path. Every morning I went down with my traps on my shoulders; the descent was nothing—*facilis descensus Averni*—only I should like to see anybody try the

ascent, the *revocare gradus*, in that scorching sun! But I had a strong will, supported by a grain of self-love, and a sense of duty which began to govern me.

On the shore, not far from the hut of a man whose trade it was to steep flax, stands the renowned plane-tree of the lake of Nemi. It no longer possesses the mottled and ever-changing bark of the young plane-trees, but its trunk is as strong, knotty, and rugged as an old chestnut.

I made many sketches of it during the season; one study finished, I began another, and so collected a great number. Besides working with my brush, I read and re-read my few books; and, what was more, pursued the moral development of my mind during those long and blessed solitary hours which I spent surrounded by the inexhaustible treasures of a beautiful nature.

The flax-steeper was an old sbirro, who used to tell me the adventures of his life. He had to be almost constantly in the water; and it was grievous to see him with his legs scarred by the bites of leeches, which he tore off as they attacked him.

CHAPTER V.

I begin to weary of my solitary life at Genzano—Sorrow at a fatal occurrence increases this feeling—The dogma of purgatory—I make an excursion in the Pontine Marshes with a friend—A procession at Cisterna, and apparition of the brigands—Return to Genzano, and a ball at the Castle—I am reduced to eight paoli, and have to do the honours of Genzano to a lady—I borrow ten or twelve scudi from the Sardinian Minister—In October I go to Albano as usual, and fall desperately in love—Fierce struggle between love and duty—Pius VII. and Cardinal Consalvi—The sculptor Pacetti a victim to the arbitrary system of the government—Reflections and examples—The way in which love and conjugal fidelity were understood by Roman society in my time—The Carnival of Rome—The famous *step* of Palazzo Ruspoli—Love after the Roman pattern preferable to the love in fashion elsewhere—Rossini, Paganini, Liparini, and I devise a masquerade.

After a certain time solitude began to weigh upon me; as is often the case with people of versatile dispositions. The return to the castle every evening with my lantern and the bunch of keys; the resounding echoes of the grand staircase and those immense rooms; the portraits of the old Sforzas, long-robed magistrates, steel-clad captains, moustached cardinals (then not a soul wore them), whose stern faces seemed to look upon me with disdainful and

unfriendly eyes, began at length to weary and sadden me.

My nerves also had just then been shaken by a fatal occurrence. A woman who had shown me real affection, and who was almost in a dying state when I left Rome, breathed her last shortly afterwards. Suspicions were entertained that she had been poisoned by a person whose love she had rejected. I shall not enter into particulars on this subject, having made it a rule to abstain from all topics of the kind.

The news of the sad event reached me in my solitude, and her last sentence, to which unfortunately I had not attached all the weight it was fated to deserve, "Farewell, I leave the world regretting but one single thing," rose up continually from my heart to my ears; and although I had nothing to reproach myself with, as far as I could see, still those words haunted me like a complaint from the grave.

Ah, the lamentations of the dead are terrible! Unmoved by repentance, deaf to every explanation and excuse, they neither weary, nor change, nor relent! And how easily anyone with a heart fancies that he has sinned against them!

I, who was innocent, almost fancied myself otherwise, and spent days and nights in real and bitter

grief. Then, as is the case with youth—nay as happens to everybody, in virtue of the great conservative law which rules the world—my impressions lost their first freshness, and I gradually recovered my former tone of mind.

This inevitable return to moral serenity has always appeared to me an ugly side of our nature; but, alas, I am far from thinking that it can be otherwise.

Poor departed ones! why weep for you to-day, and then, after six months or a year, laugh and jest as before? Ye are unchanged; the love ye bore us, the benefits ye bestowed on us in life, remain real and lasting facts; why then are we thus inconstant?

For this reason I have always considered the worship of the dead as a sign of a loving soul. I understand the Chinese, and admire them. I admire the Jesuits (this does not happen every day), who shrunk from stigmatising the most righteous and gentlest feelings of the heart as a sin; and on the same principle I blame the Dominicans, whose fanaticism only resulted in getting themselves and their rivals turned out. However, tenderness for the dead was not to be expected from those who for 500 years had burnt their fellow-creatures for an article of faith.*

* This is an allusion to the famous question of the Chinese rites, which was for many years the subject of passionate discus-

On this account I love the community of aspirations and interests between the living and the dead established by the belief in purgatory; and this is one of the cases in which, though reason doubts and examines, the heart accepts.

Alas, the pious and tender beauty of this dogma has practically a sad drawback! Men are over-much on the alert, unluckily, to profit by the credulity that is the inseparable companion of great grief. There is but too much speculation on filial affection, conjugal love, and the most intense and sacred feelings of the human heart. I have myself had sad experience of it, and saw it repeated in more than one case.* Nevertheless, I do not accuse the whole

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sions between the Jesuits and the Dominicans. The former held that the Chinese custom of burning tapers and perfumes, and of placing flowers about the graves and effigies of departed relatives, was not a religious rite, but only a pious usage. They therefore allowed their Chinese converts to continue its observance, and the missionaries deferentially conformed to it. The intolerant Spanish Dominican father, J. B. Morales, however, who went to China in 1633, altogether condemned these ceremonies, which he declared to be idolatrous; he strictly forbade the missionaries and converts to take any part in them, thus giving rise to the terrible persecution of all the Christian missionaries, and to their long banishment from the Chinese empire.

* This touches on a most grievous evil. The sale of masses and indulgences for the souls of the dead, the donations to churches and bequests of every description (when a still worse imposition is not practised), which the cupidity of a sordid priest wrings in the meanest way from a disconsolate father or a heart-broken

Catholic clergy; nay I gladly acknowledge that a totally opposite principle is now springing up and gaining strength in many learned, honest, and far-sighted priests. Many perceive what ought to be the real basis of their moral authority; but the followers of the ancient practice are still too numerous; and when the latter complain that religion is depressed and forgotten, they would do better to examine their own acts and those of their fellows, and ascertain whether this religious decay is entirely to be attributed to modern philosophy and unbridled passions. Both religion and the clergy are now paying the arrears of several centuries. It is high time for Rome to recognise this fact, and acknowledge that present effects result from ancient causes; and her friends might do her real service by urging her to extinguish the said causes instead of trying to revive them. But I might as well preach to the winds; so I revert to Genzano.

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widow, are among the worst abuses of the Catholic system. If the idea that a prayer, a good action, an alms to the poor, offered to the Almighty for the sake of the dead whom we loved on earth, may be of service to them, is one of the most consoling principles of the Catholic faith—what is to be said of the minister of God who, speculating on this pious feeling, revels in the rich harvest extorted from the wealthy, or, worse still, from the poor, who for this often deprive themselves of necessaries? Let us hope that the decrease of superstition and the growth of morality already observable among the clergy may some day put an end to so deplorable a state of things.

A friend of mine came to interrupt my solitude, by sharing my roof and artist life. We made together that excursion to the Pontine Marshes I have already mentioned, while describing my convalescent messmate. I shall now say a few words about it.

From Velletri, which stands on the lower slopes of Monte Artemisio, the Via Appia descends to the plain; and a stage brings us to Cisterna, an old fief of the Gaetani family (Boniface VIII. was of this race, now honourably represented by my friend Don Michele), afterwards owned by the house of Braschi. It is a region full of buffaloes, malaria, marshes, and brigands. The town consists of a few houses built round a large piazza, of which the old feudal castle occupies a corner; and its festival is celebrated on the 15th of August—the day of the Assumption—at the very worst time for the malaria.

We slept at Velletri, where our companion made the attempt to throw himself out of window; and next morning we arrived at Cisterna, towards ten o'clock, just as high mass had begun. Mass being over, the procession issued from the church, and spent an hour in going round the piazza. I can fancy I still see the priest who carried the holy relics appear at the end of the procession surrounded by burning wax-tapers. He was quite bald; and

as the tremendous sun of the Marshes shone perpendicularly on the polished skin of his cranium, which reflected it like a hollow ivory ball, the closed eyes and wrinkled cheeks of the semi-martyr showed in what a sea of delight he was floating.

But another and a more unexpected sight soon made me forget the priest. A faint murmur ran through the crowd; a whisper flew from mouth to mouth; and then I began to hear around me voices saying distinctly, "The brigands! Here come the brigands!"

I turned and stood on tiptoe (a superfluous affectation, considering my height); and glancing around me, I indeed discovered not far off, mixed among the people, the tall hats adorned with flying ribbons — the distinctive badge of that respectable fraternity.

There could be no mistake about it. Albeit thoroughly accustomed to the usages of the country, I never could have believed that Italian *laissez faire* would have been carried so far as this.

The fact, however, is that these gentlemen were strolling about arm-in-arm with the townspeople, jauntily displaying their uniform, gaily adorned with silver lace, medals, or, better still, with coins of all sorts, and gold chains of every description. I could not descry either *cherubine* or blunderbusses,

or any other visible weapon. The men were neat and clean, and had a happy and serene expression, as if saying, "Enjoy yourselves, good people. We are neither wolves nor bears; and have come to take our part in the holiday." And the gendarmes intrusted with the public safety (it seemed a fatality) were always at the corner of the piazza diagonally opposite to that occupied by the brigands. However, order prevailed at Cisterna more than in many other places I wot of. So there was nothing to fear.

You must know, my dear reader, that the malaria sweetly captivates its victims before it kills them — just like the syrens. And it is very probable that the legend of those marine beauties may have originated in some region which, apparently beautiful and full of attractions, lured imprudent travellers with pestilential miasmas; and that therefore the true safeguard against the syrens was, not the wax of Ulysses, but sulphate of quinine. Be this as it may, the atmosphere of the Marshes produces a certain languor which is not unpleasant, coupled with an invincible tendency to sleep. But if you yield to it for an hour, you are lost.

After seeing the festival, the brigands, the fair, and the gathering of rival beauties from Velletri, Cori, Sezze, Piperno, Sermoneta, and all the neigh-

bouring hamlets, I felt the moment was fast approaching in which, fever or no fever, I must have fallen asleep in some corner. So I shook myself, fetched and saddled my horse, mounted and rode off homewards just as the sun was sinking in the west. I do not know how I managed to keep awake till beyond Velletri; but when I found myself on the high level of pure air, I was unable to resist any longer; so I put my right leg across the pommel of my saddle like a woman, and fell fast asleep, forgetting that at night my horse was very apt to shy. He, however, soon reminded me of the fact. I have no notion of what happened; I only know that I awoke in the dusty road as white as a miller.

Luckily I was unhurt, as has always been the case in a long succession of tumbles which have befallen me on various occasions. And towards midnight I reached my castle in perfect safety.

In describing it I have omitted to note in the inventory a number of ancient glass sconces for gala illuminations, which were fixed round the walls of the large saloon of the family portraits. The sight of them suggested a bright idea (I intend no pun), which also sprung from motives of civility. During my stay at Genzano I had received much kindness from several of the inhabitants. Up to a

certain point I will modestly say that it was deserved. I did not disdain or offend anyone. On the contrary, if I could, I always tried to make myself agreeable. Moreover my friend played the flute, and I (it is a very hard confession) the guitar. Of course only a few chords; just enough to accompany myself in singing *L'alba è ridente, in cielo*, the *Tarantella degli Dei*, or the popular tune of the *Saltarello*. We began by giving a sample of our talents one night at the tavern after supper, and were soon surrounded by a select group of young men and women, attracted by the sweetness of the entertainment, or rather by its being gratuitous. We soon received some timid and discreet entreaties to execute serenades under the balcony of some adored beauty. We always gallantly consented, and became quite the rage.

Although the courtesies on both sides were thus pretty fairly balanced, yet the maxim, *melius abundare quam deficere*, and the incentive of the aforesaid sconces ready for use, decided us to give a ball before leaving Genzano. Though I take it for granted that the reader has unbounded faith in my sincerity, I will not put it to too hard a trial by telling him that we prepared a grand illumination of costly wax lights. No; we bought several pounds of tallow candles, and we filled all our old sconces

one after the other. The tavern supplied several measures of wine; our lady friends (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) presented us with a basket full of cakes; the invitations were sent out; and one night at dusk the fashionable company began to assemble; for at Genzano they did not wait for the first hour of the next day before beginning to dance, as is usual in cities inhabited by idle people who sleep all day.

The masters of the house and the orchestra being united in our own persons, and as we were unable to be in two places at once, like great and holy St. Anthony, we played, and could not receive our guests. The access to the castle was free, and the crowd was like the routs of the London season.

As a measure of prudence, the wine had been duly baptised. Taking into account the preceding christening undoubtedly administered by the landlord, it could boast a double baptismal innocence, which rendered it incapable of over-heating the weakest heads. The party proved uncommonly gay; and all the phases of the *Saltarello* were displayed, including that in which both partners, in a climax of excitement, fling their shoes into the air and continue the dance barefooted. Everything went off perfectly. There was not even a shadow of disorder, and the guests went home contented and satisfied.

In the meanwhile the time for my return to Rome was drawing near; and having settled all my accounts, I found that my recent magnificence had reduced the balance at my disposal to eight paoli, that is to say, less than a Roman scudo; and yet I was obliged to remain another week at Genzano to finish a study I had just commenced. My position was becoming decidedly unpleasant.

In the midst of these difficulties, one morning I heard a ringing of bells, and a carriage stopped at the door. I ran down, and found a Roman lady with one of her sons aged five-and-twenty, whom I did not even know intimately. Having come to Genzano on some business, they had bethought themselves of claiming my hospitality; this meant at least a breakfast. And to think that I had only eight paoli! No matter; according to the code of the patriarchs, the Bedouins, and the Red Indians, a guest is a gift of God. Away with economy! The thing must be done. A breakfast was ordered and brought to the castle, with all the delicacies the place could afford. I must think about payment hereafter.

Happily the visit was a short one. The gift was providentially taken back before dinner-time; an essential point. But my modest hospitality had cost me more than I possessed, and I now found myself with a deficit of five or six paoli.

I have always hated debt; but the Romans hated despotism, and yet they had more dictators than I ever have had creditors since I came into the world.

This time there was no help for it. I mentally passed in review all the friends of my own age, without finding one to whom I could apply. Luckily the Sardinian minister at Rome was Count Barbaroux, one of the most learned, upright, and best lawyers of Piedmont, to whom my father had recommended me. I wrote to him, and by return of post, or rather by return of the vetturino, I received the sum I had asked for—ten or twelve scudi, if I remember right, which proves that my extravagance had not been very reckless. Thus, loaded equally with sketches and blessings by creditors, young folks, girls, and everybody included, I left Genzano at the beginning of October, and went back to Rome.

Like the previous year, I thought myself deserving of a month's rest; and went to Albano, where many of the persons with whom I usually associated were staying.

My circle of acquaintance was composed of excellent people, for the time and the country; but that sort of company, unfortunately, did more harm than good to a young man, as was then the case with all Roman society. At three or four-and-

twenty it is desirable to be surrounded by an atmosphere capable of imparting support, elevation, and strength; and if perchance love intervenes, the importance of meeting with a high-souled nature, that can appreciate and aspire to moral good, is increased a thousand-fold.

I concede to theologians, that illicit love is always a social evil. It is nevertheless undeniable, that an unlawful attachment may very often be sublime and generous, and inspire beneficial enterprises and noble sacrifices; whereas the sad mistake of being seduced by beauty alone, joined to a soul, if not perverse, at least feeble and trivial, entails oftener still incalculable consequences, and becomes the torment of a blighted life.

I was precisely at the age in which a man who is capable of ardent passions must sooner or later undergo that violent hurricane, which bears the same relation to his moral being as smallpox to his bodily one.

The seeds of both diseases germinate within him, and at last burst out unexpectedly, often leaving the patient marked for life. In that memorable month of October I was unconsciously drawing near a crisis, destined to be of the most virulent description; so much so, that I still wonder how I survived it.

I encountered a person who, though not devoid

of certain good qualities, had not a particle of elevation. She had grown up, in the fashion then prevailing in Roman families, without acquiring the remotest notion that such a thing as the education of heart and character existed; for nobody had ever taken the trouble to teach her; as to intellect, zero; she could hardly write, and the less said about her orthography the better. But her personal appearance was remarkable, even in that country, where feminine loveliness is most perfect and frequent; and beauty is as dazzling as the sun to an artistic and impressionable organisation like mine, blinding me to everything else.

From that October, not for months, but for years after, I wore myself out in a desperate struggle between duty and feeling. My duty was to work and toil; to make myself, if I could, a man of some use to my country and my fellow-creatures. Far from this, my heart concentrated all my aspirations and my cravings in one point. Yet I fought, and fought victoriously. It was, however, a sad, and for some time a barren victory. I could force myself to remain in my studio or to pore over a book for as many hours as before; but I could not command my poor intellect to work and learn successfully. I could mount my horse, leave Rome, and establish myself in some neighbouring place to draw from

nature in the summer; but I could not rekindle in my heart the spark which feeds on the beauties of creation. The skies, mountains, forests, and rivers, all seemed to me a dead solitude; the life and the soul of everything for me was but one, and *that* was elsewhere.

After so many years, I still shudder when I think of the tortures I endured during that fatal period.

In reviewing my conduct on this occasion, I find myself not wholly without a merit, — experience has taught me its value, — that of having known that duty must inexorably take precedence of love, which it is always advantageous to resist, however small, incomplete, and rare may be the victories to be obtained in such warfare. And would you like to know how it ended?

After seven years, during which I had not even conceived a thought of infidelity, I was dismissed to make room for a needy patrician, who several years later acquired the reputation of being a usurer, and subsequently a thief! And thus wags the world. Luckily for me I remembered the distich:

> "Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte est pour le sot;
> L'honnête homme trompé, s'éloigne et ne dit mot."

I did the same.

As was agreed, I do not enter into the particulars of this romance, concerning which I shall only give

the few hints indispensably required for the comprehension of subsequent events.

I worked diligently that winter, and painted a picture representing the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ; which, comparatively and for me, was not so bad. An idea and a tolerable tone could be discerned in it; and in my thoroughly unhinged state of mind, it was next to a miracle to have done so well.

These new circumstances soon modified my system of life. The orderly habits of the two first years gradually relaxed. I began to go into society in the evening, for I could not fail to go where *she* went. I became intimate in several houses, and began to frequent modern Rome, and to have a clear idea of it; for previously, in my semi-diplomatic position, I associated with princes or ministers; and my subsequent one as a student, living either alone or with a few needy artists, had not allowed me to appreciate the Rome of the governed and governing classes.

As I do not deem it necessary to narrate the long series of absurdities with which fidelity to the duties of a lover filled up my existence during that winter (and unhappily it was not the only one), I will string together a few facts sufficient to give an idea of a world so different from any other, and partially to explain what has taken place elsewhere.

You know, my dear reader, that I do not profess any preconceived hatreds or predilections. I seek truth, and speak out when I have found it, without caring who may be hit; so you can depend upon unbounded sincerity. It was the last year of Pius VII. and Consalvi. The latter was a man of singular ability, who, as will be remembered, had greatly contributed to the restitution of the Roman legations to the Pope by the Congress of Vienna. This was then looked upon as an important result, obtained by a great stroke of ability. But now that we see how things turned out, and consider the implacable rebellions on one side, the implacable repressions on the another; here secret societies and daggers, there special tribunals and the gallows; the Carbonari emissaries on the one hand, and the mercenaries of the Cardinal on the other; all consequences of that stroke of Consalvi's ability, — will anybody with an ounce of judgment still call it a great and fortunate deed?

Grand results are obtained by doing justice to just causes: this is the real secret to advance without peril, and to secure true progress. I repeat this notion for the hundredth time.

But the idea of justice is too simple to be adopted by ignorant people. It requires much knowledge and a clear head to understand elementary truths;

and though Consalvi, as I said, had great talents, his was not one of those splendid intellects which can embrace the past and the present at a glance, and link the future harmoniously with them. He neither knew how to preserve the advantages of the semi-confederation, half anarchic and half popular, of the ancient Roman states, nor to avail himself of those offered by the modern revolutionary centralisation.

And in fact the papal government, after 1815, was worse than either, and fell from bad to worse—to the point now manifest to all.

Pius VII. was of a simple and honest but indolent nature, and he therefore let himself be governed. His sense of duty, and the fortitude in misfortune by which he became so nobly conspicuous, supported him, when his path as Pontiff was clearly traced for him; but in the pacific exercise of sovereign rights under the influence of a system precluding every manifestation of public opinion—to distinguish good from evil, favouring the one, and repressing the other, requires a prince endowed with talent, decision of character, knowledge, a warm heart, health, and youth; and the poor old man had none of these qualities; only saw through the eyes of Consalvi, and did not interfere. His intimates loved him for his simplicity, but esteemed him a man of singular apathy. In fact, when he died, very old,

his black hair had scarcely grizzled, although he had gone through trials one of which might alone have sufficed to turn it white.

At Castel Gandolfo, where I went with my father, I had once the honour of playing at billiards with him, and I perfectly remember the contrast between the dark locks of his black hair and his long white robe.

I have already said that in his wish to attract foreigners, or rather their money, Consalvi favoured them as much as he could, and rarely protected a Roman from their insolence. As a rule he patronised the upper classes, the rich, and the powerful. Personal reasons gave me the opportunity of learning all the details of a fact, really incredible, which is to the point, so I will relate it briefly.

It is desirable to have an exact idea of those bygone days, which certain well-intentioned people would like to see revived.

In the Via Gregoriana, on the Pincio, near the Trinità de' Monti, and extending to the Via Sistina, there are, or at least were, several small houses, with studios for artists, belonging to the Pacetti family. They had been artists from generation to generation, and the grandfather of the now living one was a certain Chevalier Pacetti, a sculptor of considerable reputation and ability.

At the time of the Roman republic—the one planted, not that rooted up, by the French—the Roman nobles, and also the smaller proprietors, had a contribution imposed upon them, which, owing to the difficulties of the time, even the richest found it hard to pay; furniture, jewels, objects of art, and other valuables, were put up to auction; and the Barberinis offered for sale, in a room in their palace at the Quattro Fontane, many curiosities, among the rest the torso of a male figure, a Greek work, of the best period, in Pentelic marble.

Pacetti went to the auction, and for seven or eight hundred scudi bought the fragment, which had neither arms nor legs, and I am not quite sure that it was not also headless. Having removed it to his studio, he resolved to undertake its complete restoration.

He modelled the missing limbs in plaster, and produced the sleeping figure known to art under the name of the Barberini Faun.

Besides the pains he took in executing this work, he had the farther difficulty of finding marble that would match the original material; and with this object he was obliged to destroy another Greek statue of inferior merit to make use of the marble.

After interminable labour and considerable expense (the statue was larger than life), he com-

pleted a work which Canova and the good critics of the day highly praised, as a restoration in which the old and the new were in perfect harmony; and if their merit was unequal, at least the contrast was not striking.

Meanwhile Napoleon fell, the French occupation came to an end, and with the Pope had been reinstated the justice, happiness, prosperity, and all the other good things of the restorations and the priestly government.

Foreigners flocked to Rome from every side, and I forget who (a German prince, if I mistake not) bought this Faun of Chevalier Pacetti for several thousand scudi.

But just as the statue was about to be packed up and removed, there came a *veto*. The Faun must not be taken abroad.

And why?

Because the agents of Prince Barberini (who perhaps was ignorant of the facts, or had heard them misrepresented) solicited and obtained an order from the pontifical government, obliging the sculptor Pacetti to give back the statue as entailed property, and offering him repayment of the seven or eight hundred scudi of the original purchase, besides a certain sum for the restoration, to be fixed by arbitration.

The poor man might well have been disheartened at the threat of so extraordinary a piece of tyranny; but as he was very energetic, he did not lose courage, and pleaded on his own behalf:

That he had bought the Faun at a public auction, and paid for it in cash, in very hard times, when money was extremely scarce; that the question of its being entailed property had not then been raised; and that he therefore considered himself the true and lawful owner of the torso he had purchased.

That he and his pupils had spent a long time in the restoration, and used the marble of a Greek statue to produce the perfect work now shown.

That he only was the judge of the remuneration due to his own labours, and that he did not recognise the right of anyone to fix it arbitrarily.

That the statue was therefore his property; and that any intending purchaser of it must treat with him; that conditions could not be imposed, &c.

But he might as well have bayed at the moon.

"*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.*" Such was the answer of the authorities. But Pacetti was firm as a rock. Several days elapsed, and seeing that he did not yield, a bailiff appeared one morning with a document, informing him that the seven or eight hundred scudi of the original purchase-money, besides I forget what sum for the restora-

tion, had been deposited at the bank, and that any further delay would henceforth entail the fine of so many scudi a day.

Pacetti remained unshaken.

Time went on, till one morning forty workmen and gendarmes marched up Via Sistina *cum fustibus et lanternis;* they stopped at the door of the studio, and as Pacetti did not open it, they broke in by force; and having entered, seized the statue, and carried it off on a cart.

The poor sculptor, so cruelly wronged, took to his bed with a bilious fever. He had a narrow escape; and after an imperfect recovery dragged on his existence a little longer, and presently died.

His heirs began a lawsuit against the Barberinis before the Rota;* they lost and won it several times, and at last, after several judgments *videntibus omnibus*, it was finally decided in their favour. But they also might as well have bayed at the moon. The Faun was kept by those who had taken it, and, if I re-

* The Rota is the highest court of justice in Rome, both for ecclesiastical and civil matters. Established in the fourteenth century by Pope John XII., its jurisdiction embraces the religious causes of the whole Catholic world. It is composed of eleven ecclesiastical doctors, called auditors of the Rota, or chaplains of his Holiness, of whom three are always natives of Rome itself; four severally take their origin from Tuscany, Bologna, Ferrara, and Perugia; while the remaining four are made up by the appointment of one Frenchmen, one Austrian, and two Spaniards.

member rightly, was sold to the King of Bavaria. I believe it is now at Munich.

If such be really the case, what became of the entail?

The Pacetti family ended by accepting a compromise, of which I do not recollect the terms; but this did not take place till the year 1826. Even under an honest man like Pius VII. and a distinguished statesman like Cardinal Consalvi, such was the government which the world thinks it necessary to preserve for the support, honour, and glory of Christendom, of religion and of the Gospel!

And then the complaint is that people do not believe in them!

Those accustomed to other countries find it difficult to understand how, after one—what do I say? ten—favourable decisions obtained in each successive stage of the existing jurisdiction, a suit should not be won. And yet I have seen this in several instances. No number of judgments avails the weak against the powerful. The execution of the sentence, in these cases, is stopped by an invisible hand; it is always promised, but never performed.

This decay of the magistracy has long been deplored by the honest men most attached to the Pope. Even in 1820, I remember hearing Cardinal de Gregorio, an excellent man,—who would now be

termed a rabid *codino*,—and a great friend of my father, bitterly lament the want of respectability of the Roman tribunals.

"Once," said he, "the most celebrated causes in the world came before the Rota; all Europe bowed to its judgments; but there were men in those days. Now one meets a little *monsignorino*, a mere boy, going about miserably on foot, attended by a hired flunkey. Who is he?—an auditor of the Rota!"

These boy-auditors, who, if not boys, were no fitter for their office, always had an experienced secretary who studied the suits and drew up the decisions.

There was, moreover, a strange usage which afforded evident proof of the state of public opinion as regards the dignity and the standard of the morality of the judges.

In any other country in the world, to recommend a cause to the judge before whom it is to be tried would lead to a very severe rebuke, if not to a summary dismissal. At Rome, on the contrary, the day before a suit was to be heard by the Rota or any other tribunal, the advocates used to go round to recommend it to the judges, sometimes accompanied by their clients; and this tour was called going to the *informazione*.

On this account the bill of the client always in-

cluded the hire of a carriage for the whole day: they were mostly rickety old red-painted coaches, the remains of the inheritance of some cardinal; and on Thursday they were to be seen in Rome at the corner of every street.

But the *informazione* lasted only a few hours; and as the carriages were hired for the whole day, not to waste them, they might be seen later at the Corso; only instead of lawyers and priests, they were full of women and children: a perfectly legitimate thing, however; for though Roman lawyers wore the ecclesiastical dress, in fact they were laymen and had wives and children.* I have also observed a curious thing. The Romans do not greatly disapprove these glaring abuses; and though one may every now and then hear a man muttering maledictions against some over-powerful personage, still, through his wrath may be detected a kind of semi-acceptation, as if the evil complained of were natural and inevitable.

Verily, the Roman is right, for at all times and under all systems, past, present, or future, the big fish have eaten up the little ones. But I fancied I

* As the high civil dignitaries in Rome are usually ecclesiastics, laymen who occupy public offices—such as barristers, lawyers, &c.—when they attend the courts or a public audience, are obliged to wear an official dress, which in most cases resembles that worn by the priests, or sometimes that of a Roman prelate.

saw in this feeling, as in several other peculiar characteristics of actual Roman society, evident traces of the past.

The magnates (the Sacred Mount and Menenius Agrippa are a proof of it), from the earliest times down to our day, have never ceased to encroach upon the people. How, then, should it not be impressed on the minds of the latter that the evil is without a remedy?

I remember the ideas on this head of a poor man who lived by shooting and selling game at Marino, a little place in the mountains, where, as I shall relate by and by, I spent two summers drawing.

He was old when I knew him, and spoke of facts anterior to the revolution. He had possessed a famous pointer, the best sporting-dog in the whole Ager Romanus, with which he had triumphed over celebrated rivals, and had achieved some wonderful feats.

"Would you believe it?" he said to me; "one day I missed him; he had been stolen. I loved him better than a brother, and I was quite out of my senses. I took my gun, and scoured the whole neighbourhood, calling at every house, at every hamlet. If I had found the thief, it is certain I should have killed him. At length I arrived at Pantano di Borghese; the masters were away. As soon as

I went into the courtyard, there he was: I saw him between the legs of the keepers; and the poor beast, on perceiving me, tried to break away, but he was held fast; and I turned on my heel and came back to Marino."

"What!" said I, "did you not apply to the prince, or to the government?"

"Apply! what for?" And he shook his head at me, as if to say: Where do you come from, you idiot? Borghese chose to take him, and there was an end, of course! That *of course* has great meaning in the mouth of a Roman. It may express destiny, necessity, social propriety, tradition, and even equity.

This is the way I interpreted his words: "Prince Borghese has taken my dog, and it is perfectly useless to dispute with him." But if you had happened to ask that peasant: "Would you like to get back your dog, on condition that the prince should cease to exist?" he would have answered: "I can do without my dog, after all: but how could the world spare the Borghese family?"

For these reasons the hatred which once existed in Piedmont, for instance, between the aristocracy and the middle-class is quite unknown at Rome, although there would be much stronger grounds for it.

I worked that winter; but it was a pure effect of will, and cost me incredible efforts. I had no longer any taste; I had but one thought, one object —my ill-starred passion.

Fortunately some sense of duty survived in my heart, and this saved me. Though absent in mind, disheartened, and reckless, I still never abandoned myself entirely,—held back by the idea of duty, and by the shame of seeing myself so completely enslaved by a lovely face and captivating look.

The tranquillity, however, of the first stage of my laborious life had vanished, and I found myself drawn into a vortex of anxiety, uncertainty, passion, hopes and fears, which proved the truth of the Italian proverb, *Cicisbei e damerini vita da facchini*,—"The life of dandies and of lovers is one of burden and bothers." This kind of life is now almost extinct. The offspring of idleness, it was killed by modern activity: in other words, the child of despotism, it withered under the rays of liberty. How would it now be possible to make love the exclusive occupation of life?

In those days it was not only possible, but almost inevitable for everybody, excepting for those singularly rare persons who, like me, cultivated an art or a science. This kingdom of Paphos had its statutes, laws, authorities, wars, and revolutions; and all this

constituted a state of things curious enough to deserve a page of description here.

First of all, in that society, only true and serious love, loyal, scrupulously faithful, and free from any interested motive, was held in esteem. The *roué* style was considered the most abominable heresy. The system of deceiving, of making love to several women at once, flightiness or inconstancy, indifference or coolness, were all heresies more or less atrocious, deserving of heavier or lighter penalties in the Tartarus of that religion.

Public opinion pronounced the verdicts. Universal suffrage, as you see, was thus already invented when Napoleon III. proclaimed it in 1852. At evening parties and other social gatherings, love-matters were discussed, examples quoted, and evidence adduced. Cases were thus weighed and examined, and judgment finally ensued; and even at that period universal suffrage was already that of a few big-wigs who took the lead in society.

But the most curious thing was the kind of morality, probity, and honesty professed by the votaries of that creed. According to plain sense, everyone is free to do what he pleases; but at the bottom of his heart he must admit that to deceive is always an unworthy action, and that *even a husband* ought to be protected by this formula of public morality.

There, on the contrary, to deceive a lover, God forbid; but a husband, *of course!*

Ordinary sense also teaches that, if the deceived husband chooses to shut his eyes and behave as if nothing had occurred, well and good; it is his own business, and nobody has a right to meddle. Still, a shade of ridicule, and sometimes worse, is attached to him, and he can scarcely escape unscathed.

There, on the contrary, God forbid that a joke or a sarcastic word should be uttered about so interesting and useful a member of society. Women in particular, especially the middle-aged, would at once interpose—"What! for shame! he is a worthy man, an excellent person, *very* well-bred!"

If, on the other hand, a rather less well-bred husband did what the plain sense of every other country considers as perfectly natural; if he in some way or other expelled the individual who presented himself in his house as a partner, or if he only did not receive him with a cordiality equal to that of his wife, there was a general burst of indignation in the whole church of Cnidus.

I perfectly remember the case of a young man, the son of a lady whose house was frequented by all Rome. He had fallen in love with the young wife of an officer, who was also young, handsome, and of charming disposition, but who had the strange pre-

tension of thinking his better-half might be content with him alone.

But the fair darling was not at all content; and finally one day the officer had the audacity to tell both his wife and the intruder plainly, that he did not intend to have his head adorned with the emblem of Actæon, in words such as are resorted to on similar occasions by those who have had a surfeit.

In the evening I met the usual company; and when I approached the group surrounding the lady of the house (the mother of the lover), I found her in a very ill-humour, muttering something in an excited way, raising her voice every now and then to give vent to her anger; and I particularly remember the words, "*Monster! what a monster!*"

I whispered to a friend, "Who has put her out?"

"P***."

"And why?"

"Because he has made a scene with his wife and the *other*. Perhaps he surprised them. How do I know?"

I soon discovered the truth, which was precisely as my friend guessed. And I remember with pleasure that neither my mind nor my heart had been sufficiently corrupted by that school for me not to feel astounded at the strange epithet employed by maternal love in such circumstances.

That night Signora P*** did not appear as usual; the son too was absent; and a veil of sadness overcast the whole company, frightened by so new and fatal an example into calculating its possible consequences with terror.

It was a false alarm, however. Things went on as usual; and poor P***, far from freeing his head from the said tiara, soon had to forget his rival, or lose sight of him among the crowd of his successors.

This proves that in Rome, in my days, the path of a husband was not always strewn with roses; but certain occasions in the year made his life a real burden.

I will merely mention the Carnival. At Rome, properly speaking, only the last eight days are distinguished by that name. At about one o'clock the bell of the Capitol booms forth the announcement that till the Ave Maria people may go about the streets in masks.

The *corso*, the *confetti*, the *moccoletti*, have been described long ago. And besides, these revels have been imported into other towns of Italy; everybody knows them, and happy they who find pleasure in them. I prefer to speak of less-known usages.

Ab antiquo the poor Jews served for the amusement of the Christians. In the days of yore, it is said, one of them was put into a cask, which was

rolled from the top to the bottom of the Capitoline hill. Afterwards the Synagogue obtained leave to substitute for this barbarism a foot-race run by several Jews. Later still, the biped racers were changed into quadrupeds, and the Ghetto had to supply the eight palliums (pieces of fine velvet of various colours) for the eight days of the Carnival.

On the first a remarkable ceremony is performed at the Capitol. The senate assembles; the senator (a geographical reduction from the ancient senate, on the scale of 600 to 1) is installed on his throne; the rabbi and the deputation from the Ghetto kneel before him, and present an address containing the most humble and devoted expression of the loyalty of the chosen people to the Roman senate. The address having been read, the senator puts out his foot and bestows a kick on the rabbi, who withdraws full of gratitude, as is but natural!

In the Middle Ages the mob, during the Carnival, insulted the Jews, and plundered the Ghetto. The poor wretches appealed to the municipality, paid a ransom, and declared themselves the subjects and the slaves of the Romans. This was the origin of the ceremony I have described, and of the declaration of vassalage contained in the address *sub conditione* of the immunity of their persons and goods. The kick was bestowed up to the year 1830.

Formerly, instead of a kick, the senator set his foot on the neck of the rabbi. And then people accused the Jews of having deteriorated in character!

The entertainments of the Carnival are well known; but as travellers' guides forget those most worthy of note, I will try to supply the omission.

The *uti libertate Decembris* of the ancients (which the moderns transferred from December to February) is a signal for all those who have formed any wish or scheme during the rest of the year.

I will explain myself.

He who desires to discover a secret, to untie or initiate an intrigue, ask an explanation, or make a declaration, &c., and cannot find time and opportunity in every-day life, counts upon the Carnival. In that week tradition grants absolute liberty and independence to the sex to which the hypocritical adjective of *weak* is coupled. I assure you that those who are then at Rome may judge whether it deserves the appellation.

Ladies and friends meet together, and utterly refuse to be either assisted or watched. I do not speak of husbands, for they cannot even be mentioned; but lovers themselves are carefully discarded.

The former submit patiently to their fate; and I have known some who go to bed and sleep through the lively hours of the Corso.

For the latter, on the contrary, it is the moment to be awake, and all eyes, if possible. But the second and seldom-used title of the *Barber of Seville* must not be forgotten.

The more precautions are justified, the less they are of use. The way in which these masquerades are arranged almost entirely precludes the possibility of discovering what is going on. The idea is generally entertained that when a woman disguises herself, she still tries to appear to the very best advantage. It is not necessary to have either a hump, or the foot of a Chinese beauty, to escape recognition. But at Rome during the Carnival things are understood otherwise. A woman transforms herself into a bundle; and she must literally have no human shape when she goes (or when she went) to sit on the step of Palazzo Ruspoli during the Corso.

This *step*, which has now disappeared, was a footpath running all along the Caffè Nuovo, about two feet above the level of the Corso. Upon it there was a row of straw chairs, which were occupied by ladies in masks. The people who walked in front of the step thus found them at a very convenient height for carrying on a more or less intimate and secret conversation, according to the mutual inclination of the parties.

It is obvious, however, that there was one obstacle to be overcome by those who wished to talk with a lady who was invisible for the rest of the year—namely, that of recognising her as she sat on that famous step.

I recollect, on a certain occasion, having performed a real diplomatic *tour de force*. I longed anxiously to speak with a little freedom to a lady to whom I had not been introduced. I succeeded in learning that, wanting to go to the step the last Thursday of the Carnival, she was in search of one of those round capes without sleeves, then worn by men; and I managed so adroitly that I sent her mine without her knowing whence it came. The difficulty of recognising her thus fell to the ground.

This step is the neutral ground upon which the thousand mysterious interests of amorous life are founded, destroyed, or restored.

But, to terminate the exposition of its statutes, I should add that lovers were not always allowed to enjoy this step, or any other of the Carnival revels.

If the divinity is obliged to stay at home, either by a confinement or indisposition, or any other motive whatsoever, her adorer must not amuse himself either. Whilst the fun is running highest between Piazza del Popolo and Piazza di Venezia,

he may take a walk at Campo Vaccino, San Pietro, or the Villa Borghese. And in the evening, in society, when it is bruited about that X * * *, whose lady-love is in bed with a slight cold, was seen riding alone outside the Porta Angelica, for instance, during the Corso, all the ladies exclaim: "What a nice fellow X * * * is! he indeed is a good friend!" And if their own happens to be present, with a conscience not quite so spotless, he is sure to receive a glance which plainly says—Take example!

Another statute declares that, in case of a misfortune of any kind happening to *her* family or that of the *husband*, the *other* must sacrifice everything —life itself, if need be—to repair it.

All this forms a whole which seems, and is in reality, one of the strangest, and contrasts singularly with the usages of the present day. Still nobody, I think, will prefer the actual system to that then in vigour. The love which, while seeking its own satisfaction, also accepted sacrifices and endured unspeakable torments for the ineffable happiness of one moment, is noble and sublime; it possesses in itself, I might almost say, something virtuous, like every other voluntary suffering manfully borne.

But what is love, on the contrary, when all its thorns are removed? An ignoble moral degradation, and a still more ignoble brutal instinct. The ulti-

mate and the most convenient consequence of this instinct is the *demi-monde.*

To speak of *anonymas* among us young men was then to talk of something incredible. And the few foreigners who came to Rome in such distinguished company, or aspired to buy the favour of actresses, were looked upon by us as true types of stupidity, at whom we always laughed and jeered.

Had it been possible to lift the veil which shrouded the mysteries of the *step*, one might have discovered some very queer things. Some external sign every now and then might be detected.

I remember a young man (I was witness to the fact) who had spent the whole day with two of those shapeless bundles. Towards evening they asked him to see them home, and they all went in the direction of San Lorenzo.

Their way led through the Fiano palace, and in the court one of the masks began to use her fists with an energy for which few would have given a fair hand credit, and she thus pursued him for some distance.

He must have been guilty of something very dreadful!

These saturnalia did not long afford me pleasure; before I was three or four and twenty I was tired of them, and in those days of mad revelry I fled to the other end of Rome. I have, however, taken part in

several masquerades, and in one, amongst others, which I must particularly mention.

Paganini and Rossini were at Rome; Liparini sang at Tordinona; and in the evening I often joined them with other gay companions of that stamp. The Carnival was approaching; and one night we said, "Let us get up a masquerade."

A discussion ensued: "What shall it be?" We at last decided to disguise ourselves as blind beggars, and go about the streets singing as they do to implore public charity. We strung the following bad lines together:

"Siamo ciechi,
Siamo nati
Per campar
Di cortesia,
In giornata d' allegria
Non si nega carità."*

Rossini at once set them to music. We began to rehearse our parts in earnest, and finally fixed the Thursday for our appearance. It was settled that we should be very elegantly dressed under a ragged exterior; in short, apparent yet smart misery.

Rossini and Paganini were to act as orchestra, twanging on two guitars; and they chose to dress up as women. Rossini very artistically expanded his

* This *cantata* or chorus soon became widely known under the name of Rossini's *Carnivale*, and is certainly familiar to most fair readers in this country.

already lumpy figure, stuffing himself so as to appear scarcely human. Paganini, on the contrary, was as thin as a lath, and, with his face like the head of his fiddle, appeared in his female attire even more lean and bareboned than usual.

Without vanity, I may say we made a great sensation; first in two or three houses where we went to sing, then on the Corso, and at night at the masked ball.

But in all amusements I was always of opinion that, as the Italian proverb says, *Un bel gioco dura poco*, "Good sport should be short." So I went to bed instead of to the ball.

CHAPTER VI.

In spite of my violent passion, I leave Rome in the middle of May, and go to Marino—Moral tortures during the whole week; and joys of the Saturday bitterly expiated by the grief of the Monday—Comparative merits of quinine and Peruvian bark for the cure of the Roman fever—Example in my own case—Sor Checco Tozzi—The end of a story already related elsewhere—Mysterious origin of Sor Checco—Sora Maria his wife, and Sora Nina his daughter—A wedding broken off—Sor Checco is not discouraged, and soon hits upon a new scheme, which this time succeeds—Poor Zia Anna—Signor Mario, the younger brother of Sor Virginio, Nina's husband—His loves interfered with by the cruelty of Padron Titta—A serenade interrupted by a gun-shot—Reflections on the usages of Marino.

SPRING was at hand. Thanks to that ill-starred love, which left me no rest, I had worked but little, or rather to no purpose, in the winter. An effort of will could confine me to my studio for several hours, but it did not suffice to make me employ them usefully. Still, I am proud of not having quite abandoned myself to the current, and of having always striven to breast it.

Now, however, a far more terrible ordeal was before me. In other years I had left Rome in May,

and stayed away till All-Saints' day. But, alas, how could I go in my present state!

Nevertheless, I made up my mind that, love or no love, I would start as usual, and so I did. Heaven only knows the infernal tortures I endured!

I had bought a good useful horse for the country, and an equipment like those of the herdsmen of the Campagna; that is to say, a high-peaked saddle, a bridle with a leather front-piece several inches wide, and all the rest in keeping; saddle-bags, and a cloak of dark cloth embroidered with green silk; a *mazzarella*, or kind of goad, and a velveteen suit corresponding to the above, such as the country people commonly wear.

The day of the great resolution came at last. One morning I rode out of Porta San Giovanni alone, with my carbine at the saddle-bow; and that stupid thing, so full of pretensions, so exacting, and so careless of the torment it causes its owner, which is called the heart, felt such a strange sensation that, in order to describe it, I must have recourse to a still stranger simile. It seemed as if I bore within me a reel of thread, one end of which had remained fastened in Rome, in a certain street and house that I knew of. It was the thread of life; and every step that carried me further away unwound it, and left me weak, exhausted, without energy, incapable of anything

whatever, and with hardly any other sign of being a man than my obstinate and invincible resolution.

I arrived at Marino, and put up at an inn situated at the end of the town, at the cross-roads leading to the church, Frascati, Castello, and Albano.

Two good old people, Sor Cesare and his wife Sora Marta, were the owners of the inn; but they had given up the management to a boisterous young man, always in high spirits, and devoted to the game of *morra*, but not half a bad fellow, nevertheless.

I established myself and my pictorial baggage in a rather comfortable room. The bed was clean; as for the kitchen, the old woman cooked very nicely in a plain way. The place was well off; there was a café; the scenery was exceedingly picturesque; I should have wanted for nothing if—you understand!

Without a contented heart nothing has any value; just as no evil is felt if the heart be content. This is a great truth, and as great a comfort for those who cannot reconcile themselves to the disparity existing among men.

If one could peep into the innermost heart of everyone, perhaps it would appear that Providence is much less partial than would seem at first sight. Metastasio has said this better than I. Its justice has so ordered that it does not suffice to be gorged

with millions and crammed with honours in order to be happy. It has made serenity of heart, to which it alone possesses the key, quite indispensable.

At all events, I had it not, and words cannot express how bitter and profound was the sorrow on which I fed every hour and every minute of the day. I got up, prepared my easel and colour-box, and went out to work and draw; but to little purpose, for I was always preoccupied; one thought, one image haunted me, and while I was weary and depressed, it alone was untiring; I could never close my eyes to it. In the skies, the waters, the shadow of the ravines, the thickest parts of the forests, I saw *her*.

Knowing she was in the power of another, my imagination, well skilled in torturing me, invented and suggested all the possible combinations and circumstances which could be most odious to me with inexhaustible fertility. The fierce pangs of jealousy maddened me, as though I had been struck by a dagger, till I positively writhed; so truly was I stung to the quick.

I went home ill at ease; at dinner my food was so distasteful I could hardly swallow it. Surrounded by boisterous peasants, with coarse deafening voices, the shouts of the players at morra made my ears ache; and I cannot express how much I was hurt by

the contrast between my internal ideas and fancies, and the rude and vulgar society which made me feel my solitude still more desolate.

Working a little, but oftener lying on my bed or wandering at random about the neighbourhood, I dragged myself through the week. On Saturday evening—as even painters observe the Sabbath in these parts—I mounted my horse, and took the direction of Rome.

Then, as the reel of thread wound itself up again with every step towards the eternal city, the life-blood seemed to flow through my veins once more. With an increasingly tremulous joy, I passed the successive landmarks on the Via Appia. I knew them all by heart, for each told me there were so many miles less between me and my destination. Tor di Mezza Via, Roma vecchia, and the Tavolato, where Padron Camillo, the innkeeper, sat at the door with his swathed foot propped on a stool (I always forgot to ask him what was the matter with it); then the haunted house; and finally the straight road stretching out before me, at the end of which I beheld the dark majestic mass of San Giovanni in Laterano, standing out in bold relief against the last golden-red streaks of the twilight, which in that country is no sooner extinguished than the skies are sparkling with stars above your head.

I passed under the arch of the gate, where the skull of a celebrated brigand is hung in an iron cage to whiten in the sun and rain. Delight at my return made even those two empty sockets appear quite smiling; and, calculating the steps, the distances, counting the minutes, I arrived at my lodgings, shook off the dust, changed my dress, and then rushed *thither*.

But if I am bound to give an idea of my mental condition at that period, I do not intend, as I have said several times, to recount love-adventures; so the curtain falls *there*, and I only raise it at the moment of my departure.

This took place on the following night, between the Sunday and Monday. According to the Roman fashion, I went into society from house to house till one or half-past one, and then supped at the tavern of the Armellino or that of Monte Citorio. There I found my horse, and, taking off my yellow kid-gloves, and resuming my country attire, I sadly journeyed along the road to Marino. I knew perfectly that the anguish of this sudden departure would throw me into my accustomed despondency; that I should not be able to work or study at all; that I might, therefore, just as well remain in Rome. But if I had yielded (and entreaties in a sweet and beloved voice often conspired against me), I should have been

ashamed of myself, which is the right and useful way of being ashamed. As long as one is only afraid of blushing before others, the whole question consists in practising a skilful concealment.

This continual change from the pure air of the mountains to the unhealthy atmosphere of Rome in summer, was, in the opinion of everybody, certain to give me fever. But I luckily escaped the danger; and after the first attack, when I was in the country near the sea, I never again felt a symptom of fever during my long sojourn in those regions.

It is the opinion of the old doctors of the country, that if quinine is a more speedy and certain remedy, especially in cases of ague, Peruvian bark cures the patient much more radically. I am myself an example of the truth of this theory. When travelling at night, I have often chanced to alight to rest my horse, and fallen asleep in the heart of the malaria district. I once spent a night at Baccano, where Alfieri wrote his famous sonnet "Vasta insalubre region," &c., where I believe even the toads have intermittent fever; but nothing had any effect on me.

Would I had caught fever and ague, so that I could have been cured of that other far worse evil, which had so completely mastered me!

When I returned to my solitary inn on Monday morning, and reflected that six long days had to

elapse, it seemed to me as if I could never live to see the end of them.

Marquis Venuti, a Roman, and Count Roberti with his wife, a lady of Bassano in Venetia, both artists, were spending their summer at Marino. The first, being rich, did very little; the second, a landscape-painter of some repute, with a large family and small income, on the contrary worked very assiduously. They were both excellent people, and the best of companions.

Proximity and solitude soon brought us into contact, and before long we dropped every conventional formality, and treated each other familiarly. They lived in the last house on the right-hand on the road to Frascati; it was called Casa Maldura, and afforded more comfortable board and quieter lodgings than the inn. Signor Virginio Maldura was the titular owner of the house, but the real absolute master was Signor Checco Tozzi, his father-in-law, one of the notabilities of the town. And here I deem it advisable to say a few words of preface.

Some years ago, my friend Torelli* edited a little monthly paper called the *Cronista* (the Chronicler), and I contributed to it several tales, legends, &c.,

* The Chevalier Giuseppe Torelli was the intimate friend of Massimo d'Azeglio, whom he quickly followed to the grave. As will be seen, he completed these Memoirs, which were suddenly interrupted by the death of their illustrious author.

in which I described my stay at the house of Sor Checco Tozzi.

These articles were perused by the public, I am told, with a certain interest (this is mere modest hypocrisy, for I am well aware that they met with a decided success); still, it would be rather too presumptuous to assume they were read by everybody.

As I am unable and unwilling to carry my presumption so far, I pursue the narrative of my impressions under the roof of Sor Checco, as if they had never been recorded before. I will only endeavour, for the sake of the possible readers of the *Cronista*, not to repeat myself, but rather to find something new, for I have not exhausted my stock; and if in the tales I said a great deal, I was not able to tell everything. After this declaration, let us proceed.

Sor Checco was, as the Spaniards say, *hijo de sus obras*. Like the world of the Pantheists, his parentage was unknown and unfathomable; but as he owned houses, vineyards, and extensive reed-plantations; was an influential member of a pious congregation; a tremendous fire-eater; and in spite of his five-and-fifty years, tall, nimble, erect, and with a frame of iron; nobody cared to ask an explanation of the only person who could have given it, namely, Sor Checco himself.

The town looked upon him with respect mingled with awe, and left him somewhat to himself. But as he cared little for tenderness, he took no heed. *Oderint dum metuant* was his motto. Although rich, he continued to go every morning to work at the Travertine quarries, when the vineyards left him leisure. It was an overflow of activity, and a thirst, if not for gold, at least for silver. "Five paoli earned by the grace of God are beneficial both to soul and body," said he.

At the time of the republic, when Championnet marched on Naples (some people let this leak out under the rose), it appears that he had obtained something resembling *lettres de marque*, only with the difference, that he was to follow his calling on shore, and against the aristocrats.

In fact, about that period there had been a long and total eclipse of Sor Checco; after which, the inhabitants of Marino saw him one fine morning appear among them, though nobody knew whence he had come. Being a stone-cutter by trade, he went back to the quarries as a day-labourer, with the same habits, face, manners, and clothes as before.

Only in the course of two or three years, he became the proprietor of lands, houses, and valuable cellars. It is true that he had married a widow

older than himself, who was said to be worth a mint of money.

Be this as it may, Checco the stone-cutter had become Sor Checco; and who could find fault with him?

Sora Maria his wife was a good old soul, who walked rather lame from an injury to her hip (a little story was current about this which recalled the act of vivacity in which Nero indulged towards Poppea), and had this peculiarity—during two years I never saw her smile.

The only issue of this not always soft bed was a daughter called Sora Nina. She was the most apathetic being in creation, with a boiled-potato complexion, and two eyes just like patches of oil floating on greasy broth.

A love for this snail in female shape was the great, the only passion of Sor Checco; and his ardent wish was some day to see his Nina leaning on the arm of a gentleman (in the sense of not a peasant), as her happy and legitimate consort.

With this view, two or three years before my first appearance on the horizon of Marino, Sor Checco had moved heaven and earth, and had finally dug up in Rome a snob of a little gentleman, who just met his requirements.

I must confess to having forgotten his name;

but I well remember the adventure, which was as follows:

Great preparations had been made at Marino for the celebration of the wedding. The priests were ready in church, the banquet in the kitchen; the house, the nuptial-bed, and even the muse of Sor Fumasoni, notary and poet of the town, were all in readiness. The latter is another original, whose acquaintance we shall make by and by.

The sun rose at last on the auspicious day. The splendour of the bride was dazzling; and the parents too, attired in bran-new clothes, did not offer too great a contrast to her magnificence. The bridegroom was expected from Rome at ten o'clock, so that the religious ceremony might be over in time to sit down to dinner at noon, as usual.

Ten o'clock boomed forth from the belfry of the church, then eleven, then twelve, then the Ave Maria—and, in short, the bridegroom has not appeared yet.

Imagination alone, not the pen, can describe the frenzy of Sor Checco, the grief of his wife, and the perfect quietude of Sora Nina, who went to change her dress; at dinner, which had necessarily been delayed a couple of hours, she ate with the appetite of an angel; and at night she slept nine hours as usual, without winking once. Great was

the merriment of the town, and, thanks to the inborn and well-known charity of mankind, everybody gloated over this bit of scandal with intense delight at the discomfiture a Roman snob had inflicted on the illustrious Sor Checco. "It serves him right," they said; "he wanted to mix up with fine gentlemen. We are so glad!"

And here the great proverb about *la superbia del villan rifatto* was quoted (meaning the pride of a beggar on horseback), with a rhyme and a word which did not frighten Dante; but, as I am not Dante, it does frighten me, and I dare not pronounce it.

Naturally the faithless defaulter never ventured to show his face again at Marino, or, I think, within a radius of six miles of it; the anger, as well as the sneers, daily effaced by the wings of time, all came to nothing, and things resumed their wonted course.

Sor Checco, however, *tenax propositi vir*, continued his search for a gentleman; but this time he took all necessary precautions to prevent the renewal of any such scandal under his roof.

He looked about everywhere, consulted with his friends, and at last he laid his finger on a second bridegroom, who was the good and real one.

His name was Virginio Maldura; a little fellow of sandy complexion, middle height, and a rather

weak constitution—a type of the submissive son-in-law; an important point to secure. He belonged to a family of artists, and, besides some cultivation, he possessed good manners, and an easy, obliging disposition. Moreover, he wore a *bleu barbeau* tail-coat, with brass buttons; an unmistakable sign of his elevated social position, and the high destinies awaiting Signora Nina.

This time the wedding went off without a hitch.

Sor Virginio became the son of the house, with no other duty than to eat, drink, and disport himself; so that everyone might see clearly the daughter of Sor Checco had not married a peasant.

The Italians of the present day apparently begin to understand that to live as a gentleman is not a career or an occupation, and that it must not be so even for those who have a hundred thousand scudi a year. But Signor Virginio, not in the least spoilt by modern ideas, thought it the ideal of a profession.

Besides these individuals, the Tozzi house was inhabited by an old spinster, the sister of Sora Maria, called Zia (aunt) Anna. She had made a donation of a property she possessed to her nephew, on condition of being lodged and fed in his house for the remainder of her natural life; and this ingenious device, to which she had resorted with a view of securing the repose and tranquillity of her last years,

had, instead, the inevitable consequence of causing her to lie on a bed of thorns.

Always out of the immense goodness of the human species, Sor Checco, who exercised absolute and autocratic power, when he saw that peace and order had reigned for some time in his happy dominions, felt inclined, like all despots, to glance benignantly at his meek and faithful subjects, and reward their blind obedience by a jocose sally or a smile.

His favourite joke at dinner was to put unfortunate Zia Anna to the torture of water.

"Drink, Zi' Anna;" and feigning to take the wine-bottle, he caught up the water-jug and filled her glass.

The poor old soul, who would have enjoyed a draught of something neat, vainly protested that she had just emptied her glass; it was of no use. I have seen her eyes filled with tears, imploring for mercy; but the joke was favourable to economy, and this was the ruin of Zia Anna. I used quietly to fill her glass with wine, whenever I could; and for this attention I think I can boast of having been her last, and probably her most ardent passion.

I have still to describe another personage, Signor Mario, the younger brother of Sor Virginio.

This youngster of about seventeen had introduced

himself into the house, I cannot say under what pretence or on what grounds; the fact is, however, that he was quite at home. And to judge from appearances and the complete idleness in which he revelled, I conclude that the wish to live comfortably without any exertion of his own had in him attained the height of genius; and that, thanks to this rare gift, he had bewitched or conquered Sor Checco, who in the end had accepted and fed him as a liegeman.

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis artes, said Ovid; but the first part of this precept having always been unpalatable to Sor Mario, Cupid had remained master of the field, and placed him under the yoke of a good-looking village lass, who did not altogether reject his amorous advances. But, unfortunately, they were utterly scouted by Padron Titta, her inhuman father, a well-to-do vine-grower, and rather an awkward customer—what is termed at Marino a *pezzo di carne cattiva*. He often broke out against poor insignificant-looking Mario. "Tell him to come here," said he; "only let me catch him!"

This undefined threat, all the more terrific for that reason, chilled the novice lover, who did not even dare to steal a glance at the cracked earthenware-pot holding a geranium on the window-sill of his beloved Nanna; till the devil tempted him, the night of I forget what festival, to take the brass

band, which had been blowing away pitilessly the whole day, in front of her house to soothe the slumbers of the adored one.

They had not played for more than five minutes, when the window was thrown open, and Mario, who expected to see (like Ruggero in Ariosto's Palace of Alcina) *quelle ridenti stelle*, saw, or rather did not see anything but the flash of a gun-shot, which peppered him, the serenaders, and the whole company!

Mario, the band, and the spectators, all fled in confusion through dark byways and crooked paths; some swore, some complained, all shouted, "It was Titta! It was this, it was that!" till at last they reached the Piazza.

In the open space they stopped, took breath, and felt themselves all over to count their wounds. Two or three people had been slightly hit and were bleeding; but the providence of madcaps had prevented a shot, which might have cost two or three people their lives, from having any more serious consequences.

The gendarmes having caught Padron Titta in his house, with his musket still smoking and his fingers black with powder, took him to jail.

But in that country the custom is to dismiss the suit if the complainants are bought off, and the public prosecutor does not proceed *ex officio*; he would otherwise have too much to do.

The wounds having therefore been dressed, or probably healed, by a few barrels of wine, and every difference made up — a transaction which took a couple of days — Titta went back to his house, and everything went on again as usual, except the passion of Sor Mario, which lay dead on the field of honour.

I even believe that he respected its ashes to such a degree that he never gave it a successor. A complete cure, and a real conversion!

In another country, a shot fired thus upon a group of twenty or thirty individuals, by way of admonition, would appear somewhat extraordinary. At Marino, on the contrary, it was considered as perfectly natural and logical.

But it must be said, that the temper of the inhabitants of Marino in no way resembles that of most other populations.

I had an album in which I used to draw all sorts of miscellaneous sketches, and I made a note in it every time blood was shed in the town. In but two months I counted up eighteen cases between dead and wounded. In saying this, I do not mean to call the population of Marino a bad or corrupt one. Far from it.

The sanctity of the family, of marriage, and of paternity, are greatly respected; and as to regu-

larity of morals, and the chastity of the women, I never remarked the slightest lapse.

It is also true, I cannot deny it, that the argument resorted to by Padron Titta in the musical question would equally be applied, in case of need, to the conjugal one. I do not want, however, to deprive the virtue of Marino of all credit.

I never heard of any robberies. I always found people wonderfully eager to help each other, and to do a kindness, to those of course who treated them with courtesy, and did not look down upon them.

If ever I found myself in a scrape, everybody volunteered to assist me in getting out of it.

There was especially a poor young fellow who lived entirely on his daily work, one Venanzio, who had conceived such an affection for me that he never ceased teasing me to point out my enemies to him.

"If anybody annoys you," he kept on saying, "a word to Venanzio!"

Happily I then had no enemies, as I never have had any since, nor even now, thank God; therefore such a warm friend was of no use to me.

The fountain of all mischief in that country is not so much natural perversity as hot blood, still further inflamed by the influences of wine and the southern climate. To this may be added bad tradi-

tions and examples; and finally, there is hardly a trace of education to be found.

I will mention a few episodes and local customs, and then write down the reflections which, in my opinion, naturally flow from them.

This gossip of mine, I repeat, does not aim at acquainting the reader with a thousand trifling incidents of my life. I would not thus waste either ink or time. But, whenever I have an opportunity, one of the objects I have in view in writing these pages is to examine and discuss the questions which may conduce to the improvement of the new generation, and the moral progress of the Italian people.

This object is undoubtedly one of great importance, and it is perhaps presumptuous to aim at it. But he who cannot contribute a stone should carry a pebble to the great edifice, which will be completed some day, if everyone works at it.

And let us bear in mind that constitutions, political ordinances, laws, &c. are words thrown to the wind so long as the men, for whose benefit they are intended, do not improve themselves.

Europe, society, populations, governments, heads of nations, do not now succeed in anything; and do you know why? Because, individually, they are each worth very little.

If the hemp be rotten, the rope will never be

good. If the gold be of base metal, the currency will never be of the true standard.

And if individuals are without energy, instruction, and morality, the nation will never be good, nor able to achieve anything durable, great, or satisfactory.

CHAPTER VII.

Continuation of the sketch of the customs of Marino—Famous banditti transformed into heroes by popular tradition—Beppe Mastrilli—Practical jokes in vogue in the Roman Campagna very similar to the ones related by the novelists of the fourteenth century—Sor Checco plays a cruel trick on one Stefanino—Sor Tumasoni the improvisatore—his strength of mind—Fights with the knife in the reed-plantations—Sudden scuffles in the towns—Natale Raparelli and Beppe Rosso, with their respective followers, come to blows on the piazza of Marino—Beppe Rosso insists upon accompanying me from Marino to Rome—Disagreeable encounters—Whilst at Marino, in Casa Tozzi, I endeavour to strengthen my character more and more—My brother Enrico—his disposition; internal struggle which consumes him—A few extracts from his diary—He dies in Turin, aged twenty-nine.

A PIEDMONTESE monk, whom I knew several years after at the convent of St. Benedict near Subiaco, talking of the peasantry about him, used to say: "You have no idea what good creatures both men and women are in their natural condition; but if they are excited by wine or any other cause, they at once draw their knives and pour out frightful oaths."

The same may be said of the inhabitants of all that part of Italy, including Marino.

When in anger, they strike blindly with their

daggers, or hit each other on the head with any weapon that happens to be at hand. I once saw a quarrel, in which the combatants, one armed with a gigantic cellar key, the other with a huge iron lantern, both got their skulls broken in a very successful manner.

As soon as the deed is done, they take refuge in a church or chapel, and are safe. Their relations bring them food, and they quietly spend their time twirling their thumbs, or doing some light task, within the boundaries of their asylum.

I remember that Signor Fumasoni, the notary of the town, having at his own expense placed a crucifix of painted wood, the size of life, in the chapel situated about half-way between Marino and the gate of the Colonna park, where there is a fountain, and not liking the bare white wall behind it, asked whether I would paint it, and what payment I should require.

I consulted my friend Venuti and another. We decided to undertake the job, and that the price should be a dinner for the party.

We began early in the morning, with the view of finishing our work before midday. Having brought all the necessary implements for grinding our colours, and the like, we unexpectedly found a staff of assistants, though not of the most artistic, in the per-

sons of three outlaws, who had taken refuge in the chapel. They answered our purpose to perfection; at twelve o'clock our work was completed and approved of, and we were sitting at dinner in a shady meadow, to enjoy the liberality of Sor Fumasoni.

These refugees, as may be easily imagined, sometimes spend several months in idleness, gambling and quarrelling together (they are quite safe from the sword of justice), and of course mutually corrupt one another.

Their condition of semi-brigands does not excite the slightest animadversion against them.

Historical recollections and popular traditions fully explain the present state of those populations. I have observed that in the old feudal domains of the great Roman families the inhabitants are more prone to violence than elsewhere, and to disregard for law, a violation of which is considered among the people as a proof of superiority. It is but natural: has it not for centuries been the distinctive mark of the upper classes? It must be said, besides, that in Rome the supremacy of the grandees lasted until now, and I might almost say endures still; or at least would do so, if those who are in a position to exercise it were not restrained by public opinion.

Popular tradition, which is the moral food of that rough, ignorant, and naturally savage race, cannot extol the heroes and the great men of the past, whose very names are unknown. They exalt, therefore, and select as heroes and models, the famous banditti chiefs, whose deeds they continually hear vaunted by strolling singers at all the village fairs and festivals.

In the fierce minds of those young peasants, Fra Diavolo, Spadolino, Beppe Mastrilli, and their compeers, represent the highest eminence they can attain in this world, if they only have the capacity.

But this capacity exacts a combination of qualities by no means common: an iron constitution, a frame nimble and strong as a leopard's, the sight of a lynx, and a hand and eye equally sure with carbine and dagger; not to speak of courage, coolness, and desperate daring; and besides all this, talent is required: a fool is by no means qualified to become a brigand, however much he may desire it.

And what has been done to counterbalance the influence of tradition and of the popular ballads? Nothing. Things are allowed to take their course in this as in everything else. The catechism would undoubtedly contain the best of antidotes. Charity, shunning murder or theft, meekness, &c., are its elements. But the way in which it is taught, the

qualities, the examples of those who teach it, deprive it of all efficacy.

Beppe Mastrilli, who, as the song says,

"con una palla di metallo
Ammazzò quattro sbirri ed un cavallo,"

appears in far more seducing colours. It cannot, in truth, be affirmed that he was a saint; it is granted that his life was full of sins which not every confessor can absolve;* but tradition generally attributes an exemplary death to its idols. According to the legends, almost by miracle things always appear so to arrange themselves that the hero ends by going straight to Paradise. And do you know in what the secret consists? In being a devotee of the Virgin of Loretto, or of some other similar sanctuary; in constantly wearing a scapulary on the breast; paying for a mass every now and then, or burning a few tapers before an altar. With these precautions, there is no instance on record of the thing turning out badly.

Such are the doctrines preached, not by the

* It will not be forgotten that there are sins for which no common priest can give absolution, except *in articulo mortis*. In many a case confessors must apply to a bishop or a cardinal, and even sometimes to the Pope himself, unless they have received special power of absolving without restriction and under all circumstances.

Catholic dogma, but by an ignorant and interested priesthood; and such are their results.

As civilisation and the opinion of more advanced countries have no influence over these men, there being neither teachers nor books to modify the ancient customs, they live very much as they did in the Middle Ages.

Those who remember the Italian chronicles, and the tales and stories of three or four centuries ago, here find everything unchanged. The coarse practical jokes which were once in use as mere playfulness, and which abound in the novels of Boccaccio, Franco Sacchetti, Lasca, &c.—jokes which were enough to frighten a poor fellow into epilepsy, or to cripple him for life—still flourish in little towns like Marino, just as in the old tales of Calandrino and Gonnella.*

I remember once at a dinner-party in the country a petard was fastened to the back of a village boor, and when it was set on fire, it is a miracle

* Sacchetti, born at Florence in 1335, was a poet and novelist, and his tales are esteemed next to those of Boccaccio. Antonio Francesco Graggini, surnamed "Il Lasca" (from a fish of that name), also a Florentine, and born in 1503, is considered one of the purest of Italian writers. It may be interesting to record that he was the founder of the Academy of La Crusca. His novels, like those of many Florentine chroniclers of yore, were after the pattern of that great master, whose inimitable *Decamerone* won undying fame for the memory of old Calandrino and Gonnella.

his spine was not broken, for he and his chair were blown into the air!

Another was induced to hide himself in a chest, —I forget whether with the hope of some amorous adventure,—the lid was shut upon him, and he was left there so long that he narrowly escaped being suffocated.

But the most cruel of all, morally speaking, was a trick Sor Checco, in one of his jocose moments, played off on a poor fellow who looked after his stable, and did other jobs in the house.

This man was called Stefanino, and slept in the yard in an ancient sarcophagus without a cover, that is to say, in the open air. Once he fell ill; and all through his illness there he lay, as if he had been in a good bed and cosy room; and as the sarcophagus was about seven feet from the ground, I remember that the doctor used to pay his visits standing on a ladder, which generally served as a means of ingress to the hay-loft.

This poor devil lived on the very meagre wages paid him by Sor Checco, whereas his ambition (for which everybody jeered him) was to be rich enough to live independently.

One day his cruel master thought it would be capital fun to make him believe that he had suddenly become very rich. He began by offering him

some numbers for the lottery — as good as gold; and Stefanino thereupon scraped together a few bajocchi he had laid by for unforeseen circumstances, and decided to risk a great stake. One day passed, then another, of fears, hopes, and trepidation; at last the numbers were drawn, and the startled Stefanino nearly fell into a swoon when he beheld printed on the official list the very five he had played.

He rushed home quite beside himself, fell into the arms of Sor Checco, embraced Sora Maria, cried, yelled, laughed, kissed everybody he met, until, with the help of God, having recovered his breath, he announced that he had won, that he was rich, that he would be the smartest man in Marino, &c. Sor Checco then exclaimed, "Why, then, you will no longer remain with me." "Checco mio, I cannot promise it," he answered; and continued to build a hundred castles in the air for his future habitation.

The reader will have already guessed that all this was a trick concocted by Sor Checco and the local director of the lottery—that the whole village knew of the joke, and awaited its result; and no doubt he likewise foresees the last scene of the comedy. In fact, the next morning the happy Stefanino, newly clad from head to foot (he had already run into debt), mounted on a mare borrowed of Sor Checco — not deeming it fitting so wealthy a man

should go on foot — hurried to Albano, the chief town of the neighbourhood, where his winnings were to be paid to him. But instead, the lottery officials first received him with great merriment, and then roughly dismissed him, in spite of his shrieks and protestations; for poor Stefanino thought he was being robbed. At last he was obliged to believe the painful truth; and if he found his way back to Marino, it was thanks to the mare, for he was more dead than alive. And to complete his misery, not only was he unable to avenge himself on Sor Checco, but he had to return to his servitude, and be thankful that the wish he had evinced to leave so honourable an employment was forgotten.

These were the jokes of the country; deserving, as everyone sees, a place amongst those described by Lasca, Sacchetti, &c.

Let us now speak of other facetious tricks, still less amusing, and equally worthy of the mediæval chronicles.

I have already mentioned Sor Fumasoni, the poet and public notary; let us begin with him.

He was an enormous fellow, tall and stout—quite a Hercules for strength, health, power of digestion, and lungs; he was not without education, fond of literature, and an extempore poet.

It is very strange how common the talent of

improvisation is in that country. Mere trash! you will perhaps remark. Very true; or at least, only vulgarities and commonplaces. Yet I do not know if many men of great talent would be capable of doing what I have often seen accomplished by Sor Fumasoni without the slightest pause or hesitation. At dinner-parties of twenty or thirty people, given in honour of village solemnities—such as the occasional passage of some monsignore, &c.—after eating and drinking like an ox, I have seen him get up at dessert, and address a stanza to each guest in turn. I admit that neither the thoughts nor the verses were very sublime; still they expressed a compliment, a pun, or even a satire, according to the person to whom they were addressed, with propriety, rhythm, and often with grace.

Could my reader do as much? No? Then let him not despise Sor Fumasoni.

But he had in him something far more precious than the faculty of improvising poetry; he was gifted with a courage and a fortitude almost comparable to that of Mutius Scævola.

Coming home one night, a gun was fired at him; he did not know, or would never say, by whom; but the bullet, having been shot from behind, went right through him.

On such an occasion many people would fall to

the ground and begin to scream. Sor Fumasoni, on the contrary, stood erect; not a groan escaped him: he went home as best he could, and not to frighten his wife, said to her, "Tuta mia, go and call the doctor; I feel very unwell; and I will go to bed meanwhile.", Fortunately the wound was not mortal, and Sor Fumasoni survived to relate his adventure. Well, I hope he was not a *poule mouillée!*

Another person whom I knew was stabbed at a fair, held about two miles off. The work had been done apparently by a skilled hand, for the bowels were protruding from the wound; but he nevertheless walked home, half holding them in his hat; and he too recovered.

All these are symptoms of a brave race, with a dare-devil nature, which ought some day to produce good citizens and good soldiers, when it shall be freed from the claws of the papal government.

And it is quite untrue that these men are only capable of wounding or killing by treachery, and then running away, as is commonly believed both abroad and at home. I do not say it never happens; but is not that the case everywhere?

For the most part, however, fights are decided on by an agreement between the two parties.

They have, for instance, a kind of duel with the knife of a singularly ferocious character.

A quarrel arises between two men. One asks the other: "Have you your knife?" "No." "Fetch it then, and be in half an hour in such or such a reed-plantation." "All right."

The reed-plantations are generally extensive, and not so thick as to prevent a man cutting his way through. But when each combatant arrives at the appointed spot, how can he tell whether his adversary is already there, or where to find him? He must seek him, as it were, in the dark, it being impossible to discern anything through the thick foliage.

One may easily imagine all the thrilling incidents of such a deadly encounter. Generally both find their grave in the plantation, as is almost inevitable.

There are often regular pitched battles between several men. I once saw one in a vineyard, in which three on a side had agreed to meet, armed with muskets and daggers. They inflicted severe injuries on one another, but no one was killed. These fellows have a tough hide.

Sometimes a fight is suddenly begun in the town itself. I will just relate one, and that must suffice.

One day, towards evening, we heard a loud clamour in the piazza below—shouts, the report of firearms, a general uproar. We were at supper. Virginio and I sprang up, seized our weapons (there, in those days, nobody went out without taking

this precaution), and as we were rushing from the room to the battle-field, Sor Checco, as a practical man, and the head of the house, endeavoured to dissuade us: "Beware! *Chè chi sparte ha la meglio parte*—'He who parts foes gets the hardest blows.' Do not interfere in what does not concern you." Seeing, however, that we did not mind him, he sent this paternal blessing after us: "May you receive a good drubbing for your own share!" Away we ran with this good wish.

The scuffle had begun between a certain Natale Raparelli and another (Beppe Rosso, if I remember right), and had gradually involved about eighty people. Natale was a great man in the place. Beppe had lately been an outlaw, because, one evening after vespers, while the people were standing in groups about the piazza, he drew his knife, seized by a sudden whim, and tracing a line on the ground, said: "I will stab the first who crosses it." And he kept his word.

The battle ended without any considerable damage, and we returned safely to our supper, triumphing over the pious wishes of Sor Checco.

But the best part was reserved for the morrow.

I was to go to Rome, and hired a carriage, in which I started at the hottest time of the day, when, as we approached the outskirts of the vineyards, I

saw a man dart out of a hedge-row, and spring on the box beside the coachman. It was Beppe Rosso. "What news, Padron Beppe?" "Ah!" answered he, with a knowing and half-laughing look, "it is as well to change the air for a few days." "So be it," I replied, and soon after fell in a doze.

This retreat of Beppe was only prudent, and had probably been imposed upon him by his own family, not so much because Natale was one of the champions of Marino, as because the Raparellis were very powerful, and the Rossis wanted their protection.

We jogged along at that peculiar weary half trot which is all the horses can accomplish in those scorching hours, when the air seems actually in a blaze. All of a sudden Beppe thrust his legs into the carriage, and then with a jerk nestled behind me, so that I might serve him as a screen. "What the deuce do you want!" I cried, as I woke with a start. He did not stir; the coachman beat his head with his hands, exclaiming: "And now what shall we do?" "But may I know what the devil is the matter?"

The vetturino gloomily pointed with his finger across the plain, and I saw a man on horseback galloping in our direction at full speed; and they both said, "It is Natale."

A mere trifle! In this case the words "It is Natale" were for Beppe synonymous with being killed, unless he could succeed in killing his adversary. But with what weapon? He had no arms, and I happened to have only a swordstick. Natale of course would not come to this meeting without his gun.

I spent a few disagreeable minutes, because in such cases the usage of the country is to say to whoever is in the way, "Stand aside;" and if he either cannot or will not do so, they fire right into the group, as had happened a short time before, at Rocca di Papa.

In the mean time the horseman was fast approaching, and the vetturino already recognised the horse of Natale by its white forehead and muzzle. "By the Madonna, it is he, it is he!"

But not a bit of it—it was not he! The most rejoiced at this discovery was Beppe, who released me from his grasp, and returned to the box; but I also felt better, I assure you, and the vetturino seemed very nearly as much relieved. We thus proceeded on our journey in high spirits.

As we drew near Rome, however, we fancied we saw the squad of Galante, the chief of the sbirri, in the distance. This was a fresh alarm for my friend Beppe, who turned to me, saying he hoped

they would not dare to touch him while in my company; a hope founded on the ancient traditions of the baronial immunities. Luckily it was again a mistake, and my influence was not put to a test in which it would have probably failed.

From all these episodes the reader may judge of what stuff these populations are made; and with very few variations they resemble all the others of southern Italy.

They only want a good government and a good education, not one consisting solely of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but that other much more important one, which inculcates respect for the law, moral, civil, or political. And I shall never cease repeating that the aforesaid laws are respected and observed by nations when the example is set by princes, the chiefs of the state, public administrators, and by all individuals placed in an exalted position.

Liberty and independence must be sought and conquered as the essential conditions of the life of every nation: it is necessary not to forget, however, that if individuals have no moral value of their own, all the rest is useless. It either cannot be obtained, or else it becomes corrupted or lost.

And in Italy, where individual characters have been debased by long bondage to foreign and worth-

less governments, people think of everything except education.

I have forgotten to say (but the reader will have guessed it himself) that I had passed from the inn under the mild rule of Sor Checco Tozzi, in whose house I occupied a comfortable room, where I had my books, and boarded with the family on terms anything but exorbitant.

It was at this time that I encountered the greatest difficulties of my life; but, by dint of obstinacy, I at last gained a victory over my confounded passion, at least so far as to work with profit.

Youth is a fine thing. It is the age of faith, audacity, and reliance on self, on one's own strength, and the future; the age of confidence and love for mankind; the age which believes implicitly in what is good, beautiful, and honest. Not that, thank Heaven, I no longer believe in these things; but what is now the result of reasoning was then spontaneous. A great difference!

At that time I, above all, cherished the idea of acquiring strength of will and dominion over self. My friend Bidone always insisted on this point, and had convinced me he was right. Nothing good can be done without a determined will.

To stay at Marino was the principal and most difficult of victories; but, to keep myself in training,

I constantly endeavoured to obtain minor ones. On the first page of my album I had written the following stanza of Tasso:

"Signor, non sotto l' ombre in piaggia molle
Fra l' erbe e i fior, fra ninfe e fra sirene,
Ma su per l' erto e faticoso colle
Della virtù riposto è il sommo bene:
Chi non gela, non suda, e non s' estolle
Dalle vie del piacer, là non perviene."

"Not among nymphs and sirens, founts and flowers,
Not on voluptuous herbage in the shade;
But on the toilsome steep where virtue towers
Alone, O prince, our supreme good is laid.
Who from the paths of pleasure will not raise
His thoughts, nor freeze nor sweat, arrives not there."*

Well, when I climbed the toilsome steep on which Casa Tozzi, if not virtue, towered, as I came back from my work under the scorching rays of a brazen sun, I recited this stanza, and endured the heat and the fatigue with greater ease. At other times, when I returned home starving, if I found myself in the presence of my dinner, which, under such circumstances, I beg to state, emitted a fragrance very grateful to my nostrils, I would remain with it before me for a long time ere I began to eat.

This novice-like fervour may appear, and was,

* The *Jerusalem Delivered* of Torquato Tasso, translated into English verse by John Kingston James, knt. M.A. London, 1865. Longmans. Vol. ii. p. 188.

somewhat childish, but still it had a good and serious side; and I consider it a sign of good tendencies and a capacity for moral progress. Exercises of this kind, which everyone may vary according to his tastes, are certainly not a waste of time. I advise young men to turn their attention to this subject. Mind you, however, that if I deem it useful to divulge the means I employed to strengthen my character, I do not mean to boast of having succeeded, either then or afterwards, as much as I might and ought to have done. I merely intend to disclose the method I used, and the practical shape I gave to the precept of subduing self. Is it not the most worthy effort, nay the aim of life, to dominate, purify, and elevate our own nature? This work ought to begin with the first dawn of reason, and last until death. But neither parents nor teachers awaken ideas of this kind in the majority of young men, because they themselves do not conceive them. Both parents and teachers should regard this a little more.

Here I must cite an example of a moral struggle with self, accompanied by circumstances which appear to me both instructive and interesting.

My brother Enrico was born at a time of mourning, which must have affected his constitution as well as his intellect. Our mother was very near her confinement when she was told that her husband

had been killed at the skirmish of Acque Rosse, on the St. Bernard. She afterwards learnt he was a prisoner in France. Still, what anxiety and what alarm! Terrorism reigned supreme; and, suffice it to say, that a general massacre of prisoners had been decreed. Fortunately, the feelings of humanity and honour, trodden down by the leaders of the day, never abandoned the army. It disobeyed; and the rulers did not dare renew their order.

Enrico was, in fact, a curious compound of qualities, all more or less good, but entirely different from those of his brothers. Handsome, well-made, and with a strong frame, he was yet nervous, impressionable, and versatile; with an excellent heart, and an intellect rather tardy than actually obtuse, he possessed a fair share of talent; as prone to enthusiasm as to discouragement, he easily seemed inconstant and irresolute; through all ran a vein of melancholy, which, on certain occasions, was so intense as to be a real torment both to himself and to those who loved him.

In our infancy he felt less lively, less dexterous, less active than his brothers. It was impossible that the incessant sense of an inferiority which he greatly exaggerated should not influence his character, and foster in his heart several of the unhappy germs that afterwards became the thorns of his life. Jea-

lousy, irritation, envy, followed by distrust, depres sion, and love of solitude, alternated with efforts, endeavours, and ardour for work,—all this medley of morbid and contradictory tendencies, gives, without farther explanation, the idea of an extremely unhappy man. And he was so indeed, poor Enrico! He did not attain his thirtieth year—a period to which he had attached a hope of quietude, serenity, and repose after the painful trials of early youth. He thought, and he used to say to his intimate friends, that, by dint of exertion, he should by then have been able to obtain a position in the world, and to arrive at showing himself, his head erect, without perpetually labouring under the suspicion that he was despised, sneered at, or put aside. But, poor fellow! he died at twenty-nine and a few months. It is impossible not to be touched in reading a few pages left by him, under the title of *Pensées Diverses*, and which I was able to copy. It is a sort of diary, in which he noted down his ideas, his reflections on himself and others, on his faults, and the means whereby he tried to improve himself. Sometimes he breaks into bitter self-reproach; sometimes he expresses repentance; now he hopes, and then despairs; one day he loses courage, another he musters fresh strength.

I do not know whether my heart deceives me,

but I think it may be useful if I quote a few extracts from these private memoirs, which he never supposed likely to go beyond the secrecy of his study. In them may be seen unveiled a candid soul fretting after an ideal of goodness and beauty, without being able to attain it; and they may also show how a man should wrestle with himself.

He had been brought up at the Lyceum, during the Napoleonic period; and being devoted to the exact sciences, had studied them chiefly in French books; he therefore wrote in that language. He begins by a self-examination, and says:

"Arrivé à vingt-huit ans, mon jugement n'est pas encore raffermi, ma constance au travail ne dure souvent que vingt-quatre heures. A tout moment je change de désir. Le temps me passe très vite en son ensemble, tandis qu'il pèse sur toutes les parties de mon existence. . . . . C'est à la fermeté dans les idées ainsi qu'à la constance dans l'effort, que les génies médiocres" (and, I repeat, he always exaggerated this mediocrity, which, in fact, might more properly have been called slowness) "doivent leur succès dans des choses où des gens doués d'une plus grande force d'esprit ont parfois échoué. . . . . Celui donc qui par tout ce qu'il a fait jusqu'à présent reconnait ne pas avoir de grands talents, doit abandonner la partie, ou (ce qui est bien plus digne de l'homme) s'armer

d'une longanimité à toute épreuve, se préparer aux ennuis," &c.

Here several pages are wanting; then he continues thus:

"L'idée de la durée d'une vie laborieuse et retirée accroit puissamment ma mélancolie. Je crains qu'elle ne me pousse enfin à interrompre mes études. Il est vrai aussi que la constance augmente avec l'âge; que peut être le nombre d'années où je devrai supporter les plus grands travaux, est moindre que je ne pense. . . . . le vrai temps pour les fortes études est entre vingt-sept et trente-quatre ans" (this limit, in truth somewhat arbitrary, will seem fabulous to certain boys, who at twenty-two publish a collection of their works); "je dois donc les employer, en songeant que ce que je sais n'est presque rien, comparé à ce que je dois savoir . . . . en employant ainsi mon temps je remplis mes devoirs envers Dieu et envers les hommes . . . . je dois me garder de l'impatience, mon caractère aussi y gagnera. . . . . Il me faudra au moins un an et demi avant que je puisse recueillir quelque fruit de ma nouvelle méthode de vivre." (I do not find in what the latter consisted.) "En l'interrompant, ce sera à recommencer comme j'ai fait si souvent . . . . et je serai toujours plus à la merci de ce défaut de l'inconstance, qui en ce moment porte sur mes moindres actions."

A little further on he condemns that inveterate vice of smoking, which is one of the distinctive features of modern society. On this score I must express an idea of my own.

I have often asked myself the following question, which might serve as a competitive theme at some medico-philosophical academy: What is the influence, and what effects may in time be produced on the human organisation and intellect by excessive smoking?

One truth is meanwhile demonstrated to my mind, and I have a shrewd suspicion of another. As regards the body, I think it is undeniable that the incessant introduction of a solution of nicotine into the system is injurious. And as to character—and my serious doubts turn upon this point—tobacco, as everyone knows, is a narcotic; is it then impossible that an excessive use of it may result in making men more stupid than they would be by nature? If this suspicion of mine could be verified, perhaps several political social facts of our age might thereby be explained.

The following are the arguments by which Enrico tried to nerve himself against a habit most people find so inexplicably tenacious. After having said that it injured his health, he adds:

"Est-il de la dignité d'un homme raisonnable de

ruiner ainsi sa santé pour un plaisir aussi mince que celui de la pipe? . . . . Elle laisse après soi une faiblesse d'estomac qui rend incapable d'un travail tant soit peu prolongé . . . . peu à peu on s'habitue à travailler moins, et à trouver un prétexte à la paresse."

And after having recognised that this habit, by irritating his nervous system, increased his moral depression, and threw him into a prostration from which the best arguments could not arouse him, he ends by this reproof to himself:

". . . . Ne doit-on pas conclure qui je suis un imbécille et une f— bête, ne trouvant pas la force de vaincre un tel penchant qui, je le sais parfaitement, me fait un mal si grand et si certain? Fi donc!"

In another passage he endeavours to analyse the sentiment of vanity; he seeks to conquer that petty self-pride which covets praise without distinction of persons, and observes:

"Que le grand amour-propre qui est celui des gens de vrai mérite se soucie peu de paraître grand aux yeux de la foule. . . . . Son âme est tourmentée du désir de se rendre digne des regards d'un petit nombre de personnes jouissant d'une célébrité méritée." . . . .

And this noble feeling, he adds, cannot secure its aim but by dint of constancy.

Would to God that this maxim were followed in our political life! There would be fewer popularity-hunters, and more men jealous of their own reputation.

To strengthen his character against the tendency to fickleness, he suggests a trick he used to play-off on himself. Whenever he felt a wish for change, he postponed making it from day to day until he was able to give himself a valid reason for it. With this system, he says:

"De jour en jour, de semaine en semaine, on arrive à des mois et des années, l'habitude se forme, on se fait à la stabilité; et voilà une vertu acquise!"

A little further on he dwells upon the true principle of good actions, which are at the same time a strong guarantee for stability and constancy; and he remarks that:

"Une autre manière de se livrer constamment et ardemment au travail serait de renoncer entièrement à tout amour-propre, et de n'agir, que par pur sentiment du devoir."

This is certainly both the highest expression of morality and the only pivot of society.

These quotations are already too numerous perhaps, and I will not add to them. The unhappy young man was striving against a moral apathy which he attributed to a defect of character, and

which was, on the contrary, in my opinion, only the consequence of the falling away and the decay of his physical strength.

He had already spit blood on several occasions. He concealed the fact from his father, in order not to alarm him; and on this subject I find the expression of a reproach which he addressed to himself:

"Je n'ai pas parlé d'un crachement de sang. . . . Cela m'a obligé à ne plus être aussi sincère avec mon père. Ce qui est un très grand mal. Lui qui est si sincère avec moi!"

Two years after he had written these notes, the complaint which had undermined him for some time became worse.

He went to Aix, and tried several remedies, but all in vain; and he expired in our house at Turin, in the room over the gateway.

His memory; the recollection of his long struggle to elevate his heart and mind; his generous cravings after good, which ended by killing him; the thought of his prolonged sadness,—all awaken a melancholy tenderness in my heart, that I cannot expect the reader to share. But this poor young man deserved much, and he died obscure. Is it not bare justice to dedicate a page to him, that his martyrdom may be redeemed from utter oblivion?

When the young are going through a phase of

debility, although believing themselves strong because they respect nothing, and are presumptuous and obstreperous, it is perhaps well to present a model of that true strength and fortitude which consists in a secret struggle against bad instincts, with a view to cultivate the mind, and acquire the will to sacrifice self for the sake of duty.

It is the privilege of age to grumble at youth: I will not, however, be unjust. Great political revolutions cannot be achieved without great social derangements. Happily they are but temporary, and their duration may be shortened by the wisdom of a nation. But while they prevail, farewell to education, farewell to instruction! It always was, and always will be so.

The fault is not entirely that of the youth of the age; but it might well be its vaunt to disentangle itself quickly from the disorders inseparable from all great transitions.

CHAPTER VIII.

I paint a picture representing Leonidas at Thermopylæ, which my father offers to King Charles Felix—Don Luigi de' Principi Spada, a good fellow, but very hare-brained—He had let himself be involved in the secret societies—Secret societies in Rome in the year 1824—Nobody ever proposed to me to join in any political conspiracy—Political assassination, and the sects which resort to it—A few noble souls led astray among many bad ones—Montanari, a Romagnole doctor, at Rocca di Papa—The inhabitants of Romagna—I see Montanari and his friend Targhini beheaded on the scaffold—Remarks on their impenitence—Prince Spada again, and Sor Checco Tozzi—Supernatural adventure on one of his excursions to Loretto often narrated by Sor Checco—I revisit Marino after twenty-one years, and only find Sora Nina still alive—Death of Pius VII. and enthronisation of Leo XII.—Great joy at the fall of Cardinal Consalvi—My opinion of that personage.

I RECEIVED the news that Enrico was dead at Marino during my second summer sojourn in the house of Sor Checco. I pass over the intervening winter, during which I continued to lead the existence of moral miseries, scanty pleasures, and incessant vexations, which are the sad appanage of the life of a lover.

I did, however, paint a picture, representing Leonidas at Thermopylæ, and sent it to Turin, where

my father offered it to King Charles Felix; who, on his side, bestowed on me a box set with diamonds.

As is the custom, I hastened to sell it for the sake of his memory.

I believe this picture still exists in some forgotten corner of one of the royal palaces.

At Marino, during my second stay, Casa Maldura was more than usually crowded with visitors, attracted by the pure air, and the freedom and cheapness of the place. To prove the truth of the proverb, this increase of society disturbed our happy life.

At Rome I knew a young man belonging to the noble guard, and a member of the princely house of Spada, Don Luigi by name, whom a series of freaks had obliged to leave the service. He was an honourable, high-hearted, and more than high-spirited youth, who wanted neither talent nor cultivation. But he was such a madcap, that may Heaven deliver from such society those who, wishing to work, first of all require to live in peace! One circumstance, however, pleads in his favour—his mother died mad.

He had let himself be drawn in by the secret societies, and always carried about him a poniard marked No. 3, which led to the supposition that Nos. 1 and 2 were already intrusted to safe hands—to say

nothing of those which might come after. I do not know the exploits of the other two numbers, but I would take my oath that No. 3 was never wielded by an assassin. Don Luigi Spada was not a scoundrel, only a hare-brained madcap.

When I least expected him, he suddenly appeared at Marino. He presented himself in company with a fatal portmanteau, the symptom of a long sojourn.

He was very handsome, tall, slender, active, well-made, and pale, with flaxen hair looking as if it had been starched, so stiffly did it stand erect from his forehead above two light-gray eyes, always wide open, and not always expressive of a perfect lucidity of mind.

After the first greeting, he informed me that he was obliged (by a love-affair, he said) to fly for his life, which at Rome was threatened by rivals, irate parents, or I forget who. He added, that one night as he went down a dark staircase he had been surrounded by invisible enemies, who, as luck would have it, striking with their daggers at haphazard, only succeeded in scratching the wall, while he escaped unhurt. Was it so or not? Of this I cannot be sure; but from what I heard later, there must have been some truth in the story.

At that time (1824) the opposition at Rome was entirely confined to some secret societies of the

lowest rank. As I have already said, nine years of perfect tranquillity had not yet blotted out the recollection of the Napoleonic rule, and so far Europe did not feel any wish to enter upon a fresh period of so-called glory.

The movements of Naples and Turin had been so completely crushed, as to leave among the masses the impression that to meddle with politics was the business of fools or rogues, not that of honest and sensible people.

When one thinks of the series of modifications through which we must have gone to arrive at the point we have now reached, it is impossible not to admire the means employed by nature in her physical and moral formations. Considering amid what vile and corrupt dregs the first germs of great and useful transformations often sprout, one feels how great is still our ignorance of the elementary laws of the world we inhabit.

In all Rome, who then dreamt of Italy, her independence, and her regeneration? With very few exceptions, the absolute scum of the scoundrels who mysteriously met in the Carbonari lodges, in taverns, and other disreputable places.

Good corn springs up from manure; the spark of life is ignited amid corruption. Can this be the general law? We would fain hope that if such be

the case, it is only so in the material world, and not in that of the spirit. In both, however, it is undeniable, evil has a mission . . . . But do not let us engage in metaphysics.

I knew several members of these societies, for all elements mingle in the artistic world.

Fortunately I cannot have had the look of a conspirator, for nobody ever proposed that I should join in their plots. I say *fortunately*, for in spite of my natural repugnance to simulation, lies, and a life of mystery and secrecy, at that age of little judgment I might perhaps have accepted, had I been invited; still I think it highly improbable.

I recollect very well, that even then I regarded this sort of bondage in the name of liberty as a strange absurdity. It is all very well to be, like the soldier, a slave to a gallant, loyal, intelligent, and known chief; but to be the slave of an occult, anonymous power, of which one knows neither the means nor the aim, always seemed to me, I say, a contradiction, and a real *duperie*.

I then felt this rather than reasoned it out; subsequently I did both; and the happy result was that I always remained free from engagements or secret pledges, nor did I ever feel that someone had a right to remind me of them. The habits of constant falsehood, necessarily engendered by in-

cessant plotting, are, in my opinion, to be placed among the principal causes of the decline of the Italian character. And whose is the fault? Is it that of the Italians? In part; but it is far more that of the governments, which, given the normal conditions of the human mind, rendered the existence of secret societies inevitable.

The forces of nature cannot be destroyed. If they find the regular outlets dammed up, they rush into irregular ones.

When society is so organised that falsehood, hypocrisy, adulation, and baseness, are at once the safest guarantees and the best roads to fortune, it is no wonder if moral ideas become confused and obliterated, and the question of life reduces itself to a struggle to be the strongest or, at least, the most shrewd.

This is the origin of every kind of depravity, and, among the rest, of the fatal doctrine of political assassination; the insane enthusiasm of men, otherwise estimable, for celebrated assassins; and that disquietude of the public, which, as if groping in the dark, endeavours to discover a remedy for evils it endures; as a sick man, driven to despair by long suffering, abandons himself to shameless quacks.

It would, nevertheless, require no small amount of courage to affirm that patriotism, the love of in-

dependence, liberty, equality of legal rights among citizens—the worship, in short, of the noblest conceptions of human genius—had no other refuge than the *sect* which, at Rome, then chiefly recruited itself among real criminals.

The most elevated ideas and sacred feelings have at all times served men as a mask for crimes. This is a known truth, as old as the world. The members of those dark associations were mostly men addicted to vice, incapable of any honourable effort to earn for themselves a position in society, such as was coveted by their vanity and their thirst for the comforts and splendours of life. In becoming the apostles of a political sect—in resorting to the juggleries of the trade, to seduce or alarm, as the case might be, into compliance, and then to domineer over persons of similar tendencies but less astuteness and energy—they acquired an influential and respected position among the adepts; a pale image, it is true, of that loftier one which some of them yearned for, but which still had the great merit of neither demanding hard work, nor of being entirely unprofitable in a material point of view.

What altar, whether the idol worshipped on it be political, social, or scientific, does not defray the expenses of its high-priest?

I believe that this short physiology of the secret

sects reproduces the truth pretty accurately, provided one reservation be made. There exist passionate and loyal souls devoid of the sure guide of a clear and calm intellect. These unhappy natures—impelled on one side by the love of a beautiful but vague ideal, and lacking, on the other, a safe criterion to distinguish between reality and appearances, good and evil—pursue the traces of phantoms and delusions; falling victims to the greatest and the most dangerous of them all—that of sometimes regarding as the most sublime and virtuous act of heroism that which, in reality, is a horrible crime. This is the most appalling of all the abuses of corruption.

I have known several of these natures; one among others deserves to be mentioned.

There was at Rocca di Papa a doctor named Montanari. I had made his acquaintance, and I sometimes met him at village festivals, at fairs, &c. I had a sympathy for him, as I have for most Romagnoles. Romagna seems to me the province of Italy where man is born to the highest physical and moral perfection.

What?—you will say—and the knife, the assassinations, the sects, the discords? All very true; but tell me, if you were to see a man justly executed on the scaffold, do you think that by saying, "Rascal, it serves you right!" you have fully explained the

matter? One of the most intricate questions in existence is that of defining culpability. Do you take nature, disposition, education, example, temptations, and delusions into the account?

It would cost a long digression to introduce here an ethnologico-historical study of the Romagnole race. I content myself with saying, that I believe there are different races of men, as there are of dogs and horses (I do not adopt, mind you, the opinion of those who believe man is an improved brute; at most he may sometimes be a perfect one); and I maintain that the stuff of that race is among the best known. Genuine blood runs in their veins—not rose-water, as is the case with many others I will not name; and when there is blood, there is always a chance.

Montanari was a fine specimen of his race; dark, tall, with an athletic frame, and a bold passionate soul.

One day I called at his house. I found him with a book in his hand. "What are you reading?" said I. He showed it me, and I saw Macchiavelli's chapter on conspiracies! He read it, poor fellow; but it did not avail him much, as I will tell you presently.

Whilst I was living in the house of Sor Checco, one night after supper, as we were about going to bed,

suddenly I heard a distant rumbling, and a jingling of bells; shortly after which a carriage stopped at the door. Several young men, rather excited by drink, got out, among whom I only knew Montanari and another. They said they had come to sup with me, and I was obliged to muster all my patience (a host has disagreeable privileges!), and to offer them ham, omelettes, and everything I could get hold of at that hour, with wine (Heaven knows with what propriety) at discretion. After an hour, thank goodness, they went away.

One of them was a certain Targhini, whom I saw for the first time, and whom a year after, almost to a day, I beheld for the second time in Piazza del Popolo as his head rolled from the guillotine, after that of Montanari, which had just been struck off.

The father of Targhini was cook to the Pope. I cannot conceive the existence of a more perverse nature than his. He was the evil genius of the greater part of his companions, and led them either to the scaffold, the galleys, or into exile. Poor Montanari unfortunately became his prey; there was in him the stuff of an honest man, yet he died the death of an assassin. A certain Pontini had betrayed the sect to which they all belonged, or at least was believed to have done so. Condemned to death by the brotherhood, chance designated Mon-

tanari as the executioner, and the latter treacherously stabbed him between the shoulder-blades with a poniard so violently that the point went through his breast.

By a most extraordinary chance, it so happened that the lungs of the victim were at that instant empty. The dagger ran between them, the wound proved slight, he was soon as well as before.

Granting the justice of capital punishment, Montanari deserved his fate.

But I could not help being struck on that occasion by the barbarous inconsistency into which temporal authority leads the religious power. Neither of them would consent to confess. They reached the place of execution in the morning, and were taken to a chapel, arranged for the occasion, in the house next to Porta del Popolo—a house which has since been used for exhibitions of pictures. Till near evening they were surrounded by priests, and I believe even high prelates and cardinals, to induce them to receive the sacraments. It was all in vain; at last the order to execute the sentence came, and they died.

According to the Catholic faith, what must have been the consequence of such an end? and, on the other hand, if their hearts were that day hardened to religious sentiments, who can tell us that they

would not have melted a day later? God would have granted these men time; it was not his design to precipitate their souls into that place where the Catholic dogma considers every hope of forgiveness as extinct; and it was the Pope who, correcting divine clemency, inexorably flung them into the abyss of the reprobate!

If anything could make an impression on the spirit of faction, similar cases ought not to pass unobserved; they ought at least to awaken a doubt in those interested in it, that some part of the complex machinery of the Roman church might be modified. But the negation of evident truths has always been the weapon most familiar to selfishness, and it cannot be expected that it should now throw it away for our pleasure. So let us go on.

Don Luigi Spada, compromised perhaps by revelations made on the trial of these conspirators, went, or was sent, to Paris. I met him there in 1836, and he came a second time to see me at the head-quarters at Bologna, when we were about to cross the Po, in April 1848. Always well intentioned, but more flighty than ever in his ideas, he disappeared *insalutato hospite*, and died in Paris some years after.

I will not leave Marino and Sor Checco (this time it must be for ever) without adding one anec-

dote, which then appeared to me, as it still does, very characteristic of that country, which, one may say, has taken the road to civilisation very late.

Among the favourite stories told to us by Sor Checco was one relating to a certain excursion to the sanctuary of Loretto, which he had undertaken several years before, and, it would appear, but little after his famous, though mysterious, expedition in the time of the republic. I should not wonder if this journey had had a motive very analogous to those more distant and dangerous pilgrimages which led our fathers to the Holy Sepulchre. Perhaps in both cases the resolution originated in the wish to adjust the account in the ledger we all carry in ourselves. I should be curious, I confess, to have the column of receipts in the ledger of Sor Checco under my eyes for five minutes; it is now impossible for anyone to gratify this curiosity, so no matter.

Be this as it may, this narrative ran as follows:

"I had long had a whim of going to the Holy House.* One night I said to my friend Compare Matteo, 'Let us visit the Virgin of Loretto.'

* Tradition affirms that the sanctuary of Loretto possesses the actual house of the Virgin. Angels are supposed to have borne it on their wings from Galilee to Dalmatia in 1291, and thence to Loretto a few years later. This place became thus a sanctuary of world-wide renown; and a magnificent fane was built to enshrine

"He willingly assented, and we made a party. We were five; so we took a carriage. Four sat inside, and one on the box.

"One of us—he is dead now—was a madman. We took him with us to see whether the Virgin would cure him. On the road we did not know what to do with him. With yells and jerks, every minute, he either threw himself upon us, or tried to jump out of the carriage. I was the only one he was afraid of; so I kept on crying, 'Now say the *Miserere* four times;' and when he had done, 'Now twenty-four *Pater nosters;*' and so I held him in check as best I could. When we had hardly left Fuligno, near the Madonna degl' Angeli, he sprang from the carriage and bolted, and we after him as fast as ever we could. It would have been easier to catch a hare. He left the road, ran into a field of maize, and we looked as foolish as if the earth had swallowed him.

"Just then a gang of *ciociari* (inhabitants of the Apennines) happened to pass (they were returning from a pilgrimage to Assisi). I said to them: 'Help

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the house, and also a statue of the Virgin in cedar-wood, believed to have been carved by St. Luke. This church was one of the richest on record, having received the most costly offerings from a host of crowned heads and princes; but it was thoroughly ransacked by the French in 1800.

us to find him, and there shall be something to drink.'

"An old fellow of about seventy came up to me grinning.

'Give me a scudo,' said he, 'and I will bring him back;' meanwhile not stirring.

'How will you do it, old fellow? he is running away, and you do not move.'

'Never you mind. Give me a scudo, and I will catch him for you.'

'Well, here is the scudo, and be hanged to you! We shall see.'

"The old man went to the top of the ridge behind which the madman had disappeared, and there stopped, muttering some sort of spell. Within a quarter of an hour, our friend came back. He got into the carriage as if nothing had happened: he was like a lamb."

"And what had he done?" I inquired.

"Ah," answered Sor Checco, shaking his head with a mysterious smile. "Done, done! he had done it, that's all. The mountaineers know a great deal; but it is better not to speak of such things. All I know is that it cost me a scudo."

I omit the rest of the pilgrimage as of little interest.

The conclusion, that there are many superstí-

tions among the agricultural populations or among the townspeople of those parts must not be drawn from this. The belief that the inhabitants of the crests of the Apennines deal in necromancy is one of the few in existence, and seems to be of ancient date.

Benvenuto Cellini says that a certain priest, who was a wizard, wanted to take him into the mountains of Norcia to cast a spell on a book of magic, and assured him that they would find the peasantry able to assist them, as they were acquainted with the black art.

But I never heard anybody mention these Alpine incantations, except Sor Checco on that particular occasion. As for apparitions, will-o'-the-wisps, witches, &c., and all the goblin population which haunts northern regions, I never found even a trace of them. These creations, the offspring of long nights and hyperborean mists, do not appear under the starry canopy of our climates. It is always the same story, in the physical as in the intellectual world,—darkness teaches error, and light demonstrates the truth.

So I left Marino, and tore myself away from Sor Checco, the two old women, and the younger branches of the family, not one of whom was I to see again except Sora Nina.

After one-and-twenty years, passing through Marino, I knocked at the door of my former abode. Whilst waiting for admission, I observed on the other side of the street a middle-aged woman, who was locking the door of a cellar from which she had come out, carrying a flask of wine.

It was Sora Nina. I went to her, and fancied she did not recognise me.

"Do you not know me, Sora Nina?"

"You are Sor Massimo."

"And Sor Checco?"

"He is dead."

"And Sora Maria?"

"Dead too."

I named everybody in the house, and in each case she answered with her placid look, "*Dead.*"

Then I began to look at her, and she at me; and we both stood silent. I found that the recognition was not likely to rouse the emotions with which novelists are wont to invest such adventures.

"Sora Nina, good-bye."

"Good-bye, Sor Massimo."

Such was the last scene of an acquaintance of five-and-twenty years, and I went away exclaiming, "Confounded boiled potato!" as a last farewell.

At Rome, meanwhile, Pius VII. having died, Leo XII. was elected.

At the death of every pope Rome is plunged into indescribable joy. It is not always caused by hatred for the departed, but by the smiling prospect of the approaching drawing of a great lottery, overflowing with prizes great and small, in which everybody has a stake. The most valuable of all can only be won by a cardinal; but every cardinal has an interminable train, and altogether their dependants comprise the whole town, and partially the state too. Every individual counts upon his own cardinal, and feeds on a thousand illusions.

How should they be otherwise than joyous in such circumstances? Do not hopes and delusions afford man his happiest moments?

For my part, I have always believed that they are the only true good. At first this seems a paradox; but on reflection its truth is soon apparent.

On this occasion the rapture was doubled in the higher spheres of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, for the excellent reason that not only the rule of a pope came to an end, but with it fell also the other more real and much less patiently endured supremacy of the Secretary of State, Cardinal Consalvi.

This man, remarkable for his qualities, his character, and the important services he had rendered to the Holy See in most difficult moments, was even more conspicuous for the contrast he offered to the

greater part of his colleagues. The superiority which he scarcely sought to conceal thus became still more intolerable; and those who had writhed under it now rejoiced in the feeling that their vanity and repressed envy were avenged, and in all the happiness of a longed-for emancipation.

As always happens, those who no longer feared or needed the fallen minister did not refuse themselves the satisfaction of making him feel it.

It is superfluous to state that every secretary of state dies with the pope who appointed him. In this instance nobody could suppose that the new pope would depart from the established custom.

Consalvi and Della Genga* could not, everyone declared, be on good terms. Several anecdotes were current on this subject; and among others was the following; but I can by no means vouch for its truth.

It was said that, having to deprive Monsignor della Genga of some office, he drily said to him, "Monsignore, from this moment your functions are at an end;" without taking the least pains to soften the blow.

Whether this be fact or not, the rule of Cardinal Consalvi was neither light nor mild: and naturally

* Monsignor Annibale della Genga was the rival of Cardinal Consalvi, and succeeded Pius VII. under the name of Leo XII.

the reaction against him, as soon as Pius VII. had breathed his last, was equally impassioned.

Anybody who impartially considers the character and the life of that statesman cannot shut his eyes to the qualities of firmness, probity, and prudence which adorned him. His faults were not so much his own as those of his age, his education, and especially of the atmosphere in which he had been doomed perpetually to live.

In appreciating men of every age, these important elements for a fair judgment are but too often forgotten; and given the bitterness of party spirit, they are more neglected than usual in judging of the members of the Roman curia.

Consalvi, like many others, did not even suspect the real nature of the great modern movement. And this was his most radical error.

In the revolution he only saw 1793. In the congress of Vienna he only saw a result of divine mercy, destined to heal the wounds of Europe. Like the greater part of the potentates of those days, he took the renewal of the very causes which had produced the evil for the antidote. And if an internal instinct, a glimpse of practical sense, warned him that it was not to be supposed that so great a transformation of ideas, things, and men could have passed away without leaving a trace worthy of being

taken into consideration, he never had sufficient elevation of mind (this was the result of the atmosphere), nor sufficient independence of thought, to estimate his age correctly. He failed to discern the indelible traces of the revolution; he copied instead the centralisation which was the necessary instrument of the revolutionary and Napoleonic despotism, but which could not be the pivot of a reorganised society. He brought all the vitality of the provinces together in Rome. He may perhaps have hoped that under subsequent pontificates Rome would find in herself strength, virtue, and energy enough to govern them; but in that case the history of the last twenty-six years of the pontifical rule has sadly deceived his expectations.

Notwithstanding all this, if one bears in mind the country in which he was born, and how he had been educated and lived, he must always be reckoned among the remarkable men of our time.

CHAPTER IX.

My uncle Cardinal Morozzo—I refuse his offer of pecuniary assistance—I recommend a young priest to him for his *dapifero* during the conclave—Curious mistake—Roman customs at the death of the Pope, during the interregnum, and after the election of his successor—In the winter of 1825 I worked very hard, and painted a picture representing the death of Montmorency—I take fright at the jubilee ordered by Leo XII., and bolt to Turin—My Montmorency arrives too, and has an even greater success at Turin than at Rome—My father proposes I should enter the royal household, but fortunately takes no steps about it—Presentation of my picture to King Charles Felix—Example of the inattention to the convenience of others displayed even by good princes—In the summer of 1825 I make an excursion among the Alps, but soon tire of it—My father suffers from domestic and other afflictions—He is a member of one of the many Catholic societies then flourishing at Turin—The government dissolves it with little delicacy—Ingratitude shown to my father by the government and by old comrades—Long letter he addresses to my brother Roberto on this subject.

HAVING always had a natural tendency to study men, their passions, vices, and virtues, and to observe any novelty, I hastened to Rome on the death of Pius VII., to be a personal witness of that great Roman upheaval. I had besides another motive.

My great-uncle, the brother of my grandfather, Cardinal Morozzo, Bishop of Novara, had come to Rome to be present at the conclave, and it was but natural that I should go to pay him my respects.

I found him lodged in the house of Cardinal de Gregorio, his old and intimate friend; a man of unswerving firmness, who had accepted the dungeons of Napoleon, but never his flatteries, far less trembled at his anger. His political opinions were such that the actual Monsignor de Mérode would appear a Jacobin beside him. His character and manners were those of a perfect gentleman, and there was no sort of attention he did not lavish on me during the years I spent at Rome. I dined at his house once a week; he invited me to Casal de' Pazzi, an ill-starred creation of his a few miles out of Porta Pia; and I shall always feel the deepest gratitude for all his kindness. Gratitude is not a political question; but, unfortunately, politics are sometimes a convenient pretext for ingratitude. If that excellent old man could only have surmised that I, the future author of the *Ultimi Casi di Romagna*, was a guest at his table!

My uncle, who was also my godfather, treated me with an affection which his undemonstrative nature made all the more precious. He even offered to replenish my exchequer, if I found myself in any difficulty. My difficulties were certainly great.

Nevertheless I thanked him, without accepting his offer.

My friends told me I was a fool. "A fool," answered I, "is he who, when he can honestly procure a good thing, fails to do so. But the whole question is, what do we consider a good? There is a moral and a material good, and consequently two species of pleasure. If the satisfaction of owing everything to myself, and being discreet and delicate, seems to me greater than that of having a few more scudi in my pocket, what harm does it do you?"

A splendid argument, which only served to confirm the opinion of my folly.

My friends, however, ascertained three important facts: first, that my uncle was fond of me; secondly, that this uncle was a cardinal; thirdly, that I might, therefore, be more or less the channel of a recommendation.

The first request I received was from a lady, one of whose relations was on the threshold of the ecclesiastical career. One night she took me aside at her own house, where I often went, and thus broached the subject.

Here I must begin by an explanation. There are no kitchens within the Conclave; but, as it is necessary to dine, every cardinal has his food, and that of his attendants, prepared at his own house.

The train is a small one, of course,—the secretary and a servant or two, if I am not mistaken,—and the dinner is conveyed from the house of the cardinal to the Conclave in a chest covered with a scarlet cloth on a sort of hand-barrow, carried by two footmen in state liveries, preceded by four or six other footmen similarly attired, and followed by two empty cardinalesque coaches. The leader of this gastronomic procession is an inferior ecclesiastic, just entering on his career, who thus begins his attempts to secure the patronage of the cardinal; and the appointment is naturally very much in request. As the only duty attached to it consists in escorting the eatables, which in Latin are called *dapes*, while 'to carry' is translated by *ferre*, the person holding this office bears the compound name of *dapifero*.

I had none of this erudition, having never been at Rome during a conclave, when the aforesaid lady recommended her chosen candidate to me; and you may imagine my astonishment when she said, "As your uncle is here, my dear D'Azeglio, you ought to try if he could be induced to employ Don Francesco as *da-pifero*."*

* Here I must, in my turn, give another explanation. The good lady's knowledge of Latin was very limited, as the subsequent dialogue will show; and instead of calling this novel would-be Ganymede by his proper appellation, she asked to have him em-

I stared at her, and answered, laughing: "What on earth could he do with him?"—"What? Each cardinal appoints an abate to escort his dinner to the Conclave." "This is indeed a novelty. And does he really carry it with a *piffero* (a fife)?"—"No, no. What are you dreaming of? How can I tell you what it is called in Latin? I think I understood *dapifero*." And here having invoked the assistance of one of the bystanders, who was better informed than we were, the whole enigma was explained, and I obtained the coveted favour for the young priest. This is one of the very few occasions in my life on which my protection did not signally fail.

At Rome the fair sex especially, having studied neither Latin nor Greek, is apt to fall into the most absurd blunders. The same lady one day asked me for an account of the great *paramano* just arrived from *Pariggi*, and which she had heard so highly praised. I could not at first understand what she meant by a *paramano* recently come from Paris. The thing intended was a *panorama*. A very slight difference!

The proceedings which occur at the death of a pope deserve a passing mention. The usages and

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ployed *da piffero*, namely, *as a fifer!*. No wonder, then, if her interlocutor was startled by such a strange application.

customs, as well as the abuses and semi-barbarous traditions of the Middle Ages, have disappeared everywhere except at the court of Rome. It is natural. The latter fears the present, and clings to the past, from an instinct of self-preservation. When the pope is at the last extremity, and the impossibility of his recovery is evident, all the bonds which unite even his favourite attendants to him burst asunder. Personal interests are at stake. No time is to be lost. It is a question of hours, perhaps less; they must be turned to account. Therefore everybody hastens to seize and carry off what does, and also what does not, belong to him: important papers, jewels, money, property of all kinds. It is a headlong flight; and very often the unhappy old man dies in solitude.

Such was the fate of Gregory XVI. I quote the words of a friend of mine, which I believe to be perfectly true: "A common labourer employed in the Belvedere-gardens, and much attached to the Pope, who had often stopped in his walks to speak to him, and sometimes gave him half a scudo, learnt that the pontiff was dying. The poor man felt very desirous of seeing him once more. He made his way up the back staircase and through different rooms to a small passage. There he knocked. No answer. Hesitating, he went on. Finding another door, he entered a room. Nobody. He opened a third door, and sud-

denly found himself in the room of the Pope, whom he saw with a huge pile of pillows on the bed; but, struggling perhaps in the agonies of death, he had thrown himself violently on one side, and his head was hanging over the edge of his couch. The humble gardener sprang forward to help him, and replaced him gently upon the pillows. Then he spoke to him, felt for his pulse, and found him cold! So he fell on his knees crying, and recited a *De profundis* for the dead Pope. At that moment an attendant, who must have returned from securing his plunder, came in. He passed from surprise to anger, he rebuked him, and turned him out, with threats if he ever mentioned what he had seen. But the gardener did speak."

A still stranger feature is, that while the personal attendants of the Pope commit such atrocities, the anterooms of the palace are swarming with noble guards, Swiss sentries, prelates, ushers, footmen, &c. The difference between apparent and real Rome will never cease to be a great enigma to anybody who has not been in contact with it year after year; and all the mistakes of those who are now dealing with the Roman question arise from their inability to distinguish between them.

When the pontiff has expired, the cardinal *camerlingo** is summoned, and he presents himself,

* One of the highest dignitaries of the Sacred College. His

with other prelates. He calls the Pope by name three times, and receiving no reply, he takes a silver hammer, with an ebony handle, off a plate brought to him for that purpose, and strikes the forehead of the corpse three times. This ceremony is supposed to prove the death of the pontiff, which is at once announced to the Senator of Rome, already waiting in an anteroom. The ring of the Fisherman is broken, and then the Senator says: "I therefore take the command of Rome;" but in reality he does not take it at all; he contents himself, on his return to the Capitol, with ordering the great bell of the tower to toll out the announcement; and this knell is immediately reëchoed from all the belfries of the city.

Twenty-four hours after, the corpse is taken into a room with bare walls, having a layer of sawdust three or four inches deep on the floor; there it is placed on a table and opened, the heart extracted and placed in an urn, to be deposited at St. Anastasia; next, the body is embalmed, dressed in pontifical raiment, and carried with great pomp down the stair-

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exalted position and authority principally appear during the interregnum between the death of one pope and the election of another. During this interval he has coins struck with his own arms; and when the new pope is chosen, it is his peculiar office to put on his holiness' finger the famous *annulus piscatoris*.

case of the Vatican into Saint Peter's, where it is laid in the Chapel of the Sacrament.

At the death of Leo XII. sinister rumours were afloat about his end; but I never succeeded in acquiring any information having a semblance of truth or even of probability. With reference to Pius VII. and Pius VIII. nothing was ever said.

As for the kind of wholesale plunder I have mentioned while the Pope is dying, it must be said (to be just, but not to justify it), that it springs from the mediæval Roman traditions. On certain occasions it was admitted or tolerated. For instance, the house of the cardinal elected pope used to be sacked, and a vestige of this custom still remains. The carriage of the new pontiff is pounced upon by the Swiss guard. The coachman breaks his whip and descends from the box. Now, however, his holiness redeems it all for 200 scudi.

The obsequies of a pope present the artistic and rather theatrical character which distinguishes all the ceremonies of Catholic worship. They are called the *novendiali*, and are celebrated for nine consecutive days. During three, the corpse, clad in pontifical vestments, and the face uncovered, is exposed on an inclined plane in the Chapel of the Sacrament, the feet touching the gate which separates it from the church. The people, curious and devout, crowd

to kiss them as they pass by. Every day there is a funeral ceremony, and in the centre of the great nave stands a lofty catafalque, reaching almost as high as the cornice.

As soon as the *novendiali* are over, the Conclave begins, and is followed in its turn by the ceremonies of the exaltation of the new Pope. Everything then assumes a festive aspect.

The cardinals, their retinue, the bishops, the monsignori, and prelates of every description, change their black and violet mourning into scarlet and white, with a gorgeous display of gold and embroideries; the walls of the churches are hung with the richest tapestry, and the splendid surplices reserved for this solemnity adorn the officiating priests. Thus the new Pope, even if the allegorical tow, with the motto *Sic transit gloria mundi*, were not burnt before him, would have a sufficiently severe lesson under his eyes. He may be certain that the same rapture will burst forth at his death. I should like to know whether such a corrective flashes across the minds of many popes at that moment.

On this particular occasion, a circumstance of remarkable interest was expected. Wishing to be a spectator of it, I forced my way through the throng, and succeeded in securing a place from which I could witness every incident.

In one of the ceremonies, the Pope is seated on a throne at the end of the church, close to the great pulpit, supported by four colossal bronze statues of bishops.

At a certain moment of the ceremony, the officiating cardinal leaves the altar, and carries to the Pope an object that he has in his hands (I forget exactly what), covered with a silver tissue.

In this instance Consalvi was the officiating cardinal. The distance is considerable; on each side sat the members of the sacred college, with (benevolent) eyes fixed upon him, scrutinising his face and the steadiness of his step. It was a real case of running the gauntlet.

He went through it bravely and creditably, but I seemed to detect on his pale and stern face (if it were not mere fancy), the signs of an immense effort, and I kept saying to myself, "Provided he does not fall dead before it is over!"

I should not wonder, however, if that walk gave him the mortal blow which carried him off a few months later.

Those who know what a degree of intensity certain passions attain in the bosom of priests, exactly because of the continual violence with which they must stifle them in their own breasts; those who know under what a veil of serene placidity the most

ardent ambitions, tenacious hatreds, and coveted vengeances have to be concealed, will perhaps not be far from sharing my opinion.

A few months after, passing before the church of San Marcello, I saw a great funeral. I entered, and perceived the corpse of Cardinal Consalvi stretched on his last bed.

It seemed as if it would have been better for him to have died a year sooner. But who can fathom these mysteries?

I spent the winter of 1825 working might and main. I now found myself provided with a sufficient store of studies and sketches from nature; I thought it would not be too presumptuous to try something difficult, and I resolved to undertake a great composition (of course, as to size), and in rather a new style. The Flemish and Dutch schools, which then reigned in Rome, peopled their pictures with shepherds and cattle. I summoned to my help a host of paladins, damsels, and knights-errant. It was no novelty in literature, but a considerable one in landscape painting.

I selected a subject from the *Malek Adel* of Madame Cottin—the death of Montmorency; and I brooded over it by day and dreamt of it by night, made sketches upon sketches, drawings and trials of all sorts, until at last I produced a sketch which I

considered satisfactory; and having bought a large canvas, I set to work with so much zeal that I almost forgot even my unhappy passion.

I built a great many castles in the air on this picture. It was my *pot au lait.*

One of the first ideas of Leo XII. was to announce a universal jubilee for the year 1825; which meant, that Rome for a whole twelvemonth was to be transformed into a great establishment for spiritual exercises. Theatres, festivities, balls, receptions, were all prohibited; even the puppet-shows were to be banished from the streets, and replaced by a shower of sermons, missions, processions, ceremonies, and such-like.

Ah, this was a subject for serious reflection. Not that I was then, or ever afterwards, much addicted to those tiresome gatherings which society calls amusements; but that melancholy, nay worse, that universal hypocrisy was an entertainment having little temptation for me. You should have heard young men, soldiers, and civil officials, placed in the alternative of losing their posts or singing a *miserere,* and the invocations they uttered by way of preparation! One could guess how they would behave when they were obliged to be in earnest.

In short, it was a sad comedy; and having no wish to witness it, I resolved to pay a visit to my

parents at Turin, and to show them a specimen of the little I had learnt.

Having finished my picture, I exhibited it (privately, however, and only in my studio), and it met with a decided success, which to a certain extent it deserved. There was much novelty, grandeur of composition, colour, and effect in it. All the young painters, and some of the old ones, came to see it; altogether it was generally approved.

Having had it packed, I sent it to Turin *viâ* Genoa; while I went through Florence in company with a certain monsignore, an original and a madcap, although a man of great talent. His devotions were paid in the same family where I was on duty; therefore a sort of society of mutual assistance had sprung up between us for the furtherance of our interests.

It would be tedious were I to relate all the comico-heroic and half-tragic adventures which resulted from this *partie carrée*. But of these sort of loves, do what you will, nothing remains. I leave others to expatiate on them. Still, I must relate one incident. As we were travelling towards Florence, one morning at dawn I saw my priest nestled in a corner, seeming to hold a small book before his eyes. The deuce! is he reading his Breviary?

I stretched out my neck, and discovered that it

was not a volume, but a pocket-book containing the portrait of his lady-love!

At Turin I met my parents, who received me with all the tenderness and joy that can be imagined. My picture, too, fortunately arrived safe and sound; and I placed it in a room with a tolerably good light. My relations and friends came to see it; and if in Rome it met with approval, at Turin it was looked upon as quite a marvel.

My excellent father was persuaded that all the diamonds of Golconda were less valuable than my picture.

He at once resolved to offer it to the then reigning king, Charles Felix, and meanwhile obtained leave for my picture to be exhibited in one of the rooms of the royal palace, where I accordingly installed it, with all those contrivances for light and shade to which artists resort to show their works to the best advantage.

The public went in great numbers, and my triumph continued to increase. I was enchanted, not so much for my own sake as at the profound satisfaction that I remarked in my father and mother. Besides, I was overjoyed to show my relations that, after all, intellect and industry were able to acquire a place in the world without being a chamberlain or an equerry.

It was, nevertheless, impossible entirely to escape the influences of caste and country.

My father was imbued with their ideas, although he did not exaggerate them.

In his solicitude for my well-being, he thought it might be useful for me to be connected with the royal household. Considering how many people now seek for such appointments, it is no wonder if he then believed it would be advantageous.

One day he proposed to procure me the post of *gentilhomme de bouche.*

My heart sank within me. To be at court—and, to make it worse, as *gentilhomme de bouche* (who has I know not what petty authority over the royal meals)—seemed to me a catastrophe I could not bear to think of.

On the other hand, I had not the courage to say no to my father, or to oppose his ideas; and, in fact, unable to do otherwise, I consented. But I must have done so with such evident repugnance that my father did not insist, and the subject was not revived.

My entrance into court-circles was to take place in another shape, and for other reasons, twenty-one years later.

I could not, however, avoid going to court and personally presenting my picture to the king. The picture and frame together were a tolerable weight;

but as, in point of fine arts, our court was, and is, rather behindhand, nobody had had the forethought to provide an easel to rest it upon. Being admitted into the presence of Charles Felix, the two acolytes in full dress, who, not without difficulty, were carrying the picture, were obliged to hold it with outstretched arms while the king greeted my father and me with some courteous expressions; and then, leisurely turning his eyes to the picture, drew near to examine it better.

One of the two men was my servant, a fat Roman with little muscular strength; and as no prince in the world, however good, has ever calculated the precise strength of human, but only of equine, muscles, the king on that occasion did not give it a thought. He therefore examined the picture at his leisure, and I saw that my poor Roman, red and swollen in the face, the perspiration running down in large drops, could hardly stand, and I thought to myself, "In a second the picture will fall on the king, and I shall see his majesty come out on the other side, like a mountebank through a paper hoop." Indeed, the escape was a narrow one, and I had to relieve the weary arms until the bearers were dismissed, as I was also in a few minutes.

Early in the summer my good father, who was well satisfied with my behaviour, bade me make an

excursion in cooler regions. I therefore went to Courmayeur, and then to the St. Bernard, and on to Switzerland. But it always rained; the weather was bitterly cold; and, accustomed to revel like a fish in the water under the burning sun of the Roman Campagna, I felt myself lost, like Ulysses among the Cimbri. One fine day I grew so sick of the rain, the fogs, the mountains, and the Swiss, who made me pay even for the air I breathed, that, sending them all heartily to the devil, I hastened over the Simplon, without stopping till I again felt on my forehead the scorching beams of the Italian sun.

Having reached Turin, I remained there some time; for, after all, I had come from Rome to stay with my family, and not to make Alpine excursions.

The death of my brother Enrico, which had occurred the previous year, still threw a veil of sadness over our domestic circle. I have already given some account of the poor fellow's tormented existence. The moral struggle between the yearning after an ideal perfection, and the weakness of a highly impressionable, nervous nature, little capable of fixed resolution, had slowly worn him to death. My father, the confidant of his cravings, his efforts, and his discouragement, had been the witness of their fatal action, but was powerless to resist them.

I found in him a depth of sadness and a reserve of manner which had hitherto been strange to him. My eldest brother had returned home, after having lived at Paris several years, to allow the impression produced by his conduct in 1821 to die away.

His two children were both charming. Their father employed himself in instructing and educating them, with the constant and persevering zeal inspired by a sense of duty. The peace of home, as may be seen, was uninterrupted; but unfortunately, if time, reflection, and moral sentiment counsel mutual toleration to opposing characters, and, apparently, often succeed in securing it, they cannot create a real unity of hearts, without which family cohabitation may assuredly exist and endure, and be an act of virtue both useful and meritorious, but never a pleasure.

Being always of a quietly cheerful disposition, I saw at once that I was in many ways capable of softening and neutralising these repulsions.

In his public life also my father had been very undeservedly wounded. His unswerving and unchangeable opinions were not of a purely speculative nature. He sought to propagate them both by act and writing,—by all the means within the range of an honest man. We saw that, for them, he had sacrificed tranquillity and fortune, and exposed

his life. Speaking of such a man, it would be ridiculous to add that he had never endeavoured to make them stepping-stones to honours or advantages of any kind.

After the Restoration of 1815, many people professed them because it was the fashion, and still more so as a theory. The events of 1821 had produced a fresh outburst of zeal, and I found Turin full of so-called pious Catholic societies, the subscription to which was trifling, but which served to keep up a mutual understanding and to spread Jesuitical influence. It made me laugh to see certain of our ladies pay their mite, and comport themselves in society with a sanctimonious air; whilst I had seen them at other times with faces and eyes anything but mystic. So wags the world!

My father's rectitude was pushed to such an extreme as to make it impossible for him to suspect others of double-dealing. This noble defect was one of the few to be detected in him. He had gathered around him a number of friends and acquaintances professing his own creed. They were organised as a society, held meetings, discussed the interests of their party, passed resolutions, &c. The majority of these worthies were only too happy to shelter their little plots under the shadow of the indisputable uprightness of my father. But either they went too

far, or for some other reason, in the end the government conceived a prejudice against the association, and dissolved it without any previous warning. My father was deeply hurt by such a proceeding, and the rude manner of it. His character, as well as his services, certainly deserved more consideration. But none of the Italian governments that have succeeded each other were ever remarkable for this quality.

A still more bitter deception, however, awaited him—that of remaining alone, isolated and shunned by his friends, who, as soon as they had perceived there was danger in what they had considered as a ladder to raise themselves, repudiated him with all the zeal which distinguishes turncoats on such occasions.

I might mention names, and especially one made illustrious by a person more worthy of bearing it; but what is the use? Should I thus succeed in eradicating the seeds of these reptiles?

This circumstance seemed made on purpose to test my father's character. He did not complain either of the decree or its form; but feeling himself innocent, he never condescended to seek an absolution or a return to favour. He obeyed in silence.

No one ever knew what he felt about his contemptible companions; but with a nature impetuous

as that of a young man, and a soul which spurned every kind of baseness, a terrible storm must have raged in his breast. Fortunately, every act of virtue is registered on the eternal pages of divine justice.

The men who ruled us, as I think I have already stated, never showed my father much regard; or, to speak more correctly, they had so high an opinion of him, that the ministers and the other *gros bonnets* did not like to find him in their way. In this all governments are alike, be they monarchical, republican, or mixed: they like honest men; but—*ne quid nimis.*

Modern bureaucratic spheres are pervaded by a peculiar freemasonry, which watches over the common interests and resorts to the most tortuous means. It chiefly displays its talents when the object is to close every door and avenue against a man whose only sin is too great honesty. Fools then display their astonishment. It seems impossible that such an honest man as X—— should not be employed. How very cunning!

It was only natural that this tacit conspiracy should have condemned my father, and ostracised him *latæ sententiæ.* The two kings, Victor Emmanuel I. and Charles Felix,—like monarchs in general, and especially absolute ones,—ignorant of the

great art of knowing men, had surrounded themselves with inferior, incapable, and even hostile advisers, keeping their friends at a distance; and my father, who would have given his life and that of his sons for the House of Savoy, lived and was left in retirement.

In a case which my memory now fails to particularise, my brother Roberto, who saw, on the one hand, how our father was neglected by the government and the king, and on the other, how unflinchingly he was devoted to them, gave way to his indignation. One day he wrote to him that "he was taking too much trouble for ungrateful people, and that ingratitude would be his only reward." This is what my father answered, in a letter of the 13th December 1817:

"You have not answered my query in good logic. The terms must be defined, to facilitate the solution of a question. I asked you, Who are ungrateful? What is ingratitude? Unless we agree in defining them, you and I should have equal grounds for asserting contrary opinions.

"As I feel less reserved than usual, I will try to throw some light upon the point you put forward. For whom do I labour? For my family, for the poor, for my country, which is one with the king. Now I think he may be called ungrateful,

who, knowing the service done him, is aware that it was performed for his advantage, without its being strictly due to him; and having the means, fails to acknowledge it either by word or deed; or omits something in his power which he knows would be welcome to his benefactor.

"If someone at St. Petersburg were to sign a donation in my favour of two million roubles a year, should I be ungrateful for not thanking him at this moment? Now I will reduce the theory to practice. You and your brothers have often told me you knew I had made and was still making sacrifices for your sakes beyond my strict paternal obligation. You expressed your gratitude to me; I suppose you had not the intention of exhorting me to take no further care for you. The few poor to whom I give charity are so little ungrateful, that I can say with perfect truth, that I have a reputation for being charitable far above my deserts. Our country and the king, both for me the objects of immutable affection and veneration, are quite free from similar imputations. If you choose to draw a line of demarcation between them, the country reduces itself to that part of the population which knows me, my actions and my affections. It has nothing to give me but proofs of its esteem; which I think I enjoy fully as much as my known actions

and sentiments deserve. Some persons may perhaps have criticised one or other of the evidences of patriotism that I have displayed. At a time when examples are so scarce, those who, having never beheld patriotism in all its purity, are slow to understand it, are to be pitied; but they by no means constitute the majority; and at all events, even they, I believe, do not refuse me that esteem which, as I said, is the only means by which the public can prove itself grateful. And if you remember the regret so many have expressed at my not occupying an important post, you must confess that self-love alone suffices to make me content with this proof of gratitude and esteem on the part of the public. And observe that the said public, if we speak correctly, is reduced to a very narrow circle for each individual. How many are there in Turin itself, and far more in the kingdom, who do not even know my name! How many, too, know nothing beyond it! Those who are better informed are, therefore, but few, and yet they constitute the public, the country, of whom I might complain so much! I think I may consider myself equally compensated as governor at Casale and Vercelli; and I assure you sincerely that in general the reward assigned me, both by country and public, seems to me far above my merit. Man and men are wont to indulge in dreams of a Utopia

in ideal circumstances, to contrast them with what is. If the reality were inverted, you would hear a thousand complaints of the dreams that had assumed a tangible shape, and a thousand regrets for the lost realities. Seeing this invariable law of human affairs, those who love me ought to rejoice at my actual condition. Now it is said: 'Why is he not placed in a position to display his qualities?'—and here, thanks either to the usual predilection for those who are at an envied height, or the few good qualities Providence may have given me, or the rage for running down those who are in power, follows a string of eulogium which I should almost object to on the day of my death: if I were appointed tomorrow to a post of distinction (my social standing puts me above an obscure one), as soon as the public knew it, I should lose the esteem of the critics; they would at once join the ranks of the envious, of the enemies of the king, and I will also add of the evildoers, who fear my influence, and everybody would eagerly seek to find fault with me. As if I were likely to escape such lynx-eyes! In the mean time we should go on, and your father, the descendant in a direct line from a certain couple, Adam and Eve, without an intermarriage with any other race in six thousand years (his ancestral line goes back so far), in order not to show himself degenerate,

would commit blunders, and provoke a flood of satires; or if he did any good, he would offend those who are hostile to it, and thus excite fresh discontent; till the poor man, so much sought after at first, became a nuisance, a worry, and a stumbling-block to those who did not find him answer exactly to their preconceived idea. The conclusion therefore is, that if I do anything to promote the advantage of the public, I am not serving an ungrateful master, since it gives me abundantly what it can, and more than I deserve. In fact, I enjoy a public consideration greater than the small part I have played in politics has earned; and hence I am under an obligation to my country, which I should not owe to a republic or a constitutional government.

"In pure monarchies, he who is not in high favour has always the means of healing his self-love, by attributing it to court-intrigues, and the above-mentioned public voice persuades him he is appreciated by his fellow-citizens. He may, in this instance (but in this only), draw a distinction between the sovereign and the country, and think that if he serves the latter, it is not ungrateful, but recompenses him with its esteem and affection.

"When a certain number of subjects take part in carrying on the government, this distinction is no longer possible; and if Scipio and Aristides are

neglected, they cannot entirely absolve the people. I might add a third conclusion; namely, that popular favour is so fascinating, that he who obtains it, thanks to their intrigues, ought almost to feel grateful to his rivals. But all this gossip cannot apply to me, who experience no ingratitude from the sovereign; nor can I complain either of him, or of any neglect. I do not regret never asking anything of him. I feel the hand of time (fifty-four years), nor can I say that shocks and moral weaknesses have been wanting to hasten the approach of age: do not think this is false humility; it is plain truth. I could not have an appointment which did not imply a great and serious responsibility; and if it would be presumptuous for anybody to boast of being able to rule and govern provinces and kingdoms, how much more so would it be for me, who having spent the vigour of my youth in sadness and despair of a political resurrection, now find myself without the necessary knowledge and experience, and really lacking whatever aptitude I might once have possessed.

"Having never asked for anything, nay, having often expressed the above just opinion of myself, it is no wonder if those who are in power have not relied on my capacity, or perhaps thought me desirous of rest, and that I held the language I did to secure its enjoyment. I am so fully convinced of the

justice of this mode of reasoning, that I think, on the contrary, it was a wonderful mark of affection and esteem when last year I was offered a most honourable post. I had a reason for refusing, so true and cogent, that the very few to whom I confided it, and even the person who made me the proposal, were obliged to confess that I was right. In the meanwhile, I had thus a palpable proof that I was not forgotten. If afterwards there was really an idea of sending me to Sardinia; if my cold, reserved replies to those sent to sound my intentions showed that I did not desire it; if perhaps there was a person who, without my knowledge, but almost as if interpreting my views, contributed to overturn the scheme,—it must nevertheless be said that the intention showed great confidence. But I also praise God for having had mercy on my shoulders, too weak for such a burden, and on those islanders, who require a man of first-rate ability. Such a one has been found in Count Balbo, whose appointment appears certain.

"Now, if you considered the king as ungrateful —which by the bye is not right, assuming the fourth commandment to be still in force — you would be wrong even in this. Though of rather a reserved character, he has on a hundred occasions given me unmistakable proofs of good-will, expressed with a warmth unusual to him. Pursued by applications, he

has thought of me, who stand aloof; and if he has not given me the Grand Cross, it must be recollected that many of my seniors both at court and in the army have not yet received it. He should moreover be excused, even on the supposition that he ought to have promoted me over their heads. He cannot know all my devotion to him as you do: how many proofs of it are unknown to him! He cannot even surmise how warmly I have often expressed myself on this subject in the privacy of domestic life; whereas I can well imagine all the requests with which he is overwhelmed by urgent, relentless, importunate applicants, to whom all he can do never seems enough. And I am quite convinced that I might have succeeded, either for myself or my sons, if I had chosen to solicit anything. But it would have been too presumptuous as regards myself; and I think for your parts you will not complain if I refrained.

"Therefore I may conclude that he is completely free from any suspicion of ingratitude; and I will add, that I have unwillingly entered on a subject which I consider in itself too alien to the respect I owe to him who is the father of us all. But I have overcome my repugnance, because reason and the duty of charity and justice compel me to speak in his behalf, when so many blindly accuse him. Blindly indeed; for their very errors ought to awaken commi-

seration, and a wish to help them, if possible, in any man possessing a true love of justice, and aware of the conditions which hamper sovereigns: the country too would thus be benefited far more than by complaints, which only tend to weaken the loyalty of subjects.

"And with what result? Therefore, supposing even the country and the sovereign were guilty of ingratitude, I would by no means admit of complaints against them; nay more, I should continue to think it a duty to do my best for their advantage. If you have Metastasio at hand, in *Attilius Regulus*, in *Themistocles*, and elsewhere, you may find expressed the feelings due to an ungrateful country.

'Hm, my dear father! You put yourself, then, on a level with these great men!'

"Eh! humility hid itself in the chimney, and vanished up it like smoke. I am not, however, afraid of offending against so beautiful, necessary, and rational a virtue; and if you clearly understand me, you will be of the same opinion. I do not compare myself with them, either in intellect or as to the services rendered to the country; I only say they felt like great men; and if I cannot compare myself to them in other things, I will at least emulate their greatness of soul and patriotism. I have neither their talents nor the occasion to display the little I possess; this does not depend upon me. It is in my

power, however, to imitate their will, their disinterested devotion; and so I do. I say further, they accomplished great deeds. How much worthier they were than I! And if the country were not a creditor to whom a citizen can never entirely discharge his obligation, any more than a son can to his father, they would have paid their debt, all the more so as their countries, being ruled either by democracies or oligarchies, were really most ungrateful. Now, I have done very little, or rather nothing; my debt to the country and the king, as a citizen and a subject, therefore, exists in full. So I only compare myself to those great men to arrive at this conclusion: if they, with some apparent reason on their side, did not deem their obligation discharged, how much less ground have I, so inferior to them? But this is not all. I am far from despising my native country; its boasts and its merits are many. I think a Piedmontese may well be proud of his name; and I really believe what I wrote and said to the students of our university. My patriotism, therefore, is only on a par with that of those who think with the herd. I rejoice at being a part of an honoured, respected, and estimable whole.

"If this land be small, how much greater is the evidence of its fortitude and ability afforded by the uninterrupted shocks and convulsions among which

it has grown and developed! I do not value it for its size—that would be a vulgar criterion. Many countries which have acquired great fame without extending their boundaries were of small size; and perhaps it is also true that the smaller the country the greater the patriotism it excites. It may easily seem difficult for the native of the Crimea to consider Finland as part of his country. The Provençal feels the same about Brittany; nor did the Egyptians under Trajan or Diocletian consider the Gauls as countrymen. This may be disputed; so I lay no stress upon it; but it is, however, certain that if this country were entirely obscure, I ought to love it, and would try to do so. I should love and honour it, because often, nay in most cases, external splendour is in an inverse proportion to internal happiness and order, and because to disdain an obscure country seems to me like the guilt of a son who is ashamed of an ignorant and plebeian father; for if it be really obscure and without a name, while I am or fancy myself endowed with a nature and a mind superior to those of my fellow-citizens, the love which is always due to the native land, and not a selfish ambition, will spur me on to raise her, save her from debasement, and make her worthy of me.

"Thebes was held in contempt among the Greeks; if Pelopidas and Epaminondas had had so little ele-

vation of character as to blush for her, and think her unworthy of having their talents and their energies employed on her behalf, the rich gifts bestowed on them by Heaven would have remained buried, and they and their country would have continued shrouded by the ancient obscurity: or, if they had determined to enter the service of another city because it was more illustrious, the fame already in existence there would have greatly lessened their personal splendour, which would besides have diminished in importance, because neither history nor the opinion of posterity ever give a foreigner such an amount of credit for the services he may have rendered, as he would have earned had he laboured on behalf of his own country; the concurrence of circumstances which would justify a son in turning his back on his parents being indeed rare.

"As for Epaminondas, he would have lost one of the most precious gems in his crown; so great a title that, in my opinion, it raises him far above all the heroes of antiquity. You know that, after defeating the Spartans at Leuctra, his republic rewarded him by an appointment to—I forget what obscure civic office. He accepted it, conscientiously discharged its duties, and instead of being dishonoured, honoured the office itself, and showed himself perhaps even greater than at Leuctra and Mantinea.

"Now just imagine Epaminondas at Athens or at Syracuse in similar circumstances. Accept! To be sure, his rivals would have said, if this intruder wishes to get a livelihood. Refuse? I think reasonably so; but in this case farewell to heroism.

"And what shall I say of the infinite merit he and Pelopidas had in rescuing their country from obscurity, and raising her above all the rest of Greece? This is a glory, a real and true merit; when, as was precisely their case, they began by redeeming her from oppression. My country is not obscure; nor am I Epaminondas. But were she obscure, I would all the more consecrate my whole being to her; just as a good son surrounds an invalid mother with more continuous and tender care. If I were still very inferior to a hero like him, still I might have the satisfaction of contributing one or ten sparks to dissipate the darkness; and if in the course of years these sparks emitted a dazzling splendour, my name would be associated with so genuine a glory.

"If Cimabue had despised painting, because it was rude before his time, he would never have won his actual fame; yet Cimabue was not the son of his art: whereas a citizen and a subject has filial obligations and duties. Perhaps you may be inclined to give this way of thinking the name of heroism. I

do not know whether it might have been so in a Pagan, but it is certainly not in a Christian—he is only a good layman. What is his rule throughout existence? To do good, to please the Almighty. This is the principle to the sublime height of which the lowest of us rises, if he is truly a Christian.

"This does not exclude magnanimity, nay it produces it. One consequence of it is that, being all liable to err, the secondary motives for good conduct leave human virtue, thanks to the unborn frailty of the sons of Adam, in itself uncertain, having no solid basis to enable it to resist any shock. Our celestial basis cannot be shaken; it will always remain true that God will reward the deeds done for his sake. If you add the merits which distinguish every Christian virtue, it becomes evident that the Christian is the best of subjects and of citizens. In fact, he will never break out in reproaches against the monarch: he will feel charitably even towards his ministers, since they are at least entitled to the same regard as all other mortals. He will believe that even more is due to them, from the great danger springing from the animosity against those in power, and on account of the difficulties of their position, so immeasurably increased by that destructive sect which calumniates, opposes, and seeks by sowing dissension, discontent, and rancour, to undermine thrones, that

on a favourable opportunity they may be upset, together with all those who love what is honest and right. He will believe it his duty to contribute to the common happiness, not only by words, which are all the more futile, because he who has no experience is unaware of the immense difference between ideal systems and the possibility and facility of putting them in practice. He does not renounce the advantages and honours which are connected with the service of the sovereign; but as these are not his chief object, he does not murmur at being deprived of them, nor does he seek to attain them by adulation or flattery.

"This disinterestedness, coupled with the reverence taught by the fourth commandment, will stop him at the true medium between vile courtly servility and that self-reliant, overbearing, and idle arrogance, which is the great bane of society. Society cannot last without rule and system: however small our houses, how would they go on if the cook prepared dinner only at his pleasure, or if every individual had his own fancies about the hours for meals, sleep, &c.?

"Let all men be true Christians, and they will then be really excellent citizens and subjects. But when only one or at most a few act according to the Christian dispensation, they suffer and are set aside;

whilst those who have no such moderation rule and triumph.

"There would be much to say, and I should not soon end, if I were to discuss such triumphs and sufferings, and reduce them to their true proportions. How trifling they are for those who are indifferent to the things of this world, looking upon them as baubles, and for those who find in repose a compensation for the honours that have been denied them!

"How vain is the exultation and enjoyment of the ambitious man, always longing for something he does not possess; always fearing to lose what he has acquired; an object of envy and criticism, enslaved to perpetual labour and worry. A true Christian statesman, who does his duty for the love of God, deserves to be put on the altars as much as a cenobite of the Thebais.

"Let us therefore draw the portrait of the true Christian, who dedicates his best knowledge and ability to the service of his country, without pretending to any extraordinary recompense, for which he cares but little, provided he can look forward to the eternal one; who quietly resigns himself, if he does not even receive the ordinary guerdon, although he does not proudly despise it; but because his faith teaches him that privations and tribulations

increase the eternal reward and make it more certain; who, fully persuaded of the duty which binds him to his sovereign, accustomed to contemplate perfection in general, and more especially urged on by his conscience not to neglect his own obligations, continually strives to attain that end by activity and earnestness, sparing neither labour nor study; reproaching himself for ignorance more than a worldly honest man does for injustice; who, in a word, discharges his public functions, not only as well as an ambitious man, but far better; because he will make every effort in order thoroughly to fulfil them, like those who seek for advancement: and when the time for the recompense arrives keeps modestly aloof, and does not burthen the state more than he who has done little or nothing for its service.

"Now put in the other scale a busybody, who shows-off his own merits through a microscope, never content, however much he receives; and who mismanages many things, because he always insists on meddling. Or a systematic idler, for instance, like our *Italiomanes*, who are devoted to their mother-country, but will not serve her until her unity is secured. It is true that this cannot take place without innumerable revolutions and calamities, and with great uncertainty of success; but what matter? In

the mean time they stand with their hands in their pockets to such a degree, that society would almost cease to exist if everyone did the same. Instead they use their tongues; and when they have extracted from some book, or their own resources, a series of bitter and well-known maxims, absurd or exaggerated in their application, or sallies against the pilot and the sailors; after thus doing their best to disturb the manœuvres of the crew, even when the sea runs high, the wind is changeable, and rocks and pirates are at hand, they throw the public money away in orgies or other useless or dangerous prodigalities, and go on persuaded of their own excellence, and that the world could not be in better hands than those of such wise rulers.

"Which of these is most useful to society and his country? I here repeat my protest: I am not Epaminondas, as I told you; neither am I that perfect Christian I have delineated above. But if, in sketching some of his qualities, I was but reflecting my own aspirations, I thank God, who is thus insuring my future tranquillity, at least in this respect, as also for a more advanced period of life, if he please to lengthen my days.

"Meanwhile I think I have shown you that neither the king nor the country is ungrateful, and that even if they were so, I ought not to cease to serve

them with all the capacity left to me, if I wish to imitate the great masters of true patriotism; and lastly, that I should badly respond to the mercy God showed me by drawing me into his way when I was only twenty-three, if at fifty-five I were to let myself be influenced by any guide but duty in my conduct to the sovereign. Would I were as obedient to His holy, just, and beneficent law in all other matters! You must have thought this dissertation interminable. Had it been a book, I would have tried to make it shorter and better ordered. But you have heard of the man who said, 'I write in haste, and therefore have not time to be concise.' At your leisure hours you may arrange it in your mind. Farewell."

The principles expressed in this letter may be accepted or rejected; but I ask every honest and impartial man if, in reading it, he has not formed a high opinion of the character and loyalty of the writer.

I think I may say, without failing in the respect I profess for his memory, that I cannot share all the above opinions; but I do not fear to affirm that these few pages, which I have read over and over again with real veneration, contain the highest precepts that can be desired by a statesman, whatever his views. The entire edifice of the life of a citizen appears founded on the great basis of moral responsi-

bility, the origin of the principle of duty, sacrifice, disinterestedness, tolerance, and perseverance in the accomplishment of good, even when repaid by ingratitude, &c.; and these will always be the true and only foundations of human society, whatever the shapes in which they may be applied.

The materialist alone will see no inducement to accept them; and he will be right. It would be absurd for a materialist not to think first of himself.

In spite of the length of the above quotation, I must still beg the reader to allow me to add another. If he is a man of feeling, he will understand, from what I have already said about my father, that I must not and cannot leave the sketch of so noble a figure incomplete. The following extract from another of his letters shows whether he belonged to that sect of blind reactionists who would fain have thrown back the world to the absolutism of the papacy and the empire—a party which has been the real artificer and origin of all our misfortunes.

He was writing to my brother Roberto, and after a short preamble, continued thus:

"The announcement that there is a tendency to constitutionalise all Europe, and even Italy, may be very true; its realisation is even probable; time will show; and if this be so, the doubt will then be dissipated (when we are all dead), whether the result

will be more or less good for those who are then living. This has nothing to do with what I wrote before. If Piedmont became a constitutional country, how could it come to pass? By a rebellion? I know not through what phases we should pass. I only know what my attitude would be. I would certainly oppose the rebels with all the wisdom, influence, and vigour at my command; and probably I should not witness the last events which would accomplish such a change against the will of the king. If, however, the new system were introduced by the royal will, won over either by persuasion or the fear of greater evils, I should bow my head to the regal mandate; and the new system, once established, should receive my firm support. Obedience to the ruler, with a few restrictions, is a duty: it would be almost without restrictions, if the king had himself spontaneously granted another form of monarchy, call it constitutional or mixed, as you please."

And here, after a few sentences unnecessary for the comprehension of the whole, he continues:

"Long before you had written to me on this subject, I had devoted myself to special studies concerning the administration in general, that if this transformation took place I might not find myself wholly ignorant in such matters. If this came about

by peaceful means, I think it probable I might sit in one or other of the two Chambers; and the interests of the state are not to be discussed by blows struck at hazard, like the quarrels of blind men" (listen, senators and deputies of the kingdom of Italy!), "or like doctors, who, generally speaking, proceed by giving a chance hit, which may strike the disease, and then the patient recovers; but if it strikes him, *terra tegit.*"

This shows whether, had he lived at the time of the political changes, and taken part in public affairs, he would have sat among those faithful worthies who proclaim their allegiance to absolute monarchs and the Pope; provided, however, that Pope and monarchs are obedient to them.

CHAPTER X.

Early in the autumn I leave Turin, and spend October at Tivoli —I do not find the Romans at all improved by the Jubilee— Nothing worthy of note occurs in the winter of 1826—In the spring I go to La Riccia—The inn of Sor Martorelli—Painting from nature—At La Riccia I groom my own horse—A peasant story—Towards summer I feel unwell, and am advised to go to Naples—Hasty journey—I energetically struggle against my indisposition—Passage from Naples to Sorrento with the Catalonian painter Romegas—Sorrento and its neighbourhood—Having returned to Naples at the end of summer, I frequent a gambling-house—A short moral treatise on gambling—I bid an eternal *vale* to cards, and write verses—Sketch of a little poem on the ruins of Pompeii—My present ideas on verses and versifiers—I return to Rome at the end of the year 1826.

TOWARDS October I left my parents and returned to Rome. I shall never forget the proofs of intense affection given me by them both at the time of our separation. My mother accompanied me downstairs, and I can still see her last look at me after the lapse of forty years. My father went with me to the mail-coach, taking on himself the trouble of procuring the little comforts which I might require on the journey, and seeing that I did not want for anything, with a solicitude and an almost feminine

tenderness which went straight to my heart, knowing, as I did, his severe and resolute nature.

And to think that I yet went away with pleasure! —that I was longing (I am ashamed to confess it) to find myself in the carriage, and all on account of my accursed love! Fortunately my father and mother could not read my heart, and God, who did so, has mercy upon madmen; but, as He is equally just, I was paid at last in the coin I deserved, as will be seen hereafter.

I arrived at Rome with a rather well-filled purse, thanks to the goodness of my family; and in order not to lose the favourable moment, I at once bought a horse. This was always the first and constant symptom of my financial prosperity; when, on the contrary, an adverse breeze began to blow, a wind which towards Christmas time was sure to prevail, the first sign of the change of weather was the disappearance of the noble animal. This alternation has been my inseparable companion throughout life. When I left office, and finally when I resigned the governorship of Milan, I was left on foot, and this will henceforth be my fate. It is a boast of mine, in all questions of expense, to cut my coat according to my cloth, and I take a pride in so doing.

I spent the autumn at Tivoli, where the society frequented by me had congregated. A description of

my occupations during the time I was there would not be very interesting, and I therefore omit it. Neither does the history of the following winter deserve particular mention. I worked and studied as much as those foolish fetters with which I had voluntarily bound my hands allowed me; but I gained very little in the way of instruction, and less still in a moral point of view. My disease was running its course.

I did not perceive that the Jubilee had sensibly amended the morals of the Romans. My friends and contemporaries, whose rank or official position had obliged them to go through all the tribulations imposed by the circumstances, still saturated with sermons, processions, and spiritual exercises, none of which were spontaneous, raged more than ever against the priests and their system. Imagine, then, what benefit had accrued in a true religious and moral sense!

When spring came, I went as usual into the country to paint from nature, and selected for my summer residence La Riccia, the first stage of Horace and Heliodorus on their journey to Brindisi.

However little the modern inns of the small towns of Latium and Campania may shine in point of cleanliness and comfort, that of Signor Martorelli, situated on the Piazza of La Riccia, was nevertheless

superior to the others mentioned by the Cæsarian poet of the imperial court.

I have always thought the contrast between the excessive luxury of the ancient Romans and the wretchedness of their means of transport and their roadside inns very singular. It would, in my opinion, be an interesting subject to investigate, which of the many civilisations that are on record most excelled in the art of making all branches of progress advance at an equal rate.

I do not mean to undertake this study; I merely observe, by the way, that our guns and monitors certainly give an exalted idea of our civilisation as to *files* and *hammers*, but in the matter of *justice* and *well-being*, it would seem we have rather less to boast of. But let us return to Sor Martorelli.

For me he had replaced Sor Checco Tozzi. But what a difference! Sor Checco had something artistic and dramatic in him; his whole life was a poem, an epitome of the history of mankind—virtues, vices, passions, tragedies and comedies. Had he been the contemporary of Shakespeare, God knows what other subjects would have been treated by that great artificer of emotions, fears, laughters, terrors, joys, sadness, and merriment! Sor Martorelli was only an innkeeper.

His wife sat at the bar to give the customers

their change. They had a daughter of fifteen, rather ugly and ill-mannered, who led them both by the nose, and ruled them with a rod of iron. It is true, however, that she one day told me I was as long and thin as a post; and it may be that this unflattering opinion now makes me unjust in my judgment of her charms.

In the year of grace 1826 the hostelry of the Martorellis was full from garret to cellar, and might appropriately have been called "The Inn of the Four Nations," if they had not been far more numerous.

A long table received us all at meals, and I there met several young men who were then beginning their artistic career. They were chiefly Frenchmen, and some of them extremely agreeable. In the morning we all went out with our brushes in search of studies; at dinner-time each of us left his sketches in a common room, which thus became a permanent exhibition. An excellent plan for rousing emulation.

(If modesty did not arrest me in my flight, I should say that mine were considered the best. Fortunately it stopped me in time.)

That period was one of great profit to me, and I had never drawn so much from nature. A German painter used to say that there are four stages: 1st, drawing slowly and badly; 2d, slowly and well;

3d, quickly and badly; 4th, quickly and well. I think I might consider myself as having reached this last stage; at least, in so far as my capacity allowed.

Some of my fellow-workmen have become celebrated, or at least I have seen their names mentioned with great praise in articles on French exhibitions. I have, however, some doubt about their transformation into distinguished artists. Then, they did not even possess the first principles. But I have always observed that if one relied on the artistic literary criticism of the French press and its judgments, one would be liable to strange illusions. Those who blindly accept its verdicts run the risk of forming an idea of French art, which they afterwards have to modify greatly when they can test its qualities with their own eyes. This happened to me when in 1836 I went to the *Salon* for the first time. I certainly saw some good things, but nothing like what I had read of. The skill of the French in producing *etiquettes et réclames* has never been surpassed.

My life at La Riccia was even more fatiguing than at Marino. There I had a modest donkey—a personage acquainted with the difficult art of making a decent figure in the world on very small means. Who ever currycombs an ass? One generally gives him a rough rub-down every now and then; and

yet a donkey very seldom shows himself otherwise than tolerably clean and smooth. But try to leave a horse only three days without grooming! His coat becomes rough and dirty—quite a scarecrow! At La Riccia I was the owner of a horse; and, as I have always been very fond of neatness, I used to spend nearly an hour every day in currycombing, sponging, and brushing my steed, cleaning the stable, &c. My day, therefore, began by painting for several hours in the country in spite of heat, flies, and gnats; then followed all the aforesaid operations; so you may understand that towards night I was dead tired. And as if this had not been enough, there came a plague of a municipal official, who threatened to prosecute me because I daily deposited the litter in a corner outside the stable, and had it removed every now and then. I was obliged to bow to the mandates of authority, and consequently to undergo this additional tribulation every morning. To such extremities were reduced the hands of a future cabinet minister, president of the council, governor of Milan, &c.!

The company at La Riccia was, I must say, more refined than that of Marino. At least, I found people with whom I could exchange ideas and discourse on general topics. We had a discordant spinet, or bad pianoforte, and in the evenings it served to ac-

company romances, songs, snatches of operas, &c. I must here introduce the story of a poor peasant, which even now makes my heart ache when I think of him.

One day in the country I met a peasant driving a donkey before him, and reading a book attentively as he followed after. I stopped him, and said, "What! can you read? And what are you reading?"

He showed me the book, which was an old greasy French grammar. This peasant may have been two or three-and-twenty. Although with bronzed features, vulgar appearance, and rough speech, he cast an intelligent and melancholy glance at me, quite different from the wild-beast expression which in the Roman Campagna is habitual to men of his build. He told me how he had learnt to read entirely unaided; how he had then undertaken his own education, and was now learning French. He said he was fond of music, but that he had never found the means of learning it. Still, he had constructed a sort of fiddle for himself, from which he drew heaven knows what kind of barbarous sounds. He had been able, however, to acquire some idea of a key-board, and I invited him to come and see me, and did my best to help him.

It is incredible how grateful the poor fellow was. I lent him books, and allowed him to practise

on the spinet; and as he had a brutal father, who had not a notion beyond the spade and labour, he escaped in the evening, after the toil of the day, to come for his lesson. Very often I found him fast asleep from exhaustion on the spinet.

One day he appeared in utter despair, and told me that his father, thinking that arts and literature took him away from the spade, had ill-treated him, and with one blow of an axe had broken to pieces the fruit of all his labours and endeavours, his only consolation, that abortion of a fiddle! Poor lad, he inspired me with such pity! I do not know what I would have given to lay my hand at that moment upon one of the many gilded youths with grand expectations, surrounded by teachers, good examples, and every facility for instruction and education, all thrown away! They are born asses, and asses they will live and die.

I would have placed my poor peasant in his house, and sent him to plough! I was very soon obliged to abandon my new friend, and in the end I fear that I did him more harm than good. For one moment I had dazzled him with a flash of light, which must have made far more bitter the darkness to which he was inevitably doomed.

Not that I entertain any illusions as to the hopes one may reasonably conceive in such cases. A

Giotto is not found every day in a shepherd. But say: is it not a very sad spectacle to witness the impotent efforts of an obscure and humble peasant towards that moral emancipation, whose existence he can dimly perceive, for which he yearns, and from which he is blindly repulsed by brutal force?

At the beginning of the summer, either fatigue, moral anxieties, or the unhealthy air of a locality overhanging the Roman Campagna, considerably impaired my health. The truth is, the climate of Rome always acted on me like a slow disease. As, however, I am still alive, it is evident that my constitution was not essentially injured by it; but one may feel very ill without being really so; and that was exactly my case.

I do not boast, but to work with brain, brush, and currycomb, whilst one feels internal exhaustion, suffocations, and palpitations, which make one's heart leap into one's mouth, requires a certain amount of resolution. I suffered so much, that my friends advised me to consult a doctor, and take care of myself. At Rome, when one has any illness which does not necessitate going to bed with a high fever, but nevertheless persists without any special symptoms, the panacea invariably is — try the air of Naples.

I never at any time had much fear of death, but

a great horror of being neither dead nor alive; so I at once decided to obey, and go to Naples.

I do not remember whether the Pactolus was a river or a torrent. I know well, however, that in my case it had all the characteristics of a torrent, and that the one which fed my purse was at that moment extremely dry. The horse disappeared; this was a matter of course (he was a mottled gray, —what a pity!). But this did not nearly suffice. Money was wanted to face a journey to Naples. Unwilling to apply for help, I set all my ingenuity to work, and (I forget how—probably by selling something) I scraped together the sum absolutely necessary. Besides, I had recourse to the great measure of all those who, with scanty means, cannot increase their receipts — I curtailed my expenses. This is a hint for the finance minister of the kingdom of Italy who shall be in office when these *Recollections* are published.

There was then a famous vetturino, who performed the journey to Naples with marvellous rapidity. He rested only one night on the road, and never changed horses. A rival entered into competition with him, and actually succeeded in going the whole distance with the same horses, and no night's rest. It seems a joke—about 180 miles; but it was a fact. Of course he stopped for a couple

of hours, after every six or seven, and then went on again. The horses, mind you, were fed on the best corn that could be procured, and they reached Naples alive. I travelled with them myself.

I found one of these coaches about to start, and secured a seat on the box, where I sat beside a young German student or professor, of the name of Westphall, if I recollect right, or something like it.

We were both short of money—a condition which always fosters a friendly feeling; and in fact before we reached Tor di Mezza via, we were already like two brothers.

On our arrival at Naples we went straight to my old friend Signor Giacomo Rotondo, in the vico d'Afflitto, at the sign of the Little Anchor. Sor Giacomo, a gouty old man, full of hearty sympathy for youth, always had his house swarming with a needy crowd, and consequently with artists, whose providence he was. He made me heartily welcome, and my companion and I established ourselves in the coolest part of the house. The heat was, nevertheless, insufferable. A doctor, whom I at once consulted, told me that I required a long and careful treatment, but that it was impracticable during the dog-days. He bade me visit him again at the end of the summer. A thousand thanks! This implied at least a two-months stay at Naples, with its atten-

dant expenses. "Well," said I, "let me employ them in work;" and gasping and scarcely able to breathe, I again began my studies from nature.

In the house were several artists, with whom I associated. One, who died at Pæstum shortly after of malignant fever, was the brother of Père Enfantin; there was also one Joinville, the two Storellis, father and son, Piedmontese; a certain Romegas, a Catalonian, painter of marine views, a good fellow, with whom I agreed to go out and sketch in company. How glorious are the privileges of youth! it at once adapts itself to everything and everybody, and always seems to be in its own element.

I thus spent my time drawing on the shore of Mergellina, and among the inlets, made so picturesque by the deep indentations of soft sandstone, the grottoes and ancient quarries, from which Naples has emerged. My indisposition, however, did not diminish; but if anything it seemed rather to be on the increase. One day I remember I went alone to some distance from Naples; after having worked the whole morning, I dined at a sailors' tavern, where I found nothing but some small black maccaroni, as hard as wire. After this meal I took the road to Naples, with my traps on my back. I had not walked half-a-mile, when, what with the heat and that indigestible food, I felt as if my heart was going

to break through my ribs, and for a moment I thought it was all over with me. I felt convinced I had some organic malady. But I was seized by a downright fit of fury, thinking that I was only twenty-eight, and yet unable to walk a few miles with a weight of thirty pounds on my shoulders. Saying to myself, "I had rather die than this!" away I went in a passion at a furious pace, and in my rage I succeeded in arriving at Naples without having burst a blood-vessel, nay feeling, on the contrary, rather better. The whole secret was, that the violent exercise had overcome the ill effects of that confounded maccaroni.

It often happens that imaginative, nervous, and impressionable young men fancy they have a disease of the heart, or some other organic complaint, on account of symptoms which may assume its character, but which in reality are only nervous phenomena. If you asked me what a *nervous* derangement is, I would bid you inquire of your doctor, and if he did not know, he must find out. I have known several of my contemporaries whom these fears prevented from having a moment's peace, or being able to do any good for years. I, for instance, after having believed myself to be consumptive, took it into my head that I had an organic complaint, and I used to watch myself incessantly, feeling my pulse

every minute. This perpetual anxiety at last became such a nuisance even to myself, that one day I said, "Either I have an aneurism, or not. If I have one, not even the Pope can cure me; if not, I am leading a wretched life for nothing."

This overwhelming logic convinced me. I began by no longer feeling my pulse; and then I took to fencing, and trained myself to every kind of feat on a bare-backed horse at an equestrian circus. In a word, I dedicated myself to the most violent gymnastics, and never stopped to consider or pay attention to the complaints I fancied I detected in my constitution. The end was, that all the symptoms vanished by degrees; my uncomfortable feelings more or less passed away, or, at least, I took no further heed; and here I am, not far from seventy, with my heart still going at its wonted jog-trot, without giving me any serious ground of complaint.

Therefore I warn young men who may perchance be labouring under the same conditions, that, even in matter of health, it is a good practice to adopt a resolution at once and adhere to it firmly, as one may thus be saved from serious consequences. What, in fact, can be more terrible than being reduced to a nonentity by fears, doubts, and perpetual consultations? Health may not be the first of blessings, I grant; but it is one without which almost all the

others are nugatory. So that every young man ought to take care of his body,—let him strengthen and train it to dexterity, if he wishes to be something in the world; just as he who is going to the wars takes care to have a good horse. Not to speak of life, a good horse may often save your honour; and a sound and vigorous body may furnish you with the means of becoming a great benefactor of mankind and of your native country.

Unfortunately I speak from experience, it having always been my fate to work like poor beasts of burden who have to carry heavy loads on sore backs. Therefore listen to me who have tried.

Meanwhile the hot weather continued, and Romegas and I resolved to go to Sorrento, where we were sure to find relative coolness. We started in one of those large open boats which ply between the towns on the shores of the gulf, with a lateen sail as high as a steeple, and a jib on a sort of bowsprit.

We were about eighty or a hundred people, with baskets, sacks, chickens, and creatures of every genus and generation.

On going a-board, one was accosted by the traditional *guaglione*, or boy of the boat, carrying an alms-box adorned with the still more traditional and heart-rending image of a number of figures stark naked, and apparently very uncomfortable at find-

ing themselves surrounded by a quantity of slices of ham, or, to speak more plainly, representing souls in purgatory in the midst of the flames. The boy shook the box, saying to every passenger, "*O' Priatorio*" (the purgatory); and the majority paid their tribute. I asked for an explanation of this custom, and was informed that our offering would insure us the assistance of the aforesaid souls, and, at the worst, a little cooling to refresh our own, in case. . . . You know those who embark can never tell how they will land. And so we started, Romegas and I, sitting near the skipper, as representing the oligarchical element on board.

It was one of those storms which are only seen at Naples: an overcast sky, a sweeping gale, and an angry swollen sea as black as ink. But, blow high, blow low, the boats of the gulf are bound to race. Could it be expected that skipper Aniello would consent to arrive after skipper Gennaro? So the moment the shore was cleared, "In oars, up mainsail!" away we went on our broadside, baskets, chickens, and packages all of a heap, the women screaming, everyone clinging to the weather gunwale to prevent capsising. The boat, righting herself a little, flew like an arrow. I, for special reasons of my own, never lost sight of the skipper. He was an old tar, with a weather-beaten and wrinkled face, baked by

sun and wind. I watched him—his hands grasping the tiller—as, with knitted eyebrows, he observed the fury of the squalls, ready to cry, "Ease the sheet!" whilst the sailor who held the rope, attentively listening for the command, let fly at the right moment—and our craft, which every now and then shipped a sea to leeward, rose once more and bounded on with unabated speed. At every lurch the women shrieked and prayed in chorus, and I greatly repented having only placed a miserable copper in the famous purgatorial alms-box!

Were I obliged to choose, I think I should take the same resolution as the Duke of Clarence, rather than that, for instance, of the father of Theseus, who preferred salt-water to a cask of Malmsey. It was not, therefore, without a certain sense of relief that, after three hours, I saw the sail belly up, the boat steer easier and assume a pace which, had she been a horse, I might term a gentle canter. After a cruise of some twenty miles, we were in a perfect calm. The seamen furled the mainsail and took to their oars. We thus reached the coast of Sorrento, where the boat at last stopped, deeply furrowing the wet sand of the shore.

I must apologise for having spent so many words in describing so trifling an incident as a passage from Naples to Sorrento in a fresh breeze; but it

must not be forgotten that I have ever been somewhat of an artist; that I love nature—the trees, the skies, and the waves; that I love these things like good comrades with whom one has travelled for many weary miles without their having given you any trouble, but, on the contrary, often done you a good turn and procured you many happy hours. If pictures of true scenes, which have been lying dormant in my mind for forty or fifty years, suddenly awaken to life, I cannot resist the temptation of repainting them in fresh colours, and seeing them again as they formerly were. It may be a weakness, but I cannot forego it.

The town of Sorrento stands at a height of about two hundred feet above the sea, and crowns a ridge of picturesque perpendicular cliffs. Sorrento the harbour is a small fishing-village on the shore. There is a small and a large jetty, and it was alongside the latter that we had cast anchor. This must suffice by way of description. I do not want to ruin the trade of travellers' guides. During my stay there I made a number of sketches. I drew also at Capri, a rock emerging from the water as bare and desolate as a circle of Dante's Inferno. Yet, what with the sky, the sun, the view, the sea, the half-naked inhabitants, the memories, the ruins, one ends by finding poetical beauty in it, even when one remembers the second

great shame of the imperial period, Tiberius. The first and the greatest of turpitudes was the Roman senate, that cringed to him.

When the heat became less oppressive even at Naples, we returned thither. But I changed my abode, and went to live at an inn where two Roman families of my acquaintance had taken up their quarters.

One of them used to keep a gaming-table,—perfectly fair and honourable; but *monte* is always a game of hazard, and it cannot be denied that it throws a little slur over the character of those who make it their principal occupation. Fortunately I have never had any inclination to gamble; but as the Roman adage goes, "For the sake of company, a friar took a wife;" for the same reason I was gradually induced to play; yet having also the still greater good fortune of being unlucky at cards, I began simultaneously to observe that my purse sank to a lower ebb every day. In similar cases a wish to see it replenished is but natural, and the means generally resorted to nearly always produces a totally contrary phenomenon. I risked higher stakes to recoup myself; but this only involved me even more. "A first loss is not so great a one as the money thrown away in pursuit of it." This is a true proverb.

The best society in Naples used to assemble at this house. They danced to the pianoforte in one of the saloons, and I was generally employed as orchestra. In an adjoining room the ducats danced without music on a round table, and were often eclipsed in a way little explicable, and still less satisfactory to their owners. It very often happened to me to sit at the table with twenty or thirty people, who were all playing, and to put down my stake. If chance proved favourable, it seemed to me very uncivil to throw myself on the money; but I soon perceived that this civility was not much appreciated by those gentlemen. The last to hold out my hand, I found that the harvest had already been reaped, without even knowing whom I had to thank. At the time of Louis XIV., according to the descriptions of the Chevalier de Grammont, such was exactly the style in fashion. It is rather curious to remark, that a gentleman did not derogate by cheating at cards. Yet they always had the word 'honour' in their mouths. Happily, ideas have changed. If in Paris, as in Naples, swindlers may perhaps still be found, let us at least hope that they are called robbers, and not gentlemen.

Meanwhile, as I always found that my winnings were less than my losses, and that my resources decreased, I began to be anxious, and thought of it

all day. Each night I found it more difficult to sleep, and in the morning I awoke earlier, engrossed, almost without being aware of it, and engaged in mental arithmetic. Such an evening I won so much; another so much loss; then on another quits. Then I lost again; then I won; then calculations, totals, speculations on future chances, and the amount of the hotel bill, &c. In short, I was always agitated, worried, and vexed. "I am a great fool!" I finally said one night in bed, after having tossed for two hours vainly trying to get to sleep; "play does not amuse me; nay it is an annoyance; my head is always running on loss and gain; I am bored by the rueful faces of the gamblers; even if I were to win a great deal, it would pain me to see the agitated countenances of those who had lost. And should I like, on the other hand, to remain penniless? And for the sake of this delightful entertainment, am I to pass my nights at a gaming-table? Courage, then, at once! an immediate resolution and a radical measure — no more gambling!" — I have never touched a card since.

It is true that this was not a great sacrifice, nor can I plume myself on it. A conversion is always praiseworthy, but it does not suffice to wipe off all liabilities. I had certainly always paid my losses on the spot, without ever keeping anybody waiting a

minute; but I had contracted some small debts of another nature, which my exchequer could not satisfy.

On this single occasion I had recourse to the goodness of my father, who kindly assisted me in my need; and I was thus able to settle my affairs honourably, without any further trouble.

Moralising on the vice of gambling is so out of fashion, that I do not mean to enlarge upon it, especially as it would be breath, or rather ink, thrown away. But I may at least be allowed to observe, that in no case is the sin and the penance more equally balanced than in this. He who has this unfortunate passion may answer, "My penance would be greater, were I not to gamble." At first, I grant, it may be true; but try to weigh in the scale the pleasures and the pains you may have felt during a period of ten years; the losses of money, time, health, and reputation it may have cost you; and if you are sincere, you will say whether this habit is really worth its price. I acknowledge that among numbers one may be found who, at the end of ten years, has won considerable sums; who remained unmoved at the sight of the victims reduced to despair by his success; who may think that he could not have better employed his time; his health may be perfect; and if his only title to public estimation be the rather equivocal one of a *fortunate gambler*, he

may consider it as good as another. I know all this. One may meet types of the kind, but they are as rare as white flies. Besides, tell me, would you like to be one of these white flies yourself? I am no sentimentalist; I do not boast of a humanitarian fever; and I know nothing more odious than a simulated philanthropy: but let us be just—common feelings of honesty are enough to produce certain reflections. Every act in the life of the rich awakens one in my breast which haunts me like a ghost; and as we are on the subject of gambling, it is fearful to see heaps of gold and silver roll about those confounded green cloths, changing hands according to the caprice of Fortune, and the people who watch this abomination with sad faces, knitted brows, in ominous silence,—not a smile, nor a happy look, nor the expression of an elevated idea or a good sentiment among them all; and to think how many people only a few steps off—perhaps in that very same house—are weeping, and longing in vain for the help, the assistance, the smallest of those coins would afford them! One ought to remember this; and it will be a wholesome and pregnant thought for those who are not logs of wood, whether they gamble or not.

True socialism—the holy agrarian law—is that of the Gospel: *quod superest date pauperibus.* If it be neglected, the savage cry—*à bas les riches, et la*

propriété c'est le vol—may again be heard. The rich had therefore better squander a little less, and give away more; then no one will plunder them.

I fear I have again played the preacher overmuch,* and I too have ended by recommending almsgiving.* But I have done, and shall not begin again for some time.

Meanwhile the *rinfrescata* had at last set in, and I went back to the doctor. I shall not name him, as he well deserves; for he was either a great ass or a knave. He subjected me to a long and expensive treatment, making me swallow all kinds of medicines, which did me harm rather than good; and the consequence was, that after three months I returned to Rome worse than ever. The medical men I consulted afterwards told me that I had never had the slightest need of that treatment.

While I underwent it, being unable to go out to sketch from nature, I studied at home, and once more went through a course of anatomy; I also felt in myself an effervescence of ideas imperfectly conceived in former days, but never abandoned, although they had lain dormant beneath my artistic pursuits.

* In every Catholic church the preacher winds-up by urging the devout to give alms, which are collected in a purse carried round for the purpose.

I felt a violent desire to write, but what?—prose, verses, history, novels, poems?—I myself did not know.

Then I had not yet perceived that, with the exception of Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, Manzoni, and a few more who did well to write verses (and even they were not always exempt from reproach), all the others acted wisely in eschewing them, for, according to me, there ought to be no second-rate poets. Whatever is not sublime is intolerable. Some people may think otherwise, but this is my opinion. So I too began by writing verses, and this internal labour produced certain stanzas bewailing the miseries of mankind. If not new, the subject was a wide one. Many years later I showed these lines to Tommaso Grossi,* who, after reading them with the liveliest interest, said to me, in Milanese, "*Hin propri minga bej!*" (Verily they are not pretty!). If I had then still required to be cured of any poetical leaning, this equally pithy and clear decision of one of the most distinguished Italian wits, who was also one of my dearest friends, would have been a real panacea. But I had no

* The elegant author of *Ildegonda* (perhaps the best modern Italian poetical tale), the *Fuggitiva*, *Marco Visconti*, &c. He was born at Bellano on the Lake of Como in 1791, and died in 1853.

longer any need of an antidote when we met at Milan two or three years after.

In my opinion, however, a good half of the Italian Boot does still sadly require it. It is most wonderful to think that the first intellectual effort of the youths of southern Italy should consist in a more or less considerable number of such so-called verses, which, in this hammer-and-file civilisation of ours cut a curious figure indeed. This, too, is a fruit of the worthless governments which held those unhappy populations in shock. Give them roads, schools, and legal freedom, and it will all soon disappear, the bad rhymes included.

After the above verses, I bethought me of writing a short romantico-archæological poem—the scene laid at Pompeii, and its destruction as a *finale*. One dark night the exterminating angel evoked the demon of Vesuvius, and pointed out to him the city doomed to destruction. I now forget for what reason, but it was most likely the corrupt century as usual. The lurid spectre rose red-hot from the crater at the voice of the angel, showing himself from his waist upwards like Farinata,* and while with one hand he

* "Vedi là Farinata che s' è dritto:
Dalla cintura in sù tutto il vedrai.
I' aveo già il mio viso nel suo fitto;
Ed ei s' ergea col petto e colla fronte,
Come avesse lo inferno in gran dispitto."

stirred the lava of the volcano with a pronged sceptre, with the other he scattered cinders over the condemned city. This was the introduction.

The interest of my fiction turned upon filial love. A classiarius* was desirous of redeeming his mother from slavery. A sum sufficient for the ransom had been promised to whoever should vanquish a certain

> "Lo, Farinata there, who hath himself
> Uplifted: from his girdle upwards all
> Exposed, behold him. On his face was mine
> Already fixed; his breast and forehead there.
> Erecting, seem'd as in high scorn he held
> E'en hell." Dante, *Inferno*, canto x.

Such is the image taken from this canto, in which the punishment of heretics is described. Farinata degli Uberti was the most valiant and renowned chief of the Ghibellines in Florence, and led them at the famous battle of Monte Aperti in 1260 against his own native city, defended by the Guelfs, who were completely routed and driven out. Boccaccio's *Comento* says: "He was of the opinion of Epicurus, that the soul dies with the body; . . . and for this sin he is damned as a heretic in this place."

* The *classiarii* or *classici* of the Romans seem to have answered to "marines" in modern navies. We learn from Tacitus that they were organised in cohorts and legions, as the latter are in battalions and regiments. The only difference was, as Polybius tells us, that they were recruited among persons whose position did not entitle them to enlist in the regular legions. This circumstance, and the vicinity of Misenum, one of the chief stations where these bodies were quartered, probably inspired the author with the idea of introducing a humble *classiarius* and his slave-mother into his highly sensational Pompeian fiction, as models of virtues worthy of a better rank.

famous gladiator in the circus. The son deserts from his cohort, disguises himself, defeats the dreaded adversary, receives the prize, and frees his mother; but he is discovered, and his centurion throws him into irons, there to await his trial. The mother is at his side, comforting and embracing him, holding out the hope of a speedy release after a punishment of short duration. Meantime night comes on; a distant rumbling is heard, which increases, and becomes mixed with howls and yells; the earth trembles underfoot, the walls are shaken, a lurid red light illuminates the heavens, thunderbolts succeed one another without intermission, and down falls the whole *bataclan*, destroying, crushing, burying the city. The poor mother, beseeched, urged to fly by her son, strives to break his bonds, but he is chained to huge beams; every hope is lost, &c. As you may easily conceive, such a subject afforded a grand opportunity for the blowing of trumpets and beating of drums.

I wrote to my father about my literary plan, and he advised me to carry it out. But posterity will in vain await such touching pages. The poem never went beyond the argument. Meanwhile my ailments did not diminish, and a still worse malady had been added to them, home-sickness—Rome for me was home at that time—with all its wonted bitter-

ness, which certainly did not assist the prescriptions of my physician.

Until then I had been able somehow or other to live far from her; now I had no longer the power to do so. I was assailed by sinister and mysterious forebodings. I forget how or why, but a thousand doubts had risen in my soul; I thought the tenor of her letters had gradually altered; I worried myself, I cursed my fate and the moment I had been ensnared; yet I remained the same; and my life, my whole being, seemed to hang from that thread which perhaps I should myself never have had the strength to break; but there was one who undertook to rend it asunder for me.

CHAPTER IX.

A simulated jealousy—I am fool enough to leave Rome to please my signora—After my return to Turin I discover her secret —I definitively renounce my abode in Rome.—Dulness of Turinese life in those days—Charles Felix and his *grissini*— I accompany my friend Count Benevello to the hermitage of San Michele—I conceive the grand idea of illustrating that famous abbey—The chronicles, and the dignity of history— A few anecdotes gleaned from the chronicle of the abbey of San Michele—My illustration meets with approval; and I am encouraged by this public favour—I go back to Rome to remove my goods and chattels, and narrowly escape once more falling into the snare—I witness the enthronisation of Pius VIII.; reflections—The Piedmontese painter Barne and his patrons—On my return to Turin I make an excursion into the valley of Lanzo—A splendid earthquake—I return home and set to work with great ardour at a picture of the Challenge of Barletta—Whilst so engaged, I bethink me of writing a novel on the subject—I show my first chapters to Cesare Balbo, who greatly encourages me—Cesare Balbo—I also read part of my work to my father; but only fragments, as he was already very ill—He suffers and believes—Reflections—Death of my father.

At mid-winter I returned to Rome. Everything appeared to be in its normal state, and I resumed my stupid life with incredible satisfaction. As I have already said several times, it is not my intention to write love-adventures. But as, thank

God, we have reached the last chapter of my long and tiresome romance, and as the catastrophe altered the course of my life, I am obliged to say a few words about it. The blow fell upon me in a shape so little natural or plausible, that at first I could not make it comprehensible to my own mind. Things that happened afterwards afforded an explanation, which I shall lay before the reader, and see what effect it produces on him. The fact is, that one fine day, without knowing why or wherefore, hostilities began with a scene of furious jealousy, and poor I, who for six years had never, I do not say wished, but, for my misfortune, been utterly unable to retain any other image than hers in my heart; I, who scarcely realised the existence even of another woman in the world, found myself suddenly accused and convicted of having eclipsed Don Juan himself by my conduct. This fury degenerated into a sort of hysteric frenzy. It may be believed that—in such cases few men would scruple to swear falsely—I exhausted every possible formula of oath, when all I swore was truth. I do not attempt to describe the scenes, the fits, &c., but leave them to the reader's imagination.

At first the thing was so incredible, that I considered it temporary, and did not trouble myself much about it; but by degrees, in despair of per-

suading her, and seeing the shape the matter was assuming, I took it seriously to heart, and went through a time of suffering, which I pray that Heaven may never send again to the lot of any human creature. Her family and relations began to notice the change in her, to surmise, to inquire what this whim could be. Trembling lest someone should worry her, and preferring any sacrifice, I applied to one of her sisters-in-law, placing myself in her hands, and bidding her dispose of me, provided *she* were spared all annoyance. Besides being a friend of mine, this lady was a woman of feeling, and knew the world. She undertook to bring about a decision. I called again in two days, and received this pleasant communication:

"She believes you have an intrigue with G——. No one can drive it out of her head. You may well imagine all I said to her! Do you know what reply she gave me at last? 'If it is not true, let him give me a proof: *he must leave Rome at once.*'"

"Thanks; very much obliged to you."

As I said, I had come back from Naples worse than ever. I had a bad cough into the bargain, and it was the depth of winter; besides, at Rome I had lodgings, a studio, my habits, my business, &c.; but in spite of all this, how do you think it ended? Two nights after, I drove out of Porta del

Popolo in the Florence mail; and I, who have a perfect recollection of journeys made when six or seven years old, can affirm upon my honour that I remember nothing, absolutely nothing about that one, until I arrived at Turin, I think at night, in a mail-coach full of hay, in biting cold weather, and my cough, in spite of everything, almost if not completely cured.

I remember too, that when I presented myself to my father (fancy how much upset I must have been), he asked me who I was. And two or three months later, can you guess what intelligence a friend of mine brought me from Rome? I learnt that Duke L—— was my very fortunate successor. And this was the end of my romance. Now just tell me, my dear reader, whether all that furious jealousy was sincere, or an ingenious pretext to get rid of me? Whether Duke L—— was entirely a new-comer, or had been already appointed *in petto* to his office? You may decide for the opinion you deem most probable. I meanwhile adopt another, or rather two instead of one: the first, that if Monthyon or anyone else had instituted a prize for heroic stupidity, I should have been entitled to it. The second, that of the two parts, I prefer mine. I am conscious of having performed an act of great self-abnegation; and the longer one lives the more one prizes recol-

lections of this kind, even at the cost of having been a fool.

As you may suppose, all my ideas and plans with reference to Rome were completely altered. I think that had things proceeded *de plano*, I should never have renounced those habits and that residence. In all probability my life would have been consumed in such degradation. Providence saved me, rather roughly it is true, but, I must own, with farsighted beneficence. I now resolved upon leaving Rome definitively, and establishing myself at Turin with my parents. I do not say that this prospect had much attraction for me. The reign of Charles Felix was neither barbarous nor tyrannical, in the sinister sense of the words. It was certainly a complete absolutism, with all its consequences; but, after all, it was not a foreign yoke, nor wielded by a foreign dynasty, like those of Naples, Modena, Parma, and Florence; and the usages, traditions, and reciprocal relations all confined within the country, softened many a bitter thought, and blunted many a thorn. This is something, but it does not suffice. It must be confessed that for one who had implanted in his heart any aspirations towards liberty, however limited, temperate, orderly, and well-disciplined, but still liberty, and a free existence; for one who could not resign himself to eat, drink, and sleep without

ever lifting his eyes above the monotony of every-day life, it was like a leaden atmosphere, an indescribable deficiency of air to breathe.

A little anecdote will give an idea of this state of moral suffocation, better than any long explanations. The king was very fond of music, and sat every night in his box, No. 1, on the right side of the grand tier, from the opening chords of the opera, without losing a single note. He there partook of a light supper (indeed, a very modest one), consisting of a few *grissini*,* which he dexterously swallowed, holding one of the two ends between his fingers, and quickly nibbling the other between his teeth. Country visitors, who reckoned this nightly operation among the sights of Turin, used to stare at him open-mouthed. One night I was exactly at the point in the whole house most distant from the king, in the box of the pit tier next to the entrance-door. Our party consisted of two ladies and three or four men, who were chattering on the principle of the individual who used to say, "My wife is having a little music; so we may talk." Suddenly the door of the box flew open, an officer of the royal bodyguard came in, and saluting us, said, "By order of his majesty, I must beg you to be silent!" We

* The kind of long thin crisp bread, in appearance like small sticks, quite peculiar to the old capital of Piedmont, and of which its inhabitants are particularly fond.

stared at each other, exchanged a bow with the officer, and, as may be supposed, the conversation languished immediately.

Such was then the style at Turin, and it may be imagined whether it suited me. Be that as it may, I adapted myself to it: and besides, I had first of all to think seriously of my health, and if possible to calm the agitations of my heart and extinguish its memories, so as to attain at last a little peace after so many cruel trials. My father and mother, who partly knew, and partly guessed, the cause of my unhappy state, did not torment me with advice and inopportune consolation, nor with exaggerated solicitude; a great proof of their kindness of heart and experience of human nature. In their countenances and calmly affectionate demeanour, I could, however, read their hidden thoughts and penetrate their intentions; and when I now recall their tenderness, I feel how much more grateful I ought to have shown myself.

The winter passed by, and spring found me recovering. The shock had been such, that I was never again what I had been before; at all events, not before a long series of years had elapsed.

I went to spend some time at the castle of Rivalta with my friend Count Benevello, whom I have already mentioned.

We arranged an excursion to the abbey of San Michele, situated on the summit of a rock at the gorge of the valley of Susa. It struck me as a most beautiful spot, and I felt the demon of art once more awake within me.

This resurrection filled my heart with joy; I had fancied myself dead, from feeling so old (though not yet thirty). Now, on the contrary, I discovered that I was alive. I took fire, as is often my wont. Up! courage! and out with an illustration of the hermitage of San Michele, with letter-press, engravings, views taken from nature, &c. I began at once with ardour, to the great delight of my parents, who saw that nature was doing its own work. I took up my quarters at Sant' Ambrogio, a small hamlet situated perpendicularly below the hermitage, and at the foot of the ascent. I was living at an indescribable inn, but I had an object and a task, and I felt myself revive.

I rose in the morning before dawn, toiled up the mountain with my traps, and spent the day sketching the most picturesque points; at night I repaired to Sant' Ambrogio.

I thus collected a sufficient number of views both exterior and interior, sketches of fragments of architecture, cornices, columns, capitals, &c; and when I returned to Turin with my stock of studies,

I gave shape and form to my publication-scheme, and began to work at the lithographs without delay.

This abbey, erected in the ninth or tenth century by a French baron, Hugues le Décousu, is one of the most original and picturesque edifices I ever saw. A mountain, or rather cliff, terminating in a huge bare sugar-loaf rock, is covered by a number of irregular buildings, encircling the summit, upon which stands the church. The aspect of the whole is half monastic, half military, on account of the battlements and ramparts, which convents usually possessed at that epoch. Many curious legends are related about this spot. Hugues le Décousu, for instance, had, it seems, begun to build on the opposite hill, but every night angels transported the materials to the other side of the valley, and thus the abbey was erected on the spot where it now stands. For the first day the operation is comprehensible. The first stones laid down for the foundation disappear; so far so good. But what happened afterwards, when pedestals, columns, and arches, had to be placed, if the masonry laid the day before was not to be found? Evidently some error has crept into the narrative. We are also told of a fair damsel pursued by some tyrant within the very walls of the monastery, who of course answered him with the usual

threat of throwing herself out of window if he did not leave her alone. The tyrant, it is easy to understand, thought she did not mean what she said, and gave no heed. The beautiful Alda, however, kept her word, and leapt headlong over the precipice. But angels supported her; she was not in the least hurt; and the tyrant looked extremely foolish. Alda (this too is easily understood) waxed somewhat vain at the issue of such a leap, and boasted she could repeat it at pleasure; but she fell down instead at Sant' Ambrogio, and the old chronicle says, "'*L tocc pi gross a l' è staita l' ourìa*" (the largest piece was the ear).

This convent enjoyed wide feudal jurisdictions; it possessed lands in Lombardy, and the church of San Michele, an offshoot from it, still remains in Milan. La Chiusa, where the parent abbey stands, is the spot where the Lombards, commanded by Desiderius, held the pass against Charlemagne.* But he, by forcing the southern gorges of the

* It is reported that Desiderius, duke of Istria, and last king of the Lombards, had there erected a wall to oppose Charlemagne's descent into Italy, and the place thus acquired the name of La Chiusa or L'Escluse. Unsuccessful in his first attempt to overcome this barrier, Charlemagne was more fortunate or more skilful the second time; and Desiderius, with his kingdom invaded and his army scattered to the winds, shut himself up in Pavia, where he held out a long time, and only yielded to adversity after a desperate resistance.

valley of Susa, gained the neighbouring one of Giaveno, and having thus got behind his foe, defeated him. These events are related in a chronicle, which, because it narrates things as they were, in simple phraseology, that can be understood without being read twice over, and moreover, by the introduction of anecdotes of familiar life, carries you back to the very time, as if it were actually before your eyes, would be called the rude chronicle of Novalesa* by the prigs who keep their neighbours in ignorance, and bore them in the name of *the dignity of history*. It is curious, for instance, to learn the bargain which made Charlemagne acquainted with the unknown pass that led him to victory.

A stranger presented himself to the Emperor, and offered to show him a passage (since called *Via Francorum*) leading down to the plain, asking as his guerdon, that, his promise once performed, he might ascend an elevation, and blow his horn, whereupon all the people within hearing should become his serfs.

* The village of Novalesa, at the foot of Mont Cenis, gives the name to the district where, in the midst of a lovely valley overshadowed by the Cottian Alps, a convent, of which the traditions and records are still fresh among us, was founded about the year 731. Both this monastery and that of San Michele belonged to the order of the Black Benedictines. The denomination of Novalesa was originally derived from *nova lux* or *nova lex*, in commemoration of the new light or law of the Gospel, by which the old monks conquered the pagan barbarities of the rude mountaineers of those parts.

Charlemagne, who thus got his way dirt-cheap, at once struck the bargain; and the man, having succeeded in his undertaking, blew his horn (only fancy what a blast!); and then descending from the mound he asked every one he met, "*Audistine sonum?*" And if the answer was "*Audivi*"—"*alapam eo dabat, dicens, Servus meus es.*" Here is another anecdote. Before the invasion of Charlemagne the country was infested by outlaws, and the monks of Novalesa did not know how to provide for their own safety. One of the brethren was an old *Arimanno* (a free man-at-arms), once a terrible warrior, now a humble penitent. The abbot sent for him, and commanded him to go and seek out the thieves, that he might persuade them to respect the abbey. He was not only sent unarmed, but ordered to offer no resistance if he were scorned or plundered; to bear everything for the love of God. The monk assented obediently, and said, "So I will, if they strip me of my frock, shirt, and the haircloth; but if they want to strip off my *femoralia?*" The abbot, struck by the force of this argument, replied, "*De femoralibus nil tibi præcipiam*"—"About thy breeches I will command thee nothing." The monk started on his old war-horse, which now served the purposes of the convent; and when he met the outlaws, it happened that they only made game of him. But he said

nothing. They stripped him of his frock and shirt, but still he endured. I suppose he was all impatience for them to lay hands on the innermost garment exempted by the abbot. This they at last proceeded to do; and he, who only awaited that moment, having no weapons, unbuckled his iron stirrups, and began to lay about him with such wonderful effect, that he not only returned to the abbey with his own clothes, but with the arms and clothes of his enemies, whom he left in the forest to the crows and wolves.

This episode afterwards suggested the idea of introducing Fanfulla* into St. Mark's, in *Niccolò de' Lapi*. But I humbly acknowledge that the monk is by far the better of the two. "And who will prove," cry the priggish advocates of the dignity of history, "that either your hornblower or your monk ever existed? How is it possible to introduce such fables into writings destined to transmit to posterity, as far as possible, an exact and veracious account of events that have taken place?"

Very true. But, by their permission, I will tell them the use of such fables. They enable us to know what men, their ideas, customs, virtues, vices,

* An Italian man-at-arms, and one of Ettore Fieramosca's companions, represented in the novel as a true type of headlong daring.

and tendencies were like at certain given periods, about which we only know what the dignity of history has allowed to be narrated, which consists in informing us of the deeds of emperors and empresses, kings and queens, popes, princes, and magnates, who are made to cross the stage clad in triumphal robes and crowns, without ever condescending to give us any account of the way of life of their more humble contemporaries, that is to say, of the state of mankind. So much so, that we are often left to wonder at certain great historical facts, victories, or defeats, at inexplicable triumphs and downfalls, the secret reason of which is to be found in those social regions that are considered by the dignity of history as so much below its contemplation. History has for a long while been that of great people alone; it is time it should become the history of everybody; and this is to some extent the aim of the modern historical movement.

But I have not yet done with my little anecdotes. There is still one which so well depicts the period, that one may fancy having seen it happen. After the defeat of the Lombards, dignified history tells us that Desiderius retired to the island of the lake of Orta, where he died; while Adalgisus* em-

* The son of Desiderius, with whom his father shared the throne. He had married a sister of Charlemagne; a circum-

barked at Pisa, and took refuge at the court of Constantinople.

This is what the rude chronicle relates instead:

Charlemagne held his court at Pavia, and sat at table with his followers, and, as it appears, also with anybody who presented himself and found a vacant place.

Dinner being over, the emperor, as he went out, observed a great heap of bones of deer, wild boars, and other animals, near a seat at one of the lower tables; and when he inquired who among his guests had consumed so enormous a quantity, no one could answer him. All he heard was a report that a stranger, *miles fortissimus* in his aspect, while eating, had crushed the bones between his teeth like nothing—*sicut cannabina stipula confringebat*—and thus made the pile.

Writers almost his contemporaries did not consider Charlemagne the fool that Italian novelists have since represented. The chronicler relates that he understood at once, and said, "This fellow can only be Adalgisus." He then bade one of his retinue go in search of him; and taking off his golden bracelets, ordered they should be delivered with an invitation

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stance which did not, however, prevent that monarch from taking possession of his dominions.

to return. The messenger found the fugitive as he had embarked in a small boat on the Ticino, and just pushed off from the shore. He called to him, and having acquitted himself of the royal message, held out the bracelets, bidding him return to the shore and take them, even if he refused to follow him to Charles.

Adalgisus drew near, and the royal envoy, placing the bracelets on the point of his lance, held them out to him. But this mode of giving presents was distasteful to the youth. He caught up his cuirass, threw it on his back, and having pulled his own bracelets off his arms, he too offered them to the messenger on the sharp end of his spear, saying, "*Si in dolo mihi dona regis porrigis, ecce et ego mea dona in lancea tibi do!*" The retainer, seeing himself paid in his own coin, took Adalgisus' bracelets, and carried them to Charles, who tried to put them on; but they slipped up to his shoulders, so he said, "*Non mirum si Adalgisus maximas habeat vires.*"

Now let us analyse the facts. When dignified history tells me that Charles came down to help the Pope—that he triumphed at La Chiusa, took Pavia, destroyed the kingdom of the Lombards—it simply tells me a series of events similar to any others of the same nature that might have have happened before or afterwards or in any country, and they

leave no special impression on my mind. When, on the contrary, the chronicle relates the anecdotes I have just quoted (even if they are not true, they must be copied from nature), they carry me back to the period of Charlemagne, which I shall never again mistake for any other. I obtain an idea of the causes and consequences of historical facts, because I now know who the persons that profited or suffered by them were; and I thus become acquainted, not only with a few individuals in exceptional positions, but with the great mass of mankind, and its true history. I beg pardon for this digression, and go back to my own story.

The notice I wrote related the origin of the abbey, and also the adventures of a monk (a little tale of my own invention), with various notes and details. It was received with friendly indulgence; but what met with decided approval was a long fragment of the chronicle which I included in a note, with the translation opposite, and from which I have extracted the anecdotes just related.

The public had a good scent. Imagine my beginning my notice with these pompous words: "For an innumerable series of ages Italy wielded the sceptre of the world!" This will suffice to show the lofty strain which I had taken up. Luckily, my nature is so hostile to anything like walking on stilts, that

I soon saw my error, profited by the lesson, and never fell into the same mistake (at least I hope so) in any other of my writings.

Altogether, my work met with an undeserved success in the small society of Turin. The letter-press, as I said, was written in an unnatural style; it very much resembled that of certain penny-a-liners, who want to give themselves the airs of important personages; and it did not even offer any great interest as regards ideas and facts.

By dint of exertion, the lithographs were tolerably effective, but they had hardly any artistic merit. My work, however, was of immense value for me: it distracted my thoughts, gave them another direction, and kept me occupied. I persevered in my resolution to give up my sojourn at Rome; and as I had sketches, books, drawings, furniture, and various business to arrange, I determined to make a rapid trip thither, to settle my affairs.

The Marquis Crosa, our minister in Rome, was going back to his post; we travelled together, and started in the middle of February in an open carriage, in spite of the bitter cold.

I wish it could be said that, after the absence of a year, knowing *her* intrigue with the Duke, I assumed an appearance of cold and dignified politeness on seeing her. Were I writing a novel, I would say

so, to enhance the character of my hero; but I am writing a true story, and have anything but a hero to deal with. I say therefore, that when I beheld her beautiful as an angel, her eyes sparkling with pleasure at seeing me return, farewell jealousy, farewell resolutions, farewell dignity and all the heroisms which in youth are powerless against one glance of a handsome woman. Everything was forgotten; I fancied (and am sure she believed so too) that I had never loved her so well, and felt as if I had scaled Paradise. But all this was only a phantasmagoria of the senses and imagination.

My heart was a heap of ashes, and ashes it remained. After the first moment of giddy infatuation, I became aware of it, and the resolutions I had made remained unshaken. I do not, however, wish that my last word about her should be a bitter one. She had some good qualities, but possessed little intellect, and still less judgment. Nobody had ever endeavoured to direct her heart or her feelings; she lived in a society in which every notion of the true, the generous, and the elevated was quite extinct. From such training what could be expected?

Let us hope that even at Rome, whether the papal rule be prolonged or not, it will at last be understood that it is not enough to be born under the shadow of the Capitol, but that it is also necessary

to provide for the instruction and education of the inhabitants.

I found Rome in the gay confusion of a vacant see. Leo XII. had expired, to the inexpressible joy of his most faithful Romans. Marforio and Pasquino* were inexhaustible in their wit; I still remember one epigram:

"Tre danni ci facesti, o Padre santo:
Prima accettare il manto,
E poi di campar tanto;
Morir di carneval per esser pianto."

"Most holy Father, our complaints are three:
First, that the mantle yours at all should be;
Next, that you lived so long; and yet at last
You needs must die ere carnival was past."

In fact, his death had closed all the theatres, sus-

* Pasquino is the true type of Roman satirical wit, and Marforio the familiar companion with whom (formerly even more than now) he cracks jokes and gives vent to his epigrammatic vein. Mr. W. Story, from whose charming book I borrow these data, tells us that the mutilated torso now to be seen behind the Palazzo Braschi was a portion of a noble ancient group. An account, dated in 1553, relates that the now shapeless fragment acquired its nickname from a tailor named Pasquino, who plied his trade hard by. Equally skilful in making clothes and epigrams, his shop became the resort of wits, prelates, and courtiers, and thus grew famous as the abode of pungent satire. But after the tailor died, when the street was being repaired and altered, the statue was placed near his door, and the people said in jest that Pasquino had come back; at any rate, it became the custom to stick whatever epigram or satirical verses the author desired to be anonymous on the statue, and pretend it was a *Pas-*

pended all festivities, even the puppet-shows. In March, Cardinal Castiglioni was enthroned as his successor, under the name of Pius VIII. I happened to be near him when he was carried on the *sedia gestatoria** up the great staircase of St. Peter's, with the large peacock-feather fans, and all the Byzantine pageant, which strikes impassionate people as a flagrant contradiction to the *servus servorum* (how would he be treated, were he the Master?). The new Pope, who was excessively fat and had flabby cheeks, thanked the enthusiastic multitude, weeping (it was to be supposed) with rapture; but to the mischievous his tears looked very like those of a

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quinata. From that time Pasquino became a power; for his tongue hit right and left, high and low, and let no abuse or scandal pass unnoticed: on everything he would have a bitter saying. Marforio was at first Pasquino's companion and rival. Like his friend, he too was a statue, but of colossal size, representing a river-god dug up in the sixteenth century in the Forum of Mars: hence his name. Pasquino had several other friends and interlocutors, but next to him Marforio was the chief speaker, and used to join his famous companion in satirical conversation. Their rivalry was perpetual; a pun by Pasquino never failing to elicit a sharp reply from Marforio. But, poor fellow, he has been confined in the court of the Capitol, and, like many other freethinkers, deprived of the right of speech; so that Mr. Story says Pasquino now has it all his own way.

* This, properly called *sella gestatoria apostolica*, is the chair or throne upon which his Holiness is carried on the shoulders of sixteen footmen when he goes to church in state to celebrate the sacred rites.

child undergoing punishment. The thought crossed my mind—"You are not the man to set things straight in this country; it requires anything but tears!" And, in fact, his short and uninteresting reign left no traces behind.

While settling my affairs (an operation which absolutely required a certain time), I set to work in the studio of a friend—one of the young painters studying in Rome at the expense of our government—who was the son of a smith of Turin, and a rather clever artist. As I said, he had been sent to Rome by the government, and was one of few who, if they did not succeed in distinguishing themselves (none ever did), at least did not sink below the sphere of honourable mediocrity. His name was Barne.

The manner in which art was dealt with at that time in Turin was a perfect farce. There is not much to boast of even at present; but art having now to some extent insinuated itself among the ideas of the public, it rests on a broader basis. In those days, on the contrary, it was entirely dependent on the great chamberlain and his planetary system, who, of course, did not understand one jot about the matter,—an ignorance which has always pervaded Italian courts, except those of Milan, Venice, Florence, Parma, Ferrara, Urbino, and Rome, and partially Naples, in the sixteenth century *vel circum.*

As his first sample, Barne had sent to Turin two half-length figures, life-size, illustrative of *Date obolum Belisario*, the latter being represented with a child. It was a very fair picture. There was drawing in it, and modelling, and it had a certain Spanish dash in the handling. The whole thing was carefully studied from nature, and moreover the colouring was fine for those who understood anything about the matter; that is to say, colouring suited to the subject, being sober, harmonious, hardly more than a *chiaroscuro*,—in a word, colour without colours. Artists will understand me. This picture was received at Turin like a dog on a race-course; poor Barne got well trounced. Was that the fine progress he had made in art? Was that a specimen to send? &c. He who, having been praised at Rome, expected just the contrary, shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself, "What they want is something more cheerful—gay colours, jaunty figures." So next year he decided upon an Apollo, with his instrument *obbligato*, and his little red cloak; and produced the most unfortunate affair I ever saw,—round and pudgy, with that straight-nosed, silly face which is generally given to the fair-haired god, with a body that looked more like pink pomatum than flesh and bones, against a green little landscape for a background, and with neat yellow rays set round his

head for a glory." It was really sickening. At Turin it was highly appreciated; and from this let every Mæcenas learn that to patronise without judgment is worse than not patronising at all.

Poor Barne, whose own sound sense had pointed out the right path, threw himself, as was but natural, into the wrong one, solely because his patrons were downright idiots. It is on this account that asses in high spheres are most terrible; they breed morally, and multiply themselves, depriving even those who would fain try hard to escape from their thrall, of all means or power of doing so.

During the time I was with him, he was working at a large picture by which he was to sink or swim, according to the success it was destined to meet. Imagine how the poor fellow was at his wits' end to make a good hit! First of all, wishing to please by his subject, he had selected the great battle in which an anonymous Duke of Savoy is supposed to have slaughtered an anonymous Turk, and thereby liberated the island of Rhodes. The most curious thing is, that there exists a tradition in Piedmont interpreting the four initials which adorn the collar of our royal order of the Annunziata, thus: F-*ortitudo* E-*jus* R-*hodum* T-*enuit.**

* No one can really explain the meaning of these four letters. Some pretend they are the initials of an ancient war-cry of the

In 1362, Amadeus VI. founded the order of the Collar, subsequently the Annunziata, composed of only fifteen knights, in honour of the fifteen mysteries of the Virgin, with the emblem of lovers' knots. Amadeus VII. added the motto *Fert*, and Charles III. the image of the Annunziata in 1518. It is true that Amadeus VI. went to the East, and, by taking Varna, delivered the emperor John Palæologus from the hands of the Bulgarians; but neither he nor any other Duke of Savoy ever went to Rhodes with an army, that I know of; and the Knights of St. John were perfectly able to defend themselves without our aid from the year 1309, when they occu-

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fierce and pugnacious counts of Savoy: "Frappez, entrez, rompez tout!" Others say the motto is not a war-cry, but expresses the ardour of amorous affection. An old chronicler relates that, "Le Comte Verd (Amadeus VI), ayant reçu de sa dame la faveur d'un bracelet de cheveux tressé et cordonné en lacs d'amour, établit cet ordre qui fut appelé l'ordre militaire des lacs d'amour; et que les quatre lettres entrelacées aux mêmes lacs veulent dire 'Frappez, entrez, rompez tout,' devise propre aux amoureux." Others, again, assert that the four letters conceal the awful prophecy, "Fœmina erit ruina tua;" and so on: everyone roams at will over the wide fields of fancy. It appears most probable that the word *fert* is only the present of the verb *ferre*, and was thus used as a motto, like *fac*, and many similar words which are to be found in heraldry. At all events, whatever be its origin or meaning, there is no doubt that this mysterious device is an old motto of the house of Savoy; and besides being inscribed on the collar of the Annunziata, it figures on many of the royal escutcheons and uniforms.

pied it on their expulsion from Palestine, until they exchanged it for Malta in 1522.

This is an interesting fact, inasmuch as it shows us how traditions of ancient events, even far more strange, may in time succeed in assuming historical authority; and it teaches us to apply a most severe criticism to the narratives, not only of antiquity, but also of modern times.

Poor Barne, who was desirous of pleasing in high quarters, set criticism at defiance, and boldly painted Amadeus VI. on horseback near the seashore, flourishing his sword over an old fogey of a pasha lying on the ground. Mindful perhaps of the ill success of his Belisarius, and of the flattering one obtained by Apollo, he had introduced a young page or son of the Turk into his composition, who in a pathetic attitude raised a little white hand to ward off the enormous blade of the Duke of Savoy. You may surmise how faithfully this episode represented the warlike usages of the fourteenth century; but his Mæcenas required a dulcet strain, and as the problem, 'to dine, or not to dine,' depended on his pleasure, it was needful to obey him rather than common sense. And here again, I repeat, better no Mæcenas at all than one who is a donkey.

Except this fault, the picture was not a bad one, and might perhaps have been followed by some still

better; but soon after we parted the poor fellow fell ill and died. Heaven rest his soul!

My departure from Rome was this time very quiet, and in nowise dramatic, like the preceding one. Of course I left *her*, my friends and the place, with some regret; but I had an internal foreboding that it was not and could not any longer be my home.

On my return to Turin with all my store of sketches, I established myself at my father's house in two rooms fitted up for me, where I was quiet and isolated, and thus able to work. I felt most anxious to do something serious at last, with my head and heart fully at rest; for I was quite another being now that my sentiments had completely calmed down, and I was finally delivered from the image which for so many years had not left me an hour in peace.

Before setting to work, as it was summer, I spent a few months in making excursions in different directions. I went to Viù, a locality situated above Lanzo; and during a mountain walk, just as I was at the top of a ridge, I had the rare good fortune of feeling an earthquake. It is impossible to conceive how much more grand and terrible its effect is among high mountains. That houses should be shaken seems to be almost natural; but

the sight of high and imposing peaks oscillating suggests the idea of an awful power hidden in the bowels of the earth, and gave me the impression of a totally new manifestation of the forces of nature. In November I repaired to my studio and began to work.

I was anxious, too, to paint something likely to please, while working entirely alone and by myself in Turin, so that it might not be said the picture brought from Rome had been painted for me. My first business was to search for a good subject, and I found one in the challenge of Barletta—an episode of Italian history of the year 1503.* I chose the moment in which the action is being fought, and

* This challenge was an incident which occurred during the unsuccessful siege of Barletta by the French, that town being defended by Gonzalvo de Cordova. A quarrel arose between some French knights and the Italians who served in the Spanish army from the Chevalier de la Motte grossly insulting the latter by saying, among other things, they were such cowards, that a French soldier would be ashamed to have one of them for his stable-boy.

To vindicate Italian courage, a challenge was immediately given and accepted; thirteen Italian knights (of whom Ettore Fieramosca, the hero of the novel, was the prototype) encountered thirteen Frenchmen. Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, and Don Prospero Colonna, were the umpires of the French and the Italians respectively. The fight lasted the whole day, and ended in the signal defeat of the former. Brancaleone, the Italian knight to whose lot it fell to engage La Motte, as he dealt the blow that unhorsed him, exclaimed passionately, "You

the judges and spectators are watching attentively. After making a great many drawings and sketches, I decided on the one which, having been admirably engraved by Boselli and Cornacchia at Parma, in the school of Toschi, is sold everywhere, and is known to everyone. The subject admitted of a beautiful sky, a rich vegetation (even supposing there are now no fine trees between Andria and Corato, who can say they have not been cut down since 1503?), a display of arms, gorgeous apparel, and a gathering of various peoples. Besides having for me the great merit,

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may now say, messire, the Italians at least know how to use the currycomb!"

Whilst painting the picture, it struck D'Azeglio he might write a novel on this subject; which he accordingly did, in the most charming and natural style; and this book, as he himself says, was of much service to the Italian cause.

The illustration of an historical fact so glorious for Italian valour, and the patriotic expressions lavished by the writer in his characteristic pages, produced the greatest impression.

It must be remembered what times those were for Italy, and that political life and national aspirations were alike stifled by a foreign rule or the reactionist system in vigour since 1814. The Italians, indeed, owe eternal gratitude to the courageous and noble spirits who,—while all discussion on the sad political condition of the country was strictly forbidden,—whenever they could escape the censorship of the police, lost no opportunity of fostering the regeneration of the national character by reviving the memory of past glories, by distant allusions, and by the medium of art and literature,—thus preparing the movement which occurred years after, and of which Massimo d'Azeglio was one of the most conspicuous leaders.

or rather the *sine qua non* condition of everything of any value I ever did, it ministered to the Italian idea. Working with the fever of the beautiful and the poetical, and above all with the faith that I was doing good (happy youth! I am now no longer infected by such fevers), in a month my picture was already so far advanced that it began to make a very creditable appearance; and being modestly satisfied with it, I worked diligently to finish it. One day—I remember it as if it were but yesterday—while putting the last touches to the group of horses fighting in the centre, it struck me that, considering the importance of the episode and the propriety of recording it, to infuse some spirit into the souls of Italians, it would be much better and more effective as the subject of a narrative rather than of a picture. "Then let me write it!" I exclaimed. "But how?—a poem? confound poetry! Prose, prose; I must speak a language which can be understood in the streets and thoroughfares, and not in Helicon only."

And thus adding the fire of writing to that of painting, I threw myself heart and soul into my new task; but instead of making historical inquiries about the period, artistic and topographical researches concerning the places, or, better still, going to see them, and familiarising myself with the spots I was

to describe, as I ought to have done, I hardly had the patience to read through the pages Guicciardini has dedicated to the subject; and at once began the scene on the piazza of Barletta, about the Ave Maria, without the slightest notion of what sort of mess the result might be. What did I know about those localities? I measured the distance between Barletta and Mount Gargano on the first map of Italy I came across; and taking for granted that the latter must be visible from the former, at once brought it into my description as a background; I invented a Barletta, a fortress, an island of Sant' Orsola entirely my own, and thus went on straight as an arrow; creating first one of my *dramatis personæ*, then another, giving birth, as I subsequently found, to a larger family than was wanted. However, the proverb, *Per istrada s'aggiusta la soma*—"the jolts of the road will settle the load"—never received a more thorough application than in the construction of my novel, whatever its literary merits may be.

No words of mine can ever express all the peculiar delight, the internal happiness I experienced while depicting and describing those scenes and characters. Absorbed heart and soul by that life of chivalry, to the entire forgetfulness of the present, it was undoubtedly one of the happiest periods of my existence. I spent nearly all my time in the

society of my fantastic personages; in the evening I went to bed early, and thought morning would never dawn, so great was my impatience to be once more among them. I was never keen after any diversions, and always found them great bores (except the theatre, in the days when actors could sing); but then—with Barletta and its knights! Many people often wonder that one does not care for balls, dinner-parties, and so-called entertainments; if they could but experience for an hour the pleasures of imagination, and of moving in a fantastic world of your own creation, they would no longer be astonished, but comprehend the vast difference. One reflection, however, strikes me; how is it that these enjoyments, so truly divine, do not produce a work equally so? Whereas, what in comparison are even the least imperfect of human creations?

In spite of all my enthusiasm, in the innermost recess of my heart I heard that terrible voice which in the best moments mocks and chills you with the ominous doubt—these things appear real marvels to you, but who knows what rubbish you are inventing! Certain characters are, happily for them, never troubled by these doubts. Woe to others, on the contrary, if assailed by doubt during the creation of their work; and of these latter I am one. In order to escape them, I said to myself: "The only thing to

do is to show what you have written to a good judge who is not likely to deceive you."

As counsellor and censor I selected Cesare Balbo, the son of a sister of my father, therefore my first-cousin and most intimate friend. His was one of the most beautiful and generous characters which have adorned Piedmont for many a year; and here I must be permitted to say a few words about him.

His ancestors came from Chieri, a charming little town, six miles distant from Turin, among the hills behind Superga; a quondam republic, mentioned at the time of the invasion of Frederick Barbarossa. *Ab antiquo*, there lived three families called the three *B*'s of Chieri;—the Bensos of Cavour, from whom Camillo* descended; the Bertones of Sambuy, of whom a branch settled in France, and produced *le brave Crillon;* and finally the Balbos, from whom came Cesare, and his father Prospero Balbo, also a noble-minded man, of vast erudition and the highest honour.

The career of Cesare was singularly varied, as was the case with most of our generation; whose fate it was to go through the series of phases beginning by the tyrannical foreign yoke of Napoleon I., and ending with the national and legal rule of Victor Emanuel II.

* The illustrious statesman.

Those who now rest safely under its shadow may thank God; but let them sometimes give a thought to the labours, the sorrows, and the blood it has cost others.

Cesare at eighteen was taken away from his family and sent to Paris, as auditor to the Council of State.

The events of Tuscany and of Rome, the invasion of the Quirinal, the imprisonment of the Pope, the violent and shamefully-perpetrated annexation of the papal dominions to the French empire, successively took place. During the course of these events, Cesare, who was already at Florence as secretary to the new government of Tuscany, was transferred to Rome under the administration of Miollis.* It was precisely these events which restored the basis of the temporal government, and imparted new life to all its abuses, so that they are still existent now, and will probably continue for a great while yet, thanks to the zeal of those who cry "Rome or death!" But let us speak of Balbo.

Being then young, fiery, and high-spirited, he must have felt how iniquitous and shameful was the conduct of Napoleon, by which he was unconsciously

* The French general who occupied Rome and the Pontifical States in 1807, and governed them till 1814. The severe measures decreed by Napoleon in 1809 against Pius VII. were executed by him.

raising the Pope and the clergy in public estimation, and casting ignominy upon himself. I am speaking of the opinion of honest and sensible men, to whom freedom of speech may be denied, but not that of thought. Of course, for the majority, and apparently, Napoleon was triumphant; nevertheless the world, seeing all heads submissively bent before his throne, and only those of the Pope, the cardinals, and the clergy proudly erect, began to pronounce a judgment which was of evil augury for him.

Cesare concurred in this judgment, retaining an impression never to be effaced, and which was the cause of his partial and impassioned sentiments ever after when dealing with any subject connected with the Papacy and the Roman government, either as a statesman or a writer. If it was a fault, it sprang, at any rate, from a generous impulse.

He was afterwards employed in several missions in Illyria and Germany. After the Russian disasters, he found himself involved in the final rout of the campaign of the year 1813, not as a soldier, but in his capacity of auditor specially sent as messenger to the Emperor, to convey to him the papers concerning the despatch of business before the Council of State. To meet the French army (which, broken and in disorder, was hurrying back to the Rhine after the battle of Leipsic), in the dress of an auditor, with

a portfolio under his arm, was not a thing many people would have liked; but the intrepidity of Balbo was equal to this or any other trial. In truth, however, it was terrible to hear him narrate, with the fire which characterised him in everything, those ghastly scenes during which every thought, every good instinct seemed extinct in the wretched multitude; the total subversion of every material and moral order which accompanies the defeat of great armies; the ditches full of the slain and wounded, the broken-down ambulances, the invalids painfully dragging themselves on, and dotting the road and the fields with corpses; the troops of still able-bodied men on foot and on horseback, who, as they rushed by like hurricanes, pitilessly trampled upon the weak, whom they overthrew, and on the dying, whom they killed. He told me that a long artillery and ammunition train, having to pass by a certaint point where the road was covered with the dead, the bodies were smashed and pounded into a bloody slush. . . . After it had gone by. . . .

And if this had been dared in defence of a right, or to save the country from ruin and a foreign invasion, so much blood, so many miseries would all have been blessed. But they were to be endured that Napoleon might close the Russian markets against English sugar; that he might make his plea-

sure the law of the world. Perhaps it is for this that the world, equally grateful and intelligent, has surnamed him *The Great!*

Verily, it would be impossible to read through the accounts of such massacres, and the miseries of millions of innocent beings (I speak for myself), if one did not remember St. Helena. Even in this world justice is sometimes done. Not that I mean to curse Napoleon, or anyone else either living or dead, but pity for so many victims urges me to these remarks. Nay, up to a certain point, I even understand the selfish passions, the unbounded egotism of a man who at last acts in the intoxication of pride and ambition; but what thoroughly rouses my indignation is to see the cool and stolid sanction men are afterwards wont to give to those who trample upon and disdain them, by calling them *great.*

I beg pardon of my readers, if I have spoken with undue warmth; but were I born again a hundred times, I should never be able to dwell on such a subject calmly. True, these pages might even now be suppressed. But no! as the words written express my real sentiments, let them stand. So long as people refuse to comprehend, one must continue hammering on the same anvil.

After the restoration, Count Prospero Balbo went as minister to the court of Spain, and took Cesare

with him. At the commencement of the outbreak of the year 1821, the latter met the fate of all loyal and elevated men in factious times. Disapproving of both the contending parties, he became obnoxious to all; and although he had taken no part in the movement (he was not the man to mix himself up in a military revolt), as he was on the one hand the friend of its principal leaders, and on the other openly disapproved the blind stupidity of the restored monarchy, when the short struggle was over, he fell under the suspicion of the government. No honest man can or ought to endure being suspected; so he retired to his villa of Camerano, in the province of Asti, and there spent his days chiefly in the acquirement of an historical erudition, which became the source of the works he subsequently published. I need not speak of them; for nowadays the merit and the name of Cesare Balbo are *res judicata*. It is enough to have introduced him into my narrative, with a sketch of the principal features of his moral physiognomy and character. We shall meet him again more than once hereafter, and I shall have important occasions of speaking of him, and showing him engaged in a higher task than that of censor of the exordium of *Ettore Fieramosca*. Howbeit, I asked him to hear the first chapters of my novel, and he willingly assented. He called on me one evening, and, as we sat by the

fire, I began to read with some trepidation, being then in a state of doubt and discouragement; but he soon made me breathe more freely, and after about twenty pages, to which he had listened impassively, turned to me and said, "But this is exceedingly well written." Never did music of Rossini or Bellini caress my ears more sweetly than those words. In short, the beginning pleased him, and as he had a very great affection for me, he spoke with so much warmth, that it seemed as if it were a triumph of his own. The next day I returned to my work with more ardour than ever, and took courage to mention it to my father, who evinced a wish to see what I had written. But he was already suffering from the complaint which removed him a year after from this world, and the smallest strain upon his mind tried him so much, that I was unable to read to him more than a small portion of my work.

This truly remarkable man, prematurely worn out by sorrow and the struggles against his impetuous nature he underwent for virtue's sake, could not be persuaded to abstain from certain fatigues, even when his strength began to desert him. Self-sacrifice had become his second nature, and up to the moment of the total extinction of all vitality, he continued to labour for the advancement of the principles he deemed useful to Italy, and the only basis of society.

At last the day came when all physical force failed him, and he was obliged to keep his bed.

His complaint brought on fits of suffocation, which are so terrible a suffering for the patient, as well as for the spectators, who are unable to relieve him. He had long been disciplined to moral and physical struggles; the faith of all his life made him look upon them in the light of a thorny path leading to ineffable happiness; and he therefore bore them with the serenity of a well-grounded trust in the future.

If those who, under the pretext of opening their eyes and pointing out the truth (as if they had it in their pockets), sap the faith of such of their suffering fellow-creatures as deem present agony a pledge of future blessedness, say, "Truth must be unveiled at any cost," I answer them: First fix the criterion of certainty for finding it out, and then wrench away the last hope from the hearts of the dying, leaving despair in its stead. They will then be barbarous and logical. But till they fix this criterion, till they are able to answer the terrible question, *Quid est veritas?* they are cruel and absurd. And for this reason—the afflicted, that is to say the majority of mankind, prefer the cruelty and absurdity of political jesuitism in the disguise of catholicism, to those of the pantheism, the atheism, the speculations, and

the systems of so many individuals, who, if they harboured rather less vanity and a little more charity in their hearts, would think twice before depriving the flock, for which they display such tenderness, of the only true consolation it possesses—that of believing its present miseries will be repaid by an immense future happiness. I should shrink from tearing this faith even from the heart of a poor savage, who believes some childish rite can secure him a better fate hereafter than his present one, unless I could substitute another more consoling. What right have I to make an immortal spirit more miserable than God himself intended?

My father's illness having allowed him a short respite, he was able to leave his bed, and even so far recovered as to accompany my mother to Genoa, whither she was going to avoid the severe winter of Turin. For a few days he felt better; but his illness soon returned worse than ever, and we received the intelligence that all hope was over. Roberto and I started for Genoa. "At midnight" (so writes my mother in her manuscript), "his two sons Roberto and Massimo arrived; he embraced them affectionately, gave them a few last counsels, bade them care for their mother, and live in peace and concord, and blessed them with all the fervour of a paternal

heart." And on the 29th of November 1831 he died, at the age of sixty-seven years and nine months.

I shall not dwell any longer on this subject. Domestic sorrows cannot, as is natural, awaken more than a faint sympathy in the reader, and the secrets of the heart should not be confided to any but those who can really take part in them. I will only say that it was a great and lasting grief to me, and even now as I write my eyes are not quite tearless.

CHAPTER XII.

Funeral of my father, and its tariff—I visit the Castle of Azeglio in the spring—Its good inhabitants, and its old feudal masters—My elder brother and I divide the property; and my first will—The father being dead, it is better the brothers should live apart—I leave Roberto, and transfer my abode to Milan—Artistic life of Milan in those days—Religious struggle in my mind—I marry; I take a house; but I remain silent on domestic matters—The Austrian Government and Lombardy after 1830—Masonic lodges and the secret society La Giovine Italia—I exhibit three pictures at Palazzo Brera, and they meet with approval—I finish my *Fieramosca*, and become intimate with the first literary men of Milan—*Fieramosca* brings me honours and profit beyond my expectation—Timid vanity and impertinent vanity—Did my novel really deserve its success?—Answer and reflections—How I snatch the *imprimatur* from the imperial censor.

So long as we have a father and mother yet living, we are sure of someone to love us for ourselves. When they are gone, all certainty has disappeared, and possibility alone remains behind. On this account, the loss of parents marks one of the gravest phases of life; and only they whose minds are incapable of any serious thought, or whose hearts are devoid of all elevation, can pass through this ordeal with indifference. In my domestic circumstances this

event was still more painful, the loss more irreparable. If my narrative, or yet better my quotations, have succeeded in giving the reader a just idea of the father I was never to see again, it will not require many words to persuade him of the sense of isolation and painful abandonment by which I was overwhelmed at his death.

However little the idea of a pompous funeral suited the taste of the departed or our own, who can see the body of a beloved person carried to its grave without a natural wish to pay it a last tribute of respect?

We had thus to go through that sad and revolting discussion with the priests of the parish on the tariff which governs every detail of the burial. We were obliged to endure their questions, to hear the enumeration of the prices: so much for ringing the bells, for wax-tapers, for a plain pall over the coffin, and so much for one edged with silver-lace; and all this with the evident intention of speculating on the carelessness and easy yielding of those whose hearts were at that moment filled with far other thoughts, and thus extracting profits which would make a usurer blush.

The honours we pay to the memory of our dead —the love, so entirely devoid of selfishness, we still feel for them—touches on the most sensitive chords of our hearts; and no nation in the world, at any

known epoch, has ever shown itself indifferent to such feelings. And we, *so civilised*, in moments of so much anguish, are we to have our hearts torn by the claws of those voracious birds of prey? Among the hundred reforms Catholic worship must undergo, that of funerals is to be included. They at present constitute one of its shames.

After yielding some time to our common grief, my brother and I returned to Turin. I there spent the winter, a prey to a melancholy which I dare not compare to what I had felt after the trying crisis at Rome; for that would seem to me irreverence towards a too sacred memory. I may, however, say that my present grief had moral consequences, the seeds of which, so to speak, had been already sown by the former, and which this second one moulded into a more durable and definite shape. Affliction, by most people considered a curse, is, on the contrary, a divine blessing. Reconsideration of the past —the revelation of forgotten or unperceived sins— the wholesome reproaches of our better to our worse selves—stern resolutions—painful but irrevocable changes—are all born of affliction.

Feeling that what I had just gone through had transported me into a new phase, I gradually began to entertain a desire of comparing my past with the new horizon lying before me in the future; and a

wish arose within me to place an abstract of my life before my eyes; to define its epochs and phases; to divide it, so to speak, into chapters, as in an autobiography. What had I achieved up to the present time? I had worked, it is true, with tolerable steadiness; I had entered a path certainly not blameworthy; many at my age had done worse; but finally, when the account was summed up, I had only painted and made love. I was thirty-two, and might still live thirty or forty years. Was that to be all — painting and making love? I thought it little, or not enough, and could not then know that, in the matter of changing professions, destiny would subsequently serve me *à souhait;* and I began to make plans and schemes for doing more, without finding anything to suit me. I was like a man groping about in the dark to discover a solid body to lean on, and finding nothing but emptiness. After passing a sad winter, I deemed it advisable, when spring came, to give a look at the modest property left me by my father, and went to stay some time at the Castle of Azeglio. The village numbers about two thousand inhabitants, and lies at the foot of a gentle hill, on the top of which stands the castle, five miles east of Ivrea, at the mouth of the valley of Aosta.

Tradition says that in the time of the Romans it was a sort of penitential colony, a privileged spot,

enjoying the right of sanctuary; in other words, an *asylum;* hence *Azeglio.* Now it is a place inhabited by an honest and gallant race of the blood (a little excitable, but good) which we of the Canavese* pretend to have. When I say *we*, I am boasting a little, because, as I have said, my forefathers came from Savigliano, the centre of Piedmont; but so many dear recollections bind me to the inhabitants of Azeglio, and they on their side are so much attached to us, that they will not complain if I identify myself with them, although my family only came into possession of the castle a few generations back, and through the female line.

The dear recollections consist in the fact, that while my ancestors exercised feudal rights (I say it with profound satisfaction), they secured for themselves the love and benediction of everyone. But what the old people of the place always recalled with emotion was the erection of the handsome church, with its steeple, built by my grandfather almost at his sole expense. I remember hearing when a child of the difficulties that had to be overcome in raising some of the lofty columns; and to me it seemed such a feat, that I saw my aforesaid venerable

* The rich and beautiful tract of country comprised between the two rivers of the Dora Baltea and Dora Riparia, of which Ivrea is the picturesque chief town.

progenitor through the same lens in which I now behold the Pharaohs—builders of the Pyramids.

During that summer I wandered about in the mountains, and visited friends' country-houses, with my manuscript of *Fieramosca*, at which I kept on working. When the cold set in, I went back again to Turin, where I and my brother had to sign the deed settling the final division of our paternal inheritance. While the public notary drew it up, I was making my will. At every period of life death is on the cards; and I always considered it an act of honesty not to leave any confusion behind me. Besides which, I wished to avoid the funeral oration pronounced by the public over those who, by dying intestate, abandon their families in difficulties. "That fool" (it is generally said) "thought that making a will would hasten his death; and lawsuits, lawyers' expenses are now the result. What a goose!" More than once I have happened to know persons who had fallen into great misfortune because some kinsman of theirs had a stupid reluctance to pronounce the words "I bequeath," and to admit that as the world will not yet come to an end, one needs must have heirs.

For my part, when I signed the deed with my brother, my own will was in my pocket: thus, throughout life, I only remained intestate during

the half-hour it took me to go from my own house to that of the notary to whom it was consigned. I considered this the safest plan for myself; and the reader will allow me to think it the same as regards him, should he never have thought of it before.

Another piece of advice, which life and experience prove to be equally good, is not to indulge in domestic dreams. While the father lives, the home is one, and may hold all the brothers. But the father once dead, it is so no longer. There are, in fact, as many homes as brothers. At the moment of the catastrophe, all hearts are touched, and decisions are taken not always likely to answer in practice, without anybody deserving blame, but by the simple force of facts. A difference of disposition is enough; one is gay and thoughtless, another grave and very particular; one prefers hot rooms, the other cool ones, &c. In the case of equals, such trifles suffice to generate annoyance and perturbations, which may become the origin of serious quarrels. I do not deny that instances of brothers living together in perfect harmony may be found. Happy they! But the exception does not prove the rule; and it is prudent not to establish any such ties at a time when the heart is alone master of our acts; it is better to examine and try them, if considered convenient, under the guidance of calm reason.

I was destined to personal experience of the truth of the above remarks. My brother and his wife were models of uprightness and every kind of real excellence; the name they left behind them was that of true benefactors of the people. They both kept schools for poor children at their own expense, upon which they laid out large sums. Not that I value the outlay as half so meritorious as the hours they themselves spent every day with those poor children; teaching them to read, to be clean, sincere, good; to get rid of all the bad habits contracted by the classes about whom nobody had ever thought before, except to send them to the galleys when it was necessary; although the means of enabling them to be honest had always been forgotten. In a word, I consider personal charity as a great merit; and mere gifts of money by the rich as a far less one.

I remember that sometimes, in winter, when I was with my brother after dinner, at the moment when a person no longer young and somewhat corpulent most wishes to be at rest, the hour for the school would strike; on which Roberto said to his wife, "It is time to go." One could see the effort she was making in her face, poor woman; but she rose with a little sigh, went out through fog, snow, or rain, and shut herself up for the whole evening in

the impure and close atmosphere of the school. This is real merit. At the death of each, the hearse was followed to the grave by a legion of children and their parents; all poor people, who were led by affection and not interest to pay, as their means allowed, a last tribute to those who had taken such care of them in their lifetime. My brother and sister-in-law had thus the rarest of all earthly rewards — the spontaneous, and not the imposed or bought, gratitude of the people they had relieved. Let us hope that God is now awarding them a still higher one.

Well, notwithstanding all this, I felt it more desirable to live by myself, and resolved to settle at Milan.

At Milan I found the Austrians; and this was certainly no attraction. But was Charles Felix, who enjoyed the supreme felicity of owing his throne to them, any more attractive than they? Wishing to continue the study and practice of art, at Turin I might have died of apathy; the arts were tolerated, just like the Jews in the Ghetto. At Milan, on the contrary, the concourse of many circumstances, and of the distinguished men assembled there, had produced quite an artistic movement. It was the fashion to buy modern pictures. Wealthy people collected galleries; those less rich often en-

dured the oddest privations to possess a small picture by such or such an artist. The bootmaker Ronchetti, who made boots and shoes for the greatest artists, and took sketches, pictures, statues, &c. in exchange, was quite a celebrity.

To make money was not then, and never has been, my principal object. I, however, intended to cultivate art as a profession for other motives, and sell my pictures, because it is the surest means of fixing one's own standard, and the best proof that your work is successful; lastly, because self-esteem, and the desire of independence, which is the basis of my character, is flattered by the consciousness of being able to earn a comfortable livelihood by one's own exertions. Idleness is debasing, while work is honourable: because idleness leads men and nations to servitude, whereas work makes them strong and independent. Nor are these good results the only ones. The habit of work moderates every excess; it fosters the craving for and love of order; from material, one ascends to moral order: therefore work may be considered as one of the best allies of education.

This longing after order is to me a second nature. The vicissitudes of my life, a series of bitter experiences, had increased it, and the reflections made by me during hours of sadness had now im-

parted an irresistible force to it. Art had not been the only motive of my resolve to exchange Turin for Milan. I felt a strong desire to reorganise my life; and on thinking over the phases and incidents of my unhappy passion, I was compelled to acknowledge that, on the whole, I had done a great deal of harm, both to myself and to others, while reaping but very few advantages in return. And these thoughts were not the consequences of a revived religious sentiment, but solely the result of a sense of natural equity, which made me deem I had been thoroughly unjust and guilty. Feeling remorseful, and wishing to change my way of life, I clearly understood that worship, nay a real and positive faith, would have been a powerful support in such a frame of mind. I yearned for it, would have done anything to possess it; but my mind decidedly refused to accept the explanation of the origin of evil by the dogma of original sin. Hence all the consequent reasoning fell to the ground. Those were indeed days of bitter and painful struggles. But the aspiration after a new life was so strong in me; to remain in a state of irresolution was, as it has always been, so contrary to my nature; that I made up my mind to escape from it by adopting a system which may seem strange to the reader —that of taking part in the worship of a religion

before being able to convince myself fully of the truth of its dogmas. I planted the sprig, in the hope the buds would sprout afterwards, and began to follow the precepts of the Catholic faith, trusting that in due time my mind would understand and appreciate its basis. I know not whether it be possible to give a greater proof of good-will as regards this subject.

It is clear that, when wishing to give an entirely new direction to one's life, a change of residence, if possible, affords great facilities; and it was this consideration which, coupled with my artistic plans, took me to Milan.

I settled and remained there twelve years. I bought a house, married, and formed new ties, thinking it very probable that it would be my final establishment for the remainder of my days. But events unforeseen by me afterwards occurred, one of which was the storm that shook Europe to its centre, and has not yet done all its work; when I was once again thrown into the vortex of an agitated life, as will be related farther on. I spent those twelve years in the bosom of my family. Under such circumstances, every action, every question, every incident, loses its purely individual character, and represents instead the complex interests of two or more persons. If a man is at liberty

to open his heart, and pour out his own feelings without restraint, he must not, as a certain philosopher thought, transform the walls of his house into glass for others. If we wish strangers to respect our domestic life, we must be the first to set the example.

Without entering into particulars, which would besides awaken little interest, I shall therefore confine myself to recording my artistic and literary works at Milan during that period, and to saying a few words concerning the events and the men of the day.

Although the Emperor Francis II. had told a deputation of citizens he was unable to do anything in future, except to make Milan gradually fall into decay, Milan would *not* decline. A foreign and despotic rule no doubt always does its work; and the effects which a few years of free and independent government will produce on Italian cities will be speedily seen; but still even the Austrians could not drain Lombardy to exhaustion. At the moment of my arrival, the changes that had taken place in France, the war of independence in Poland, the risings in the Papal States, made the blood course quicker through the veins of all.

Art, literature, commerce, the whole of society participated in this accession of vitality. The softer

fibres of the country were hardened and roused; one breathed more freely; everyone was more active and more sanguine about everything. This excitement, however, abated as the house of Orleans consolidated itself in France, as their government threw back into the hands of the Austrians and of the Pope those Italians who had allowed themselves to be for one moment deluded by the occupation of Ancona; and as Poland, partly by her own fault, but still more by that of others, heard from the French tribune the announcement that *order reigned at Warsaw.* The Lombard population then had recourse to its old comfort of eating, drinking, and amusing itself; and there only remained afloat the fabric of the secret societies, and of the *Giovine Italia*, which, being young, could not be expected to have much wisdom; and, in truth, facts showed how very little it possessed.

Prolonged oppression, by rendering lies and dissimulation a necessity, thoroughly corrupts the character of nations. Italy is but too great a proof of it. Unfortunately, there is in the Italian nature too great a tendency to work underground; what I might call a mole-like instinct. And Heaven only knows when we shall be able to correct ourselves! It was a mistake and a fault, even while under the foreign yoke; but it is, moreover, an absurdity now

that ours is a free government. And on this score I will say that even without mentioning the societies which have to answer for assassinations, and also, according to many people, for certain colossal thefts, I would fain not see even masonic lodges in Italy. Not from any wish to forbid or put them down had I the power, but I should prefer seeing them closed of their own accord, at least for fifty years to come. I am the first to acknowledge that there is nothing more harmless than the Grand Orient, King of Iran, Prince Cadoc, or the little apron and hammer, &c. I know perfectly well that the *dazzling light*, that is to say, the great secret, is not so awful as some people think: I know likewise that in several countries a great many social benefits are derived from this association; although the affectation of perpetually setting forth benevolence as the aim of the brotherhood seems to me somewhat tainted with Jesuitism. But in Italy, my good friends, — in the classic land of sects and political dissimulation, where everything degenerates into a plot, a conspiracy, an underhand work,—pray leave us alone, and remove your Grand Orient a little more to the east or the west, as you please, but do not hold out to us the temptation of becoming sectarians; because, with all your benevolence, mutual support, and hospitals—all capital things, no doubt,

in themselves—on a rotten soil like ours you cannot prevent your humane society from turning into a regular secret society or political sect; with its simulations, exclusions, priestlike persecutions; its intrigues, its meddlings, to give an appointment to one and deprive another of it, to direct and command, either by flattering or threatening in the dark; by substituting itself, in a word, for the loyal, open, and public action of the political and social powers; and thus the natural sectarian instinct, instead of being corrected, will increase and become more perverse, because it has at the present moment no pretext or excuse whatsoever.

And in truth, I ask you, is there nowadays an opinion, an idea, a thought, that cannot be freely uttered or printed in Italy, that cannot be freely discussed and deliberated upon? What absurdity, buffoontry, or farce is there that cannot be presented to the respectable public in a hall, or on the stage of some second-rate theatre (of course, provided the hire be paid!), with its accompainment of presidential bell, chairman and vice-chairman, orators, platform, german-silver candelabras, illuminations, &c.?

It is sufficient to respect the civil and criminal code; with that exception, you may assemble as much as you like, set forth your political, theological, social, artistic, literary theories; who on earth

prevents you? Why then so many secrets? There is no escape from this dilemma; either it arises from folly, like that of children who act importance and ape their elders; or it is for the purpose of breaking the law and undermining the house in which we all live; or to give each other a helping-hand to secure good appointments, influence, or money, and thence oppose or support, not he who is useful or dangerous to the public, but he who counteracts or favours you in your intrigues. If this be all we have gained, we might as well have kept the Jesuits.

A free country has no need of mysteries; and in Italy, more than elsewhere, if we wish to disentangle ourselves quickly from our swaddling-clothes, we should carefully avoid everything that may lead to dissimulation or underhand practices.

This moral disease of ours offers the same phenomena as a great many epidemics. Take a country, for instance, where cholera is raging, all complaints degenerate into cholera; among us everything degenerates into a secret society.

That of the *Giovine Italia* was a bad example and an evil school for Italy, from the absurdity of its political principles, the stupidity of its intentions, the perversity of its means, and lastly, on account of the mean behaviour of its leaders, who, while themselves in a place of perfect safety, sent to the scaffold the

generous fools who did not understand that their heads were offered up not to regenerate Italy, but only to revive a withered sectarian zeal.

Yet even now there are people under the impression that our present liberty and independence are in great measure owing to these societies! It is true some also exist who hold that without the horrors of 1793, the world would not have been regenerated. They do not understand that terrorism, and the political sects which worked by assassinations and occult agencies, have inspired such horror, that, after so many years, men are only just beginning to be less frightened at liberty, and to prefer it to despotism.

Therefore all these infamies have not hastened, but, on the contrary, delayed our liberation.

During my stay at Milan, young men in general spent their time in drinking and running after ballet-girls (often marrying them); declaiming against the Austrians, keeping totally aloof from them; they were steeped in idleness and ignorance, and only a few bolder spirits took part in all the equally dark and useless proceedings of the *Giovine Italia*, which merely consisted in the circulation of letters, documents, newspapers, and passports; assisting the flight of a secret agent, or such as were compromised; keeping up communications with prisoners, and the

like. And to what purpose? They did not even know themselves, and I defy anybody else to tell.

Not sharing in the views of the *Giovine Italia*, knowing the perfect inutility of all the agitation in which its devotees indulged; and, moreover, detesting those habits of perpetual lying (not to speak of the daggers), I completely eschewed the whole thing. I was, and am still, of opinion that it is the national character which requires cultivation; that it is necessary to form the Italian mind, if we want Italy to be one nation; and when once it is formed, we shall indeed be able to say *Italia farà da sè*. Consequently I had devised a plan of acting on the public spirit by means of a national literature, and *Ettore Fieramosca* was the first step in that direction. In fact, during the whole period of my residence at Milan before 1845, the Austrian police had never occasion to interfere with me. If by chance they believed I was shrewd enough to baffle their vigilance, they would have laboured under a great mistake.

According to their ideas, I was strictly guiltless. It is true that I was preparing the means of attacking them in other ways, by which perhaps they were anything but gainers, and thus I have no claim on their gratitude.

Such was the political state of the country. With

respect to art, as I have stated before, there was quite a new and unaccustomed buoyancy, which lasted for about ten years, and showed at times the symptoms of a regular mania. I had brought three or four pictures with me—the "Challenge of Barletta," of rather large dimensions; the "Interior of a Birch-wood;" and the "Battle of Legnano,"* of moderate size. I did not think badly of them; but labouring, as I said before, under a superlative degree of diffidence, I could not help shaking in my shoes at the thought of their public exhibition in the halls of Brera.† As often happens to persons endowed with a fervid imagination, if I shut my eyes I fancied I saw my three poor pictures surrounded by beautiful large landscapes full of life and truth; nay, I all but perceived the trees in them waving in the wind, and the birds fluttering from branch to branch.

Before speaking to anyone, I said to myself: Let

* The famous victory of the Milanese over the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa (1176), after which he was obliged to humiliate himself before Pope Alexander III., the promoter of the Lombard league, and to kiss his foot in sign of repentance.

† The Milanese Academy of Arts and Sciences when it belonged to the Jesuits (1572-1810). This vast building was called the College of St. Maria-in-Brera, or more shortly, Brera, which might be translated by St. Mary-in-the-Fields; for the old Lombard word *brera*, or more properly *breda*, is a corruption of *prædium* (field).

me have a look first of all, and see what they can do. Accordingly I began to visit the studios, to make acquaintance with the artists and principal amateurs, and to acquire a certain degree of intimacy with them. They naturally wished to know who I was, and made inquiries; and thus by degrees I was well received and treated with friendliness. Presently they began to say to me: "So you, too, draw and paint?" I answered very modestly: "Why, yes, I paint a little for amusement." And this humility was an excellent calculation, which I would suggest to everyone who is in a position like mine. He who refrains from boasting is esteemed a third above his desert, if he has any real merit. If he has none, no one will like him the less for not having claimed any. Let youths at the outset of their career take note of this hint.

The consequence of my exploring tour was a slight elevation of my courage, and a diminution—I do not say an entire removal—of my aforesaid quaking. Not that I had found artists who were incapable; but, after all, I had seen that the leaves of their trees were not stirred by the breeze, but were painted like mine. The great day came at last; the pictures began to be taken to Brera; and I too hired carpenters, upholsterers, and porters, and had mine conveyed to the place apportioned to me, and

which, thanks to the kindness of the directors, was one of the best.

I never watched every change and expression of countenances—not only of those who understood the matter, but even of the doorkeepers and porters who helped to set up my show—as much as I did then, in the hope of discovering whether I had succeeded or not. But there was no getting beyond a sort of hesitation between yes and no, between hope and fear. Even when a work of art is tolerably good, the majority do not discover the fact until they hear others assert it. The opinion of a friend of mine tended, however, to reassure me; and this friend was Cataneo, the director of the numismatic department at Brera.

He had studied art at Rome before the French occupation, and was a contemporary of Bossi, Appiani, and the first landscape-painters of the time—of Denys, Woogd, Hackert, and the rest. I had great confidence in this excellent fellow, who liked me, and was not a flatterer; he never ceased repeating that I should succeed, and this gave me fresh courage.

On the 1st of September the exhibition was inaugurated. Cataneo had made a good guess, and the success of my work was certainly beyond what could have been reasonably expected. The "Birchwood" was bought by the Viceroy; the "Challenge

of Barletta" by Count Porro; and I forget who became the possessor of the "Battle of Legnano." In two or three days all my stock was disposed of. I was afraid that the victory of the Milanese over the Emperor might create some difficulties. In fact, there could be no mistake as to its meaning. Poor Barbarossa, with his white steed, the inevitable appurtenance of all painted heroes, lay on the ground very badly off indeed, at the foot of the famous *carroccio*:* and if he had in truth come to that pass, I doubt very much whether he would have been able

* The celebrated sacred chariot of the ancient Italian *comuni*, first instituted by Eriberto, the dreaded archbishop of Milan, who called the Emperor Conrad into Italy, and crowned him with the iron crown in the year 1026, receiving in return an increase of power from the German potentate. But the emperor soon became intolerably overbearing, and threw Eriberto into prison, entirely forgetful of the benefits he had received. Nothing daunted, the pugnacious archbishop escaped from his dungeon, hastened to Milan, was hailed with joy by the citizens, and repelled the Germans, who immediately besieged him by order of the emperor. Shortly after, he took the field at the head of his faithful flock, and actually routed the hated imperialists. It was on this occasion that Eriberto introduced the *carroccio* for the first time. It was a huge high four-wheeled chariot, drawn by four pair of oxen. A scarlet cloth covered the whole of it, falling as low as the wheels, and an altar rose aloft on this kind of platform. From a long red pole fixed in the centre floated the white banner with the red cross of the commune of Milan; and it sometimes also bore the image of St. Ambrose, the patron of the city. The oxen too were covered with cloths of the same colours when the chariot was to be drawn to the field of battle, the only occasion on which its removal from the city was permitted. A priest in

to reappear three days after at Pavia, where he had been reported dead.

At all events, as the police and the government knew the real fact but too well, and that *now* it was the *carroccio* which lay prostrate on the ground, while the emperor was firmly on foot, they did not care to interrupt my triumph with useless annoyances.

After this success, orders rained in upon me from every quarter; and during my whole stay at Milan I continued to be well supplied with them, so that in one winter I painted twenty-four pictures, nearly every one of which was commissioned beforehand.

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his sacerdotal robes stood before the altar, imploring victory from Heaven, and exciting the valour of the combatants.

The idea of this chariot seems to have been taken from the Ark of the Jews, and it was intended to inspire the people with the belief that in fighting for their homes and freedom, they were also defending the mystic symbol of their honour and religion, which they could not allow to fall into the enemies' hands without incurring the guilt of sacrilege. All the other Lombard republics, seeing the impression it produced on the masses, followed the example of Milan, and adopted a chariot too, on which their banners were hoisted in the day of battle.

A chosen guard, selected from the flower of the citizens, surrounded the *carroccio* in close ranks, like a sacred host; and it was through their strenuous efforts at Legnano that the Germans, led by Barbarossa in person with extraordinary daring, were routed while making a last rush on the holy emblem of the Milanese republican liberties.

I have taken these details from Mr. G. B. Testa's valuable historical work on the war of Frederick Barbarossa against the Lombard republics: Doncaster, 1857.

While striving to acquire a good artistic position in my new residence, I had still continued to work at my *Fieramosca*, which was now almost completed. Letters were at that time represented at Milan by Manzoni, Grossi, Torti, Pompeo Litta, &c. The memories of the period of Monti, Parini, Foscolo, Porta, Pellico, Verri, Beccaria, were still fresh; and however much the living literary and scientific men might be inclined to lead a secluded life, intrenched in their own houses, with the shyness of people who disliked much intercourse with the world, yet by a little tact those who wished for their company could overcome their reserve. As Manzoni's son-in-law, I found myself naturally brought into contact with them. I knew them all; but Grossi and I became particularly intimate, and our close and uninterrupted friendship lasted until the day of his but too premature death. I longed to show my work to him, and especially to Manzoni, and ask their advice; but fear this time, not artistic but literary, had again caught hold of me. Still a resolve was necessary, and was taken at last. I disclosed my secret, imploring forbearance and advice, but no *indulgence*. I wanted the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I preferred the blame of a couple of trusted friends to that of the public. Both seemed to have expected something a great deal worse than what

they heard, to judge by their startled, but also approving, countenances, when my novel was read to them. Manzoni remarked with a smile, "We literary men have a strange profession indeed — anyone can take it up in a day. Here is Massimo; the whim of writing a novel seizes him, and upon my word he does not do badly, after all!"

This high approbation inspired me with leonine courage, and I set to work again in earnest, so that in 1833 the work was ready for publication. On thinking it over now, it strikes me I was guilty of great impertinence in thus bringing out and publishing with undaunted assurance my little novel among all those literary big-wigs; I who had never done or written anything before. It was successful; and this is an answer to every objection.

There was then a printing-office in Via San Pietro all' Orto, under the management of one Ferrario, a great stout fellow, an old Jacobite of the Cisalpine republic, and of such excellent reputation, that in the days of Franco-Italian embezzlements he incurred no suspicion by forming part of the *rather* suspicious mission sent by the government to Loretto to make a clean sweep of that famous treasury of the holy Virgin. As no one would have given me a dollar for my manuscript, had I wanted to sell it, it became needful for me to put my hand

into my own pocket. This worthy man undertook the publication, on condition of repaying himself out of the first proceeds, leaving the surplus to me. In this way I ran the risk of a heavy loss, instead of which I did pretty well, and gained five thousand francs by *Ettore Fieramosca*.

I do not mean to boast, but could I now receive one per cent on what others have made by it, I might keep a carriage; for which Solomon made a solitary exception, when stigmatising everything in this world as vanity, probably because at the time he said so he was an old man like me.

The day I carried my bundle of manuscript to San Pietro all' Orto, and that, as Berni* expresses it,

> "ritrovato
> Un che di stampar opere lavora,
> Dissi, Stampami questa alla malora!"
>
> "having
> Discovered one (a publisher by trade),
> 'Print me this book, bad luck to it!' I said;"

I was in a still greater funk than on the two previous occasions. But I had yet to experience the worst I ever felt in the whole course of my life, and that was on the day of publication; when I went out in the morning and read my illustrious name

* The gay Italian writer of the sixteenth century, who excelled in satirical poems, and after whom all such compositions have ever since been called *Bernesche*.

placarded in large letters on the street-walls! I felt blinded by a thousand sparks. Now indeed *alea jacta erat*, and my fleet was burnt to ashes.

This great fear of the public may, with good will, be taken for modesty; but I hold that at bottom it is downright vanity. Of course I am speaking of people endowed with a sufficient dose of talent and common sense; with fools, on the contrary, vanity takes the shape of impudent self-confidence. Hence all the daily published amount of nonsense; which would convey a strange idea of us to Europe, if it were not our good fortune that Italian is not much understood abroad. As regards our internal affairs, the two excesses are almost equally noxious. In parliament, for instance, the first, those of the *timidly vain* genus, might give their opinion a little oftener with general advantage; while if the others, the *impudently vain*, were not always brawling, discussions would be more brief and rational, and public business better and more quickly despatched. The same reflection applies to other branches—to journalism, literature, society, &c.; for vanity is the bad weed which chokes up our political field; and as it is a plant of hardy growth, blooming among us all the year round, it is just as well to be on our guard.

Timid vanity was terribly at work within me the day *Fieramosca* was published. For the first twenty-

four hours it was impossible to learn anything; for even the most zealous require at least a day to form some idea of a book. Next morning, on first going out, I encountered a friend of mine, a young fellow then and now a man of mature age, who has never had a suspicion of the cruel blow he unconsciously dealt me. I met him in Piazza San Fedele, where I lived; and after a few words, he said, "By the bye, I hear you have published a novel. Well done!" and then talked away about something quite different with the utmost heedlessness. Not a drop of blood was left in my veins, and I said to myself, "Mercy on me! I am done for; not even a word is said about my poor *Fieramosca!*" It seemed incredible that he, who belonged to a very numerous family, connected with the best society of the town, should have heard nothing, if the slightest notice had been taken of it. As he was besides an excellent fellow and a friend, it seemed equally incredible that if a word had been said and heard, he should not have repeated it to me. Therefore it was a failure; the worst of failures, that of silence. With a bitter feeling at heart, I hardly knew where I went; but this feeling soon changed, and the bitterness was superseded by quite an opposite sensation.

Fieramosca succeeded, and succeeded so well, that I felt *abasourdi*, as the French express it; indeed, I

could say, "*Je n'aurais jamais cru être si fort savant.*" My success went on in an increasing ratio; it passed from the papers, and from the masculine to the feminine half of society; it found its way to the studios and the stage. I became the *vade-mecum* of every prima-donna and tenor, the hidden treat of school-girls; I penetrated between the pillow and the mattress of college-boys, of the military-academy cadet; and my apotheosis reached such a height, that some newspapers asserted it was Manzoni's work. It is superfluous to add that only the ignorant could entertain a similar idea; those who were better informed would never have made such a blunder. It would be like mistaking a Cesare da Sesto* for a Raphael.

In conclusion, it was a real *furore*. Was it deserved, or not? Here arises a curious question on the destiny of books, which, if judged according to the ordinary rules, is often the most anomalous and inexplicable of facts. If mention is made, for instance, of such works as *Guerrin Meschino*, *Paris e Vienna*, *Reali di Francia*, the book of *Bertoldo e Bertoldino*,†

* A native of Milan, who was Leonardo da Vinci's best pupil, and died in 1524. In several of his compositions he tried to imitate Raphael, whom he had known intimately at Rome; and Lanzi in his *Storia Pittorica* relates how the king of painters once said to Cesare, "Is it not strange that, while such great friends, we should have no respect for one another in painting?" as if meaning to suggest that they mutually copied each other's style.

† Italian knightly romances by anonymous authors. The first

people in general say "Stuff and nonsense!" As much nonsense as you like; nevertheless they date from time immemorial, first in manuscript, afterwards printed, and reprinted again and again even now. Then they have a hold on hearts and intellects; they undoubtedly possess some merit, though, it may be said, not a literary one; and, granting the truth of this, I ask in turn: What is the use of literature? In certain countries, and at certain epochs, either none whatsoever, or a bad one. Now, what ought it to be? Of most beneficial utility. Therefore, even if a literary work has little value in an artistic point of view, it may be extremely valuable in another way, provided it serves a useful end. In that case it will have a value of a different kind, and consequently cannot be called without merit. Regarded from this point of view, I believe *Fieramosca* has real merit, and for this once I must throw modesty fairly overboard.

My aim, as I said, was to take the initiative in the slow work of the regeneration of national character. I had no wish but to awaken high and noble sentiments in Italian hearts; and if all the literary men

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known editions are dated as early as the fifteenth century, with the exception of *Bertoldo e Bertoldino*, which is a book of *argutiæ* in verse, contributed by various writers, and originally published at Bologna in the beginning of last century.

in the world had assembled to condemn me in virtue of strict rules, I should not have cared a jot, if, in defiance of all existing rules, I succeeded in inflaming the heart of one single individual. And I will also add, who can say that what causes durable emotion is unorthodox? It may be at variance with some rules and in harmony with others; and those which move hearts and captivate intellects do not appear to me to be the worst.

I have always found it interesting and instructive to analyse favour, success, and its causes. To influence men in order to lead them to good is a far higher aim than that of being the first writer or poet in the world. The best of studies, therefore, is to discover what are the incentives that move and persuade the most; and this discovery is sometimes made by observing very trivial types. I have often heard rough boors relate their misfortunes, a poor mother speak of the recklessness or the devotion of her son, in a way that went straight to my heart. Something may be learned even from street mountebanks.

Not everyone can secure the attention of a hundred people or more for hours. If they remain and listen, there must be a reason; and it would be interesting to discover this. I will dwell no further on these reflections, leaving the curiosity of the reader to develop them; and shall merely add, that in the

literary circles of Milan the question, whether an historical novel is an acceptable form of literature, was then being discussed.

I had just composed my *Fieramosca*, and a few years before Manzoni had published his *Promessi Sposi*, one of the most beautiful books ever produced by a human mind, while Grossi was actually engaged in writing his *Marco Visconti*. The question was thus one of great moment, and Manzoni was inclined to decide it against us and himself, with arguments which in point of good sense and taste it was difficult to answer. "But my object is to electrify the mind," I used to say; "and if I attain that end by an historical novel, what do I care if it be at variance with the rules?" Nobody understood and accepted this reasoning more fully than Manzoni.

In a word, *Fieramosca* was of some use at that time; and this was enough for me.

I must not omit a few facts connected with its passage under the revision of the censor, which may seem curious to those who have never had any dealings with that very queer creature. The problem was the following. To publish a book destined to rouse Italians against the foreigner. Was this an easy matter, think you, under the Austrian censorship? However, as the official exercising it was a good inoffensive soul, an excellent creature, fat, heavy, of

rather lazy disposition—a capital thing in a censor—rejoicing in the name of Abate Bellisomi, I laid siege to him, patiently studying his character, contriving to discover his tastes, antipathies, and habits, making friends with his favourite housekeeper, and inquiring from her whether he slept and ate well, if his digestion was good, or his temper bad, &c. All this for the purpose of choosing a favourable moment for discussing the objectionable passages, for explaining them or softening them down, without making any real change, and so on; putting meanwhile every theological and cardinal virtue in practice, not to lose my temper, get into a passion, and spoil the whole thing. At last, thank Heaven, I carried away an *imprimatur* including every page; saying as I left the house, "It will now be your business to square it with Vienna." Vienna did in fact understand, and made an awful fuss. Poor Bellisomi received a tremendous lecture, not only from the government officials, but also from the bigoted party, on account of the letter of Alexander VI. to Duke Valentino.* He

* In this supposed confidential epistle of Alexander VI. the author makes Borgia reveal to his son some of the infamies by which they both acquired such terrible fame. Although a fiction, every portion of that letter is founded on historical fact, and is meant to put in relief the mixture of cruelty and superstition of the Pope, as well as the cynical and covetous ferocity of Duke Valentino.

said in his defence: "It is an historical document, and how can you forbid it?"

The worthy Bellisomi was not aware that the historical document was my composition, and I own that his mistake made me rather conceited. The fact is, that he either left or was removed from the office of censor. But the book had had its run all over Italy; so let him catch it who could!

CHAPTER XIII.

Tommaso Grossi—The poet and the notary—My life at Milan—Art and the Milanese artists in my time—The Brera exhibition and its mysteries—I reproduce an old criticism of mine on a picture by Hayez—I begin to write the first chapters of *Niccolò de' Lapi* with great ardour—The Austrians governed Lombardy by means of the theatre of La Scala—I show Tommaso Grossi a specimen of my new novel, and he encourages me to proceed with it.

A SUCCESS of this kind was sure to have the immediate consequence of inspiring me with a strong desire to publish another novel, and so in fact it happened.

As I mentioned before, I had contracted a great friendship with Grossi. Our natures, our tempers, were congenial, and he encouraged me in my new undertaking. Henceforth everything went smoothly, and I began with a confidence hitherto quite unknown to me when I had still to form an idea of myself and the public. The resolution once taken, the next thing was to search for a subject, which was to be treated entirely from the Italian liberal

point of view, of course, but still always with an eye to the prospect of the Austrian censorship.

Before entering into any particulars, I must premise a few words of biography about Grossi, a rare friend, to whose loss no one who knew him could ever be reconciled, and I less than others. I will not discuss his works, or his literary merit — the first are known, the second is held in the high consideration it deserves, and nothing on earth can throw a shadow over it—but I will speak of the man, for his worth was far above that of his verses, however excellent they may be. Tommaso Grossi was a native of Bellano, a handsome and thriving little town on the banks of the Lario (Lake of Como) at the mouth of the Val Sassina. His parents were honest, but very poor. His uncle, the curate of Treviglio, a Jansenist of the school of Tamburini,* took care of him, and sent him to school, first at Milan, afterwards at Pavia.

While at the university, the poetical instinct began to reveal itself, but in a way befitting a man even in his adolescence. The first symptom of the poetical mania in the future goslings, destined to turn out engineers, clerks, or chemists, not poets, is an ode to Phyllis, or lacrymose reflections on the

* Abate Tamburini was a man of great learning and distinction. He held a high position at the University of Pavia.

moon, or blank verses to a friend informing him of the corruption of the human race, &c.; in short, a warming-up, for the hundredth time, of the stalest of stuff. Grossi, on the contrary, having a proud and manly nature—all truth and impulse—pounced upon subjects which he saw, felt, and heard; he treated them according to his own ideas and perceptions; and from his first start he was original, himself, and a man of high capabilities. There lived at Pavia a professor of law, who used to deliver his lecture in the oddest style, like a mosaic, half in Italian, half in dialect, and sometimes even in Latin, at which everybody laughed heartily. Grossi put it into verse with so much truthfulness and such perfect imitation of the original, that it was a real gem.

I do not know precisely at what age he was sent to the college of the Oblati monks, near Lecco. It was indeed a rough and almost brutal education, where little Latin and less food were to be had, seasoned now and then with a few hard blows by way of disciplinary code; so that Grossi's character, bold and impulsive, became embittered, and he was involved in constant quarrels with his companions. Being, however, of slight build, and having more pluck than muscle, you may imagine what hard hits he received. His cranium was quite a singular

spectacle, — scars and bumps actually touched one another. At last, unable to endure any longer these worthy monks—to whose order he would never grant an amnesty in the whole course of his life—he one day escaped, in company with a schoolfellow, by letting himself slip down from a wall, and they were missed for a long time, until finally captured at Magenta.

He used to relate a curious anecdote, showing what kind feelings he entertained for his masters. It was at the time when the French, momentarily deprived of Bonaparte, were retreating before the Austrians and the Russians under Souwaroff. "One summer afternoon" (he said) "we were in the school-rooms under the arcade leading into the entrance-yard. All of a sudden we heard a noise at the door, which was soon thrown open, and in rushed a host of Cossacks, with their wiry little horses and long beards, who scattered themselves over the grass-plot in the court. We were much pleased; it was a novelty, it stopped the lessons, to say nothing besides of the—amusement is not the word—of the delight, joy, and delirium we felt at seeing the arrogant, domineering countenances of our tyrants becoming confused and terrified, as they bowed and smiled in deprecation of the wrath of those rude Scythians, fearing every minute to see them make havoc of

the whole college and everything belonging to it, monks, pupils, and all. As for the Cossacks, they seemed a very worthy set of people; they looked at us curiously, laughed, wandered about, and partook of a good refection soon provided by fear, and which was a great deal better than ours. When I saw" (Grossi went on) "the terror of a certain Oblato whom I particularly hated, I could not help thinking I would profit by the opportunity. So grasping one of the long-bearded fellows by his coat-skirt, and pointing out my favourite to him with my left hand, while the outstretched right made repeated flourishes in the air, as with beseeching looks I implored his Muscovite highness to give him a good thrashing. The Cossack was bursting with laughter, but to my great grief he let the monk alone."*

* The Marchioness Ricci, by whose care these Memoirs have been published, has at this point of the original edition inserted a note announcing that this second volume would have unfortunately ended here, had not the Chevalier Torelli taken upon himself to continue it. I have already stated that Torelli was one of the most intimate friends of Massimo d'Azeglio; and it so happened that being in possession of two autograph documents containing the most interesting details, which were to appear in his before-named monthly paper *Il Cronista* (but did not do so), he was enabled to finish the present volume with these and a quantity of other notes, letters, memoranda, &c., remaining in his hands after so many years of intimate intercourse. He died soon after, and had only time to bring his patient and accurate work to a close before he followed his friend to the grave. The

As an anecdote it has, in truth, little importance, but I have related it because at the time it gave rise to a curious moral reflection. Grossi, as I said, was one of the best creatures that ever lived; still, he had the mania of passing himself off as a mischievous and almost malignant man. A proof of what I say is, that Grossi himself, when I cross-questioned him strictly, was obliged to own that he was seized with such violent remorse, that he went to the monk and confessed everything as a sign of his repentance. The man who had called forth the tears of a whole generation with his *Fuggitiva* would almost pretend to be hard-hearted! Grossi knew Porta* in his youth, and had been on very intimate terms with him—nay more, they worked together, and perhaps he thereby acquired that gift of persuasive elegance and admirable simplicity of style, which have made the Milanese poet immortal. Always leaving out of account *I Promessi Sposi*, I was and am of opinion that the best Italian book, the produce both of erudition and fancy, is *Marco Visconti*. I

Marchioness Ricci has accordingly thought it right to apprise the public that the end of this chapter, and the beginning of the next but one, were compiled by Chevalier Torelli.

* Porta was most celebrated for his beautiful popular poems in the Milanese dialect.

have heard answers from Grossi's lips so remarkable for sagacity and depth of observation as to strike me dumb, making me feel as if I could not have found them in less than a fortnight, if even then.

Grossi was rather tall and slender. His beautiful forehead presented some points of analogy with that of Manzoni, especially in the protuberance above the eyebrows. He was thin, and enjoyed good health. For a long time he had conscientiously carried on his profession as a notary, and nothing else. So much so, that when he was involved in a literary conversation he used to say the most exquisite things in honour of literary pursuits, but it was impossible to understand whether he was in earnest or jest; to me, however, he once spoke the following words:

"Undoubtedly, for anyone who has money to spend, literature is a delightful pastime. But I believe, my dear Massimo, we were born fifty years too soon.

"I, who from a literary man became a notary, in half a century might run the risk of sending legal documents and wills to the devil, in order to follow literary pursuits. I am not quite sure whether it would not be a mistake, and a mark of disrespect towards myself; but at all events I am certain there would be a modest place for me under the sun."

Having, after much research, at last found a

subject for my second work,* I spoke to Grossi and some other friends about it; receiving plenty of encouragement, I then set to work in earnest.

Here begins a passage in my *Recollections* which, according to certain ideas, may be looked upon as tiresome. And if I consider it so, there is no danger of your contradicting me. I will not say skip it entirely, but bid you not dwell overmuch upon it. The period that seems to me so tiresome was on some accounts the quietest and happiest time of my life.

It may be said, without offending the susceptibilities of the other Italian towns, that life at Milan is (perhaps it was so then, even more than now) very easy, pleasant, and enjoyable. In general, conversation trespassed but little on serious topics: how would it have been possible to talk of serious things with the garrison we had in our house? There was something so plenteous, wealthy, lively, and active in the place, that the mere sight of it made you cheerful. I may say that at Milan an infinity of houses

* Niccolò de' Lapi, the hero of this second book, was a popular leader and a fanatical adherent of Savonarola, whose ashes he preserved in a silver urn. A bitter opponent of the Medicis during their brief banishment in 1499-1500, he also distinguished himself by his valour in the defence of Florence against Charles VIII. This novel is partly founded on the episodes of that siege, and partly on the secret marriage of Niccolò's daughter with a spy of the Medicis.

were open to me at whose doors I had never even knocked, and at these I experienced all the worth of a cordial hospitality. Having soon made acquaintance with the best society of the town and the artistic circle, there is no saying how quickly my time flew by. Cured of my old moral complaint of Rome, and, what was more important, of the physical one of the heart, which, as I have elsewhere stated, made me fancy myself almost an old man at thirty, I worked a great deal, and worked sometimes, as one says, desperately. Meanwhile, without appearing to do so, I always kept an eye on *Ettore Fieramosca*, watching the strides he made towards the temple of fame; and when, in spite of the discouraging observations I never failed to make on whatever concerned myself, I really acquired the conviction that not only my book had been accepted by the Italian public, but that it created a decided *furore*, I thought it was time to push on with *Niccolò de' Lapi*, of which some chapters were already written as early as 1831 or 1832. As the work advanced, I often felt scruples and doubts, which I had never experienced whilst writing *Ettore Fieramosca*. Was this the offspring of a feeling which is not admitted by democratic doctrines, and which in heraldic language may be translated *noblesse oblige*, but which in me far more resembled a positive trepidation, lest I should not be

able to realise by my second book all the expectations that had been raised by the first? It is almost unnecessary to state that in this second literary essay of mine I devoted a great deal more attention and study to historical exactness. Accordingly, while writing *Niccolò de' Lapi*, I forsook that delightful Milanese life, and the society I so much enjoyed, to hurry to the spot which had been the scene of my narrative, to examine and become as familiar with it as I possibly could. But I shall have to speak of all this by and by.

While at Milan I was busily engaged in writing many hours a day; and devoted several others to pictures, of which I now sold a great number; and—there need be no mistake about it—I was a dealer always sought after and coaxed. Everything went smoothly with me, as if I were gliding over a velvet slope; good health, few wants, and comparatively ample means to supply them. I was welcome everywhere. In the evening a variety of entertainments, especially that of the classical theatre of La Scala; sometimes even a more genial entertainment still, in the familiar intimacy of Manzoni, or in the not less dear society of Grossi, and some other artistic friends.

While on this subject, I own that, though living an artistic life and consequently among artists, there

are very few with whom I have ever formed a real friendship. Manners (even among artists) have undergone a great many changes in the last thirty years. A passion had then crept in amongst the artistic class, which, though hidden, gained access to many a heart; very few indeed were free from the taint,—a passion which, although reckoned by the gospel among mortal sins, was carried off with perfect coolness, ease, and sometimes with such art, that not only did it not appear in the light of a sin at all, but almost bore the semblance of philanthropy. In a word, among artists there prevailed a little envy. I have witnessed scenes worthy perhaps of being recorded; but the artistic world of the present day has no longer anything in common with that of thirty years ago, and culture and education have swept away a great many prejudices, and among them, I hope, that of envy also. For what is envy, socially speaking and in a certain sphere of ideas, if not a prejudice? Suppose, for instance, I am envious of you: a third immediately comes forward and regards you as a victim, if only for the sake of being spiteful to me: and as soon as you appear in the light of a victim, victory is very near at hand. This is the common little game of human passions. Moreover, the temptation to seize an opportunity of making a cheap display of good-nature

is always great. "He is persecuted by envious people, poor fellow; it really aggravates me!"

It happened occasionally that some of the pictures exhibited at Brera, even before the exhibition was open to the public, were all of a sudden reported to be either very beautiful or very ugly. They were talked about in the cafés and private circles. And yet these paintings had only been seen by the artists. A poor painter, who up to the last day had believed himself to have exhibited a good production, learnt from the mysterious disclosures of some intimate friend, that his work was a most decided failure. Pale and speechless, he wandered about among the crowd of visitors at Brera, hoping to overhear what was said about him. He could not form a clear judgment; he neither ate nor slept, and almost contemplated suicide. When, wonder of wonders, he reads in the magazines and reviews, on the contrary, that his picture has been a great success; nay more, he learns that a Mæcenas has bought it!

It was once my fate to have a finger in a pie of this sort. I had forgotten this incident, but find among my papers a document which recalls it to my mind.

Hayez*—it is almost needless for me to say it—

* Born at Venice, of Flemish parents, in 1791, Francesco Hayez is one of the most reputed Italian artists now living. He

is one of the great artists of the century. The elegance and purity of his design, the exquisite taste of his conception and execution, and the felicity with which he overcomes the greatest difficulties of art, undoubtedly raise Hayez to the rank of the head of a genuine school. Well, it so chanced that he himself should also be the victim of one of those prejudicial judgments, as is shown by the following note, remaining in my own handwriting. It runs thus:

"The style of painting at which I work being totally different from that to which the picture of Signor Hayez belongs, and aware as I am of the difficulty of pronouncing a judgment on matters beyond one's own range, I would never allow myself to pronounce an opinion on that subject. Having, however, been requested to do so, I am bound to declare it is perfectly true that I have said to several persons, and to Signor Hayez himself, that the aforesaid picture seemed, and does seem, to me one of his best."

This opinion—true or false, as the case may be—

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has resided at Milan since 1820, and is professor of historical painting at the Fine-Arts Academy there. The picture on which Massimo d'Azeglio was asked to pronounce an opinion, as he here relates, represented Peter the Hermit enthusiastically preaching the first crusade. Four feet in height by three in width, the figures half the size of life, it is one of Hayez's noblest works.

is grounded on the fact that the subject of the picture appears to me perfectly expressed, the spectator being at first sight enabled to guess what action the artist meant to represent,—that the apparent disorder of the composition depicts to a nicety the agitation which, according to the ancients, used to reign in such gatherings; that the expression of the countenance and of the entire figure of the protagonist Peter is admirably full of imagination, and conceived with rare felicity; that in the various groups there is a marvellous variety of episodes, treated with a simple and touching veracity; that this whole picture, like everything Signor Hayez has painted, displays such exquisite taste in the colouring and drawing, so much novelty and beauty in the attitudes, as to exclude the possibility of fancying anything better; that, lastly, the difficulty of bringing so many figures into relief, notwithstanding all the intricacy and variety with which they are intermingled and sketched, one before the other, has been conquered with the help of *chiaro scuro*, and sometimes with that of local colour or drawing, and conquered in a way that I, for one, consider to be admirable.

Now to give a reason for the impression which this picture may have produced on people whose position prevents their being acquainted with the intrinsic value and importance of the means employed

by art, I think I should add, it often happens—perhaps I ought to say always—that of two pictures, the first of which shows a point of *chiaro scuro*, striking, decided, and bold, and less merit in the other parts, while the second possesses all the best points of composition, drawing, expression, &c., though not so effective in a general point of view,—the former will be gazed upon with more pleasure by the million; but artists, while granting that the latter is not so commendable, will nevertheless prefer it, considering this fault to be richly compensated by its other beauties.

My days were so well filled at Milan that I had no time to feel bored. I wrote fresh chapters of *Niccolò de' Lapi* with eagerness, and took delight in it, not so much on account of the sublime compensations which, in any creation, intellect affords to the creator, as on the inward feeling that I was following up my programme—of rousing the Italians, and directing their attention towards more important things than the engagement of a new ballet-girl or a singer. I must, however, confess that I never even dreamed of playing such a vile trick to opera-managers as converting the great theatre of La Scala into a desert. I recognised that not only great artists wielded an inevitable tyranny over the minds of the Milanese, but everything connected

with the theatre of La Scala, even the majestic Gallarate,* was, at that time, a far more celebrated and welcome personage at Milan than our whole company of artists or writers. In this it is impossible not to discern the cunning and sagacity of the Austrian government. It may be said, in fact, to have governed Lombardy for many years by means of the theatre of La Scala; and it must be confessed that, up to a certain date, it was far from unsuccessful.

I myself, who now write after such a long while, recollect perfectly the fascination exercised upon everybody, and even upon me, by the announcement of a performance of Malibran, for instance. I own that it did not always enchant me, and that I often grumbled internally at the general display of enthusiasm; yet, at times, my sensations were really extraordinary. In a few words, I lived a little by myself, a little with artists, and in the fashionable world besides. Social relations at Milan, as I have said, were easy. I was maybe a little spoilt by the extreme courtesy and kindness I experienced.

* The "majestic Gallarate" was simply the long-since defunct door-keeper of the theatre of La Scala. The appearance of this tall and stout celebrity was indeed portly and striking, and his memory marvellous. No one could escape his vigilance, or succeed in entering the theatre without a ticket. He not only never forgot a face he had once seen, but he knew the name, profession, and age of every playgoer.

The circle of my acquaintance was thus increasing; hence also the list of the duties I had to discharge towards others.

After having written for some time, and worked in my studio, or in that of my friend Molteni, for several hours a-day, I had visits to pay, the number of which was sometimes appalling, especially when I had imprudently let them accumulate. I find a little memorandum among a heap of papers, upon a scrap of which the following list is written: Alari, Cicogna, Dunois, Ponzani, Rovida, Litta, Ulrich, Visconti, Kevenhüller, Trotti, Hayez, Palagi. . . . . Observe that this fragment is partially burnt at the bottom, which makes me conclude it must have been much longer.

When the terrible moment of reading the first chapters of *Niccolò de' Lapi* to Grossi arrived, I felt the famous *velvet* I have mentioned above slip from beneath me. I felt, on the contrary, as if my seat were anything but a smooth one. I could not dismiss from my memory the quiet but decisive verdict pronounced by Grossi on my poetical essay. And if, after hearing my chapters, he were to come out again with his *Hin propi minga bej!* Thus did I speculate once more in a regular quake.

Thank Heaven, things turned out much better. Grossi made a few remarks, but, on he whole, he

approved of my work. He even said that, so far, he thought it more masculine and earnest than *Fieramosca*. This encouragement spurred me on at full speed; and as I was most anxious to do my best, even in an historical point of view, and in that of the *couleur locale* of the country, one fine morning I decided upon making a tour in Tuscany, expressly to study the scenes of my narrative on the spot. As I kept a sort of diary of this journey, written day by day, I shall reproduce it in its naked simplicity.

CHAPTER XIV.

My old tourist diary—Description of the journey from Modena to San Marcello—Excursion to Gavinana, and historical records of Francesco Ferruccio—I would fain put up a commemorative stone at my own expense, but am prevented—Hospitality of the Cini family—On the way from San Marcello to Pistoia I stop at the Villa Puccini—Description of this villa—Inscription composed at Florence at that time by a censor, but not allowed by the censorship—Gustavo Ferruccio a descendant of the great Francesco—My mother dies this year, 1838.

We left Milan on the 28th of August. In the evening we arrived at Piacenza, at the inn of the Croce Bianca, and were well treated, after the fashion of St. Bartholomew.* I noticed two fine churches of the thirteenth or fourteenth century; the square with the communal palace is also very handsome. The two equestrian statues of Alexander Farnese and his father appear to advantage as a decoration, though they are frightful as sculptures; everything seems blown about by a gale; and the manes of the two horses look like maccaroni or snakes.

* St. Bartholomew, the apostle and martyr, was condemned to be flayed. In Italy, therefore, to be treated like him means to be fleeced by rapacious inn-keepers.

August 29*th.* Halt at Borgo San Donnino. Fine church of the fourteenth century. Under the high altar in a chapel there is an arch with sculptures taken from the legend of St. Dennis the martyr, who, by the bye, is represented sauntering along with his head in his hand. At Parma in the evening.

August 30*th.* I found my dear friend Toschi, good-natured, clever, pleasant as usual, and he overwhelmed us with civilities. He is now trying to form a school of painters who will not ape foreign styles in fashion beyond the Alps, but learn first from nature, and afterwards from Correggio, and our other ancient celebrities. I wonder whether he will succeed. We went on to San Lazaro.

September 2*d.* We arrived at Reggio; and in the evening at Modena. Here we encountered a surfeit of Jesuits and beggars.

September 3*d.* We started at eleven with a vetturino, who was to convey us to Pistoia. For about eight miles the road is flat and beautiful, running through a richly cultivated country; then the ascent begins, winding its tortuous way along hill-sides clad with chestnut-trees; and presently, rising by degrees, it reaches the summit of a first ridge, where stands La Serra—a few houses and an inn, at which we slept.

September 4th. A good road, but perpetually up and down. We reached a valley between overlapping hills, among which lies Paullo: further on, straight before us, we continually gazed on the high chain of the Abetone. We halted at Lama, and detected the first traces of pure Tuscan accent. Having climbed the Barigazzo, a high, barren peak, we descended to Pieve di Pelago, and stopped there for the night.

September 5th. A start before daybreak. We toiled up full eight miles, and reached the top of the Abetone; first, the road leading to the baths of Lucca branches off; a little further on is the Modenese custom-house; then two pyramids, which mark the Tuscan frontier. With the help of God we left the Modenese territory. The road is considerably improved, and runs down through a pine-wood, as if in a park. Gradually chestnut-trees put in their appearance: I never saw any finer, nor more picturesque spots for making studies.

The way winds precipitously down, and soon meets the bed of the Lima, to which it runs parallel. There is a bridge over the Lima, and two fountains above it. A steep ascent of two miles to reach Mammiano. At one o'clock we got to San Marcello, where we halted, intending to go on to Pistoia for the night. The spot, however, appeared so lovely, and

the inn so clean, that we stayed for eight days, sending back the vetturino. The road to Modena is fine, or at least sufficiently so: rather monotonous as far as the Tuscan frontier; it then becomes beautiful till you reach Pistoia. The inns are tolerable, and the people honest.

The valley where San Marcello is situated is a mile and a half in width. In the far-distant west, the ranges of Lucchio; to the north, the ridge of the Cerreto, thickly clad with chestnut-trees; towards the south, the Lari mountains, from whence Ferruccio*

* Francesco Ferruccio sprang from an ancient but poor family. His ancestors were all soldiers; and he so distinguished himself in the dreaded Black Bands of Giovanni de' Medici, that the republic of Florence, in its great struggle with the Emperor and the Pope, appointed him commander of its forces against the Prince of Orange, who was marching into Tuscany at the head of that very host of imperial robbers who had shortly before overwhelmed the Holy See and its subjects with every misery and outrage, yet whom Clement VII. (Julius de' Medici) now blessed as the instruments of his vengeance against his native city.

Florence was closely invested, but, fortunately for her, Ferruccio kept the field. He first recaptured Volterra; and having collected a small army, he proposed to fall on the Prince of Orange, and force him to raise the siege. With equal skill and intrepidity he led his little troop through the numerous bodies of imperialists by whom he was surrounded, and reached the mountains of Pistoia. This town was divided into two factions, called Panciatica and Cancelliera, after two powerful families of that name. The Panciatichis favoured the Medicis; the Cancellieris supported the republic. Ferruccio hoped to unite the whole of the devoted Cancelliera party in those gorges. At Gavinana, a stronghold of the latter, the Cancellieri, out of private hatred, urged him to

came; to the east, Mount Crocicchio and Mount Oppio. I was burning to see Gavinana, and went there immediately. Half-a-mile on the high-road to Pistoia, then on the left up the mountain, a zigzag path leads here through the chestnut-groves, there across some open meadows. After a good mile,

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proceed against San Marcello, a village four miles off, belonging to their deadly rivals the Panciatichis. The place was stormed and burnt down; but precious time was thus lost. The enemy soon attacked Gavinana with overwhelming forces. The treason of Malatesta Baglioni, one of the republican leaders, increased the dangers of the position. Nevertheless Ferruccio, in a never-to-be-forgotten patriotic harangue, bade his soldiers do their duty; and the battle was commenced. (August 2, 1530.)

The struggle proved most sanguinary. D'Oranges was killed, and his followers routed; but Malatesta's treason soon began to tell. The imperialists poured into Gavinana from every side, under the chief guidance of Fabricio Maramaldo, a Calabrese, who commanded the imperial cavalry.

Gavinana was lost, and the heroic Ferruccio preferred rather to die than surrender. With the few survivors still around him, he rushed headlong on the invaders, dealing death at every step, although himself mortally wounded.

At last he was taken by a Spaniard, who contrived to save his life in the hope of a ransom. But the ferocious Maramaldo had him brought into his presence, and, like a dastard, stabbed him with his own hand, Ferruccio calmly saying, "Thou wouldst kill a dead man!"

The Republic perished with Ferruccio, leaving its full sway to the pontifico-imperial rule, that ancient long curse of Italy. For his compatriots he, who, though but a humble citizen of the Republic, for love of his country rivalled the heroes of the best days of Sparta, will ever remain one of the noblest examples of every civil and military virtue.

Gavinana is discovered on the other side of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which runs a torrent crossed by a bridge, and at its entrance, on this side, there is a fountain with a rough reservoir.

I attained the Piazza of Gavinana by Porta Papinia: it seemed impossible that cavalry could have manœuvred, and so fierce a war been waged, in those small localities, with such narrow, winding streets, only to be entered by precipitous break-neck paths.

Suspecting some mistake, I sought out the priest, and having found him, learnt at once that there was no mistake, and that I was in truth at the real Gavinana of Ferruccio. As he had everything at his fingers' ends, he took me to the piazza, and showed me, on the left, Casa Batistini; to the door of which access is gained by two flights of steps meeting at a sort of landing. Here it was that Maramaldo slew the brave Ferruccio. He showed me a porch, recently erected in front of the church; the latter is a rectangular edifice of gray stone, said to have been built by the Countess Matilda.* There are two *basso-rilievi* by Lucca della Robbia, and a very fine cinquecento vase for holy water; beneath the pillar nearest the piazza is the grave of

* The daughter and heiress of Boniface II., marquis of Tuscany. Born in 1046, she died in 1115, and reigned over Tuscany and a part of Lombardy.

Ferruccio. I was touched to the quick at the sight of this spot, and my eyes filled with tears: what Italian heart could remain indifferent to such memories!

The priest informed me that, in sinking the foundation for the pillar, a large skeleton was found wrapped up in certain clothes, which they called the blue *uniform*, with round buttons and a small cross upon them. God knows to whom bones and clothes had belonged. Tradition, however, asserts Ferruccio to have been buried under the outer wall of the church. I was told that in digging the soil of the piazza a little beneath its surface there are nothing but bones everywhere.

I found that the peasants (bless them!) all knew more or less about Ferruccio and his deeds. I at once felt the wish to place a commemorative stone over his grave, that it might not remain wholly without honourable record. I spoke to the inhabitants of the town, who, as far as words went, showed themselves in favour of the idea. But when I wanted to come to a conclusion, and take steps to carry it into execution, they all of a sudden shrunk coldly back. Vainly I protested that I would defray the whole expense. It was useless. I believe they were afraid; of what? Heaven only knows. The man who gave his life for his country; who, having the

means of escaping without dishonour, preferred death to seeing its utter ruin; the man who for eight months retarded the fall of Florence, and succeeded in making himself immortal by his virtues, remaining for ever an example to posterity of what the combination of patriotism, valour, endurance, and forgetfulness of every private interest can effect;—this man, by Heaven, is not to have either cross or stone over his bones in Italy, on account of —fear! And monuments are raised to Madame Ellsler! Cursed be courtesans, theatres, music, ballets! they have stifled all generosity, every high quality, and only allow us to appreciate the buffoons and mountebanks of either sex; for without them we should feel as if deprived of air to breathe.*

From the piazza I went out by Porta Peciana, where the last struggle that decided the day was fought. Outside it, on the right, within a musket-shot, there is the house of one Fedeli, where Ferruccio defended himself. Close by stands a chapel, with a porch supported by two pillars, and consisting of two arches. The Prince of Orange was deposited there directly after he was killed at the spot hard by, named Selva-reggi. That part of the

* The commemorative stone the author wanted to place on Ferruccio's grave was placed in front of the church of Gavinana in the year 1846. The inscription is by Massimo d'Azeglio, who likewise undertook its cost.

country is called Le Vergini. The neighbouring region is also known by the name of Secchieto.

At San Marcello, in the direction of Pistoia, Casa Ciampalanti* stands on the right. On the left, supported by a wall, there is a slanting meadow studded with fruit-trees. In that house Ferruccio held a council of war; and an inscription on the wall records the fact. His soldiers were mustered in the meadow, which has retained the name of *Campo di Ferro.*

San Marcello was then burnt by Ferruccio to serve the wrath of one Melocchi, Captain Pazzaglia, and others of the Cancelliera party. Without the slaughter of San Marcello, perhaps God's vengeance would not have fallen on Gavinana.

The inhabitants of San Marcello—women, children, &c.—fled through the wood to the castle, which was built on the ridge of the Cerreto. While Ferruccio was in the Ciampalanti house, a priest of the Mezzalancias escaped by the back of the town and ran to warn the Prince of Orange. Ferruccio's soldiers endeavoured to cut down the steeple, on which several enemies had taken refuge. They say the mark still exists; but I could not perceive it.

We made the acquaintance of the Cini family;

* In the sixteenth century it belonged to the illustrious Mezzalancia family.

and kinder, pleasanter, more liberal, and clever people I never met. They showed me a manuscript of a century ago, by one Captain Cini. It gives a description of Ferruccio's defeat. Nothing new. All the particulars have been recorded by Varchi, &c. In the valley of San Marcello the purest Tuscan is spoken even by the peasantry. They talk the identical language employed by Firenzuola in the *Asino d'Oro*.*

A mile further on is a place heaped with huge boulders rolled down from the mountain, which is called Macereti. My friend Mayer there found three old hags, who had no kin left in the world, and lived alone in a sort of grotto.

Not very far off, on the banks of the Lima, there was a little town named Lizzano, situated half-way up the hill, which one fine day began to give way and slip down; and, partly sliding, partly sinking, it completely disappeared. This operation, however, took place so slowly that no one was killed and nothing lost.

The steeple deposited its bells by itself, as it

* A very elegant Tuscan writer of the sixteenth century. He was an ecclesiastic, intimate with Pietro Aretino, whom he had known at Perugia. He lavished all the most graceful treasures of the Tuscan language on his charming translation of the Greek fiction of Apuleius, *The Golden Ass;* and many people consider it the choicest specimen of Italian prose extant.

were; that is to say, when it had sunk so low as to bring them to a level with the ground, they were rescued, and down went the steeple to its fate. It is reported that very curious actions were sued by landowners who received or lost trees, &c.

The inn of San Marcello is both very good and cheap. It rejoices in the name of *Locanda della Posta*, and Signor Begliuomini is its proprietor.

No traces are left (thank God!) of the cursed Panciatica and Cancelliera parties. It is true that the inhabitants of Gavinana still scornfully call the people of San Marcello *Canciugli*. But the latter were Panciatichi: so whence does this name derive its origin?

September 12th. We left at 11 A.M. A plain of a couple of miles runs as far as the paper-mills of the Cinis, who make the wealth of the valley by this industry. They have another at the Lima bridge. We went up the Oppio; then we followed the course of the Reno. A gentler and last ascent took us to the summit, from which the valley of the Arno and Pistoia are visible. After a descent of six miles we reached the villa of Niccolò Puccini, called the *Villone*, a mile from Pistoia. Mayer had given us a letter to him. He received us very cordially, and sent one of his servants round with us to show the villa. The pleasure-grounds extend for several miles,

with avenues, thickets, lawns, ornamental water, &c.; and at intervals are statues of great Italian men, monuments, buildings. There is, for instance, a pantheon of Greek architecture, containing the busts of Raphael, Petrarch, &c. From the wooden pavement —if one wishes it—a dining-table springs up. The walls are covered with inscriptions, which it would not be safe to display openly in every part of Italy.

The master of the villa lives in a castle built in the old fashion, with battlemented towers, drawbridges, moats, &c.; and there he sleeps all alone. Near his bed there are several brass nobs. By pressing one of them he opens the furthest gate of the villa (thanks to an arrangement of lenses and looking-glasses, he can see everything); with another he can let down the drawbridge. Some shut, others throw open doors and windows; so that if a friend wants to get admission, after having knocked at the principal entrance, he beholds the doors roll back of themselves as if by magic, and can walk straight up to the master's private apartment.

On one occasion the grand duke paid him a visit; and one of the suite said to Puccini, "These are princely things!" "Eh, eh! they are things for one who can afford them," retorted the other.

There is a bridge thrown across a little valley, called Napoleon's Bridge, with a roofed passage. The

emblems of his victories are here to be seen, and an inscription, which first praises and then ends by censuring him for not having shown any love for his native country. There is also a coffee-house and a restaurant open to the public, and a school.

The principal building, the villa itself, is a noble edifice, richly and profusely furnished with pictures, &c. The amiable master of the house presented me with a copy of Catullus, translated by his uncle, after having written some kind words in it. He asked me to add my signature to the visitors'-book. I mentally searched a long time for some compliment, but could not hit on a single one. I shamefully wrote my name without adding one single wretched syllable; and went off, with my tail between my legs and my Catullus in folio under my arm. It is true that I was so hungry. We slept at Pistoia. What arrant thieves! But I gave them a piece of my mind.

September 13*th*. Halt at Prato. I there met that dear Abate Arcangeli, who showed me the Cicognini college, a fine edifice after the Jesuit fashion, that is to say, spacious, commodious, well-ventilated, and substantially built. It is a pity the Jesuits meddle in so many things. Nobody beats them in architecture.

We went to Monte Murlo, and skirted the foot

of the hill towards Pistoia for four miles. One leaves the villa of Baccio Valori,* called *Barone*, on the right: it is a huge building. A third of the way up the hill, there is a villa of the Pazzis† on the left. From the chain of the Apennines a promontory almost detaches itself towards the plain, which, rising abruptly, forms a sort of mound; at the top of it stands Monte Murlo. The ascent is made on foot along a rather steep ridge; near the top there is a wall and a gateway, once fortified; higher up, a sort of table-land, with a few houses, and a church of about the fourteenth century, with an architectural porch and a steeple.

The curate was out, but we found his sister and two other priests, who regaled us with breakfast. Bless them, for we never had a better! An omelette just right, neither too much nor too little done, and cooked with some slices of savoury ham; in a separate dish another kind of ham, as tender as it could be; and then a certain *vino santo*. And such figs!‡

* A distinguished Florentine citizen and statesman. Born at Florence of a noble family, 1354; died in 1427. Although a partisan of the Medicis, he did not incur the public hatred.

† The celebrated Ghibelline family of Florence, and bitterest opponents of the Medicis, against whom they organised, in 1478, the great conspiracy known to history as the Congiura dei Pazzi.

‡ Those who have not visited southern Italy may perhaps not know what a delectable tit-bit figs and ham-sandwiches are to a native palate.

For an hour I entirely forgot Cosmo I. and Filippo Strozzi

The house where the latter was arrested is exactly as I have drawn it. The interior of the court is square, with a loggia extending over three sides of it—cinquecento style to the very roof. There are a few semi-grotesque pictures; the walls five feet thick, and nothing else worth noticing.

In the evening we at last arrived at Florence, and alighted at the hotel of the Arno.

But my humble tourist's diary is not yet at an end; and I remember then going a great deal about Florence, exploring, and making observations on what I saw. I should like to repeat some of them, which seem to me both original and just even now, on reading them once more after seventeen years of complete oblivion.

* Another foe of the Medicis, although his wife belonged to that house. A strenuous supporter of the Florentine Republic, dislike of the anarchy into which his country was thrown induced him in 1530 to give in for a moment his adhesion to the reinstated Medicis. He soon, however, found their oppressive rule unbearable, sought refuge at Venice, and made an attempt to return at the head of the Florentine refugees. Surprised at Monte Murlo (1539), he was taken as a prisoner to the citadel of Pistoia, where he cut his throat on hearing that the odious Cosmo I. had been raised to the throne after the assassination of his cruel and infamous relative Alexander (the reputed illegitimate son of Pope Clement VII.), who had been imposed on Florence at the fall of the Republic in 1530.

But besides having promised that the episode should be brief (and it is my habit to keep my word), I would fain not be accused of excessive malice for dressing up as old sayings remarks which would suit our own period to a nicety. On the other hand, nobody would care to find, in a book like this, for instance, a pompous description of the panorama enjoyed from San Miniato, that is to say, the endless and beautiful cupolas of Florence, the undulating line of the hills of Fiesole—a true mosaic of villas and olive-groves—then the highest peaks of the Apennines, &c. These are things everybody knows by heart; and besides, commonplaces are sometimes difficult to express.

When, in October 1838, I visited, with Repetti, Mayer, Provana, and Torrigiani, the spot where the imperial army which besieged Florence in 1530 had encamped, Torrigiani told me that at the end of the Via Maggio there was a column erected by Cosmo I. in honour of the victory of Marciano.* This pillar being removed, it was intended to substitute an inscription, for the purpose of expressing that the act was meant to extinguish the memory of the ancient

* Notwithstanding the bravery of Pietro Strozzi, the son of the unfortunate Filippo, this battle (1554), which just preceded the final rout of Licignano, assured the triumph of the imperialists and Cosmo I. It was the last blow to Tuscan liberty, and its fate was sealed on that memorable day.

discords of the Italian municipalities, and display feelings of concord. It was not allowed by the censorship. I am wrong. The censor himself had written the inscription, but it was not allowed by those who paid him.

* * * * *

If the reader be patient, he will bear with this last anecdote.

In the same year and month I was visited by Gustavo Ferruccio, a descendant of Ferruccio, or at least of the same family, who held an appointment at the Marucelliana.* Small, thin, pale, and courteous, he gave an idea of what the Tuscans became under the rule of the Medicis. Francesco was a specimen of what they were before.

The father of Gustavo was porter in the shop of Piatti,† but he highly prized the honour of having such blood in his veins. He went to some expense (by no means inconsiderable for him) in collecting documents proving his descent from an uncle of Francesco, and eulogising the deeds of the latter; and whilst he lived his only thought was to rise from his humble condition. He never succeeded, though he even had visiting-cards printed, which

* A public library at Florence, deriving its name from its learned founder, Francesco Marucelli, who was born at Florence in 1625.

† A Florentine bookseller.

he continued leaving on the first Florentine families without ever getting one in return. He had taken steps for going to a ball at court with his card in his hand; and he would have done so, but the ball did not take place.

Some relations of his asked for the documents, and kept up a courteous correspondence with him till they obtained possession of them. Afterwards —they never answered his letters again. One day the poor porter read in a paper that the grand duke had granted them leave to be inscribed among the Florentine nobility, and I know not what else. The poor devil believed what he read. At first he fell down as if dead; then he really died.

* * * * *

But enough of quotations from myself, inedited though they be. I long to go back to Milan, where many orders for pictures await me, and where I must finish *Niccolò de' Lapi*, about which I think I have already pondered long enough to make it high time to bring it to an end.

I must here pay a sacred tribute of love and veneration. In this same year (1838), I lost my mother. Those who have had the patience to read the description of her character in my first volume know what kind of woman my mother was. Perhaps I am not a good judge, or an impartial critic. I

loved and adored her so much that my intellect may have lost the faculty of forming a criterion untinged by enthusiasm.

Her death left me for some time inert, stupid, without wishes or thought for anything. It was one of those terribly heart-breaking events of which one says at the moment, "I shall remember it for the rest of my life." With her, my guardian angel, the link of the family disappeared from the world. I felt that at the death of my mother I must alter my existence, or at least modify its shape profoundly. Previously there was someone who thought for me, and I went my way straight on without a care in the world. Now there was no longer anybody to take that trouble, I had to do it myself. Very deep was the grief that oppressed me at my father's death; but after him my mother still remained. Enough. We have agreed that the less said of family griefs and bereavements the better. I resent them with an intensity which will not allow me to scatter them to the four winds.

CHAPTER XV.

Comparison between the Milanese and Turinese life of twenty-three years ago—I work at my last chapters of *Niccolò* by fits and starts, and ultimately finish it—The censor Colonnetti surprises me by his good sense and taste—My new novel also gains favour in Italy—Psychological phenomenon—I betake myself for a while to my small villa on the lake of Como—My good luck in selling pictures—A list of the works I exhibited at Brera in ten years—The arrival of a letter summons me in all haste to Rome—Mysterious adventure—To avoid further annoyance I go to Fiumicino—Fiumicino in the quail season—Local customs studied in the person of a butcher—My return to Rome, and Signora Clelia Piermarini—Her house the constant meeting-place of the Liberals—Filippo A——, one of the set, tries to persuade me to become the propagator of a new liberal and national polity—I think it over for a few days, and then accept—Departure from Rome, on my political tour through the papal states, in the autumn of 1845.

On my return to Milan I resumed my life of painting and writing. But it cost me some trouble. A few months of recreation or idleness always made me lazy and somewhat unfit for work. Moreover, I had often to forget *Niccolò de' Lapi*, and make excursions to Turin on my private affairs. Every time I returned to the latter I was more and more struck by the contrast between Turinese and Milanese life.

The excess of regularity, formality, social dis-

tinctions, and jesuitism; the total absence of every symptom of energy and life, which oppressed me at Turin, could not be compensated for even by the pleasure of seeing the many friends and relatives I had there, nor by the charm that more or less belongs to the objects, the walls, and the air of one's native place. I felt literally stifled; and although the sworn enemy of foreigners (I say it with profound shame), had to return to Milan in order to breathe freely. And why? Because of the subtle art with which the Austrian authorities, bent perhaps on making themselves a comfortable berth in a pleasant, rich, plentiful, and gay city, contrived to soften and tone-down the orders from Vienna, and leave (real facts, of course, excepted) the Milanese ample liberty to grumble, chaff the police-hounds, and pass sentence not only on the entertainments at La Scala, but likewise on politics. All that was exacted was not to speak overloud — with prudence anything might be said. At the Café Martini, government, police, &c. were freely discussed; but I must add that, if meanwhile Signor Bolza or Galimberti* made their appearance, the tone of the conversation was suddenly and radically modified. Besides, the

* These honourable gentlemen, the two zealous chief superintendents of the Austrian police, and the dread of Milan, naturally kept a strict watch on the Café Martini, the fashionable place of resort, in front of the Scala Theatre.

Austrian government, among its many officials, was necessarily obliged to employ a few Italians. Some of these have, it is true, earned an evil celebrity by their zeal in showing themselves germanised. But there were scores of others, who, though desirous of discharging their duties, found means of doing so in a way more favourable than injurious to the Milanese; they had acquaintances, relations; and these are ties which it is difficult entirely to sever. From this concourse of circumstances resulted a strange fact, which I now recall cursorily, viz. that from the year 1840 to 1845 there were days at Milan of a rule so mild, so little terrorist, that every one of the petty governments of Italy has in turn proved itself to be infinitely more unbearable than the Austrian.

It is therefore unnecessary to say anything more to win forgiveness for the promptitude with which I used to leave Turin directly the business about which I went was finished. I had also, as everyone knows, the incentive of my favourite occupations.

The last chapters of *Niccolò de' Lapi* were written by fits and starts, and under serious difficulties. I wanted to have done with it. From Turin and Florence I was perpetually asked when this wonderful *Niccolò de' Lapi* was going to make his appearance.

At Milan, too, everyone besieged me with the same well-meant but annoying solicitations. It seemed as though I were in the theatre when the performance is already five minutes behind the appointed time, and the pit waxes clamorous, and calls out—"Halloo! strike up!"

And therefore I resolved to finish it by the end of March, at any rate. Grossi was very much occupied at that time, and I did not like to trouble him with my literary harassments. Nevertheless, I was able to pounce on him more than once, and obtain good advice, and, what was more to the purpose, warm encouragement.

In March *Niccolò de' Lapi* was finished.

By that time I had entirely lost all power of discrimination. At times I suspected I had made a wretched blunder, and at others flattered myself I had done something good. I re-read my work, but did not dare to continue; nay, I was quite unable to do so, for the only results of several attempted experiments were fear and mistrust. I thought everything required to be changed and corrected.

There was the so-called precedent of *Ettore Fieramosca*. But several years had elapsed, and who remembered it now?

When a painter presents to the public a pic-

ture in which he is aware of several weak points, he finds a hundred stratagems to save his poor endangered self-love. Now he asserts the picture is as yet unvarnished, and gently hints that it will look quite different afterwards; next, every fault is attributed to the light, which shines quite unkindly upon it; or else the frame is ill-adapted; sometimes it is hung too high, sometimes too low, or injured by the reflection of surrounding objects. At all events, an excuse, good or bad, can always be discovered.

The reader may trust me when I say so, for I have had some experience on this head.

But when the picture, instead of being painted, has been *written* and printed, there is no such thing as varnish or light to be invoked. And I think I proved myself quick-witted enough in painting a great many (perhaps too many!) pictures, and in only writing two historical novels.

The end of March was, therefore, a very agitating period for me. I wanted to know who was to be my reviser or political censor, good Bellisomi being no longer in office. I discovered that he was an ecclesiastic, of great cultivation; a literary man too, but serious and classical—Signor Mauro Colonnetti.

I went in person to present him with my Ms.

He received me with a cold but not harsh civility; said my name was familiar to him; that he had read *Fieramosca* with pleasure (?), and was happy to be the first to perusé my work. All this was uttered without affectation or warmth, and his voice never varied from the original key, always on the same note. I thanked him with some effusion, to which he replied civilly, but in the one unalterable strain. Fearing that a longer stay might be misinterpreted, I then took my leave.

In the interval between the presentation of my manuscript and the process it was to undergo, I had time satisfactorily to conclude negotiations with my publishers, with whom I had already been in treaty for a long time. They, and I still more, were in great anxiety about the probable *pruning* the censorship might have effected in my Ms. At least ten times I was on the point of going to inquire of Signor Mauro Colonnetti about it; but I always refrained from an act which, however natural or harmless in itself, might yet afford ground for other suppositions.

Finally I received notice, or better, an *order* to call at the imperial office of the censorship. That epithet "imperial," printed on the order, made a terrible impression on me. Farewell, Massimo! Heaven knows how you have been treated, thought I.

I entered a large hall; and at a desk, instead

of the ecclesiastic I expected to see, there was an old soldier, perhaps a veteran clerk. The slamming of the door by which I came in, sufficed to make Colonnetti, who was in the next room, aware of my arrival: he appeared, and bade me follow him into his apartment.

I do not know why, but what with the peculiar stale smell of the place, the stairs I had had to climb up, the sight of the veteran, and the solemn silence that reigned in those precincts, my heart sank very, very low.

Above all, the silence oppressed me; it seemed so singular and unexpected in the midst of the noisy bustle of Milan: I only heard the slow crackling produced by the gnawing of a moth lodged in the leg of a chair near me. I entered the other room: smaller in size, it was more neat and trim. Besides Colonnetti, there was another clerk, dressed in black, with a pale, disagreeable countenance, who was writing, and did not even raise his eyes on my entrance.

Colonnetti requested me to take a chair by him, at the other end of the table, opposite the corner where the clerk was sitting.

This distance pleased me. I spoke to him in a low voice, almost as if to induce him to do the same: he quietly answered me in the old strain, with which I was already acquainted. Then, without

further delay, we entered on the great subject. I, taking the bull by the horns, at once observed that I hoped the suppressions and alterations would not be such as to oblige me to remould my work, or perhaps begin it anew. Mauro Colonnetti replied, with his invariable phlegm, that he hoped so too; and I thought I detected the ghost of a smile on his face as he said this. I started, with a feeling which partook both of joy and surprise, especially as I fancied Colonnetti every now and then glanced askance at the clerk, as if thinking two are company, and three are none. At last the clerk folded up the papers he had been writing, shut his black morocco portfolio, and having bowed, withdrew.

Colonnetti then said to me, with a relieved countenance:

"Signor Cavaliere, your manuscript is too good for me to dare to touch it."

"What?" said I, seizing his hand.

"I will tell you: I find passages here and there I do not quite understand; I should not like to be unconsciously misled."

Upon which, he showed me a list he had drawn up of some obscure points and expressions that might give rise to a wrong interpretation. I gave him all the requisite explanations, and he was satisfied: and in my turn I considered myself fortunate

to have been made aware of certain faults of obscurity and confusion.

"And is this all the censorship has had to do?" I inquired, almost touched.

"My dear sir, we are judged here as—as you know, and wrongly judged. Certainly, if I had been obliged, or wished, to make a display of zeal, I need not have read beyond the first fifty pages to discover grounds for forbidding the publication of *Niccolò de' Lapi*. But I think a man may be faithful to his employers without going to an excess injurious to other people. I am an Italian; if it could be proved to me that Lombardy would be better off without Austrians, I should know my duty. But that has not been made clear yet. On the contrary, I see this is the best government existing in Italy. Try to publish your manuscript anywhere else, and you will very soon be convinced of this truth."

His speech was to me the confirmation of what I wrote not long since about Austria and the other Italian governments. The authorities were, or had been forced to become, more tolerant and lenient than the cabinet of Vienna would have wished.

I remained a few minutes longer in conversation with the honest fellow, whose good and serious features inspired me with a mingled feeling of sym-

pathy and compassion. I thanked him warmly for the kindness he had shown me, and rushed off with my *Niccolò* under my arm. When I got into the open air, I thought I had been dreaming: the peculiar stale smell, the silence of the office once more recurred to me. But the bundle was there, safely under my arm. That was for me a day of true and genuine happiness; one of the very few in my life during which internal joy has not been marred, and at moments stifled under a comparatively stronger grief.

In a few days the book was in type and corrected; in a few others printed, in a convenient shape. I do not recollect the exact date at which it saw the light, but it must have been in the beginning of April 1841.

As soon as *Niccolò de' Lapi* was published, and I had sent copies to Manzoni, Grossi, Porti, Colonnetti, &c., I withdrew into retirement. I would not expose myself again to a question like the one addressed to me by that certain friend of mine on the subject of *Fieramosca.*

Throughout life I have carefully studied myself; always keeping watch over the onslaughts of pride, or rather of vanity, seeking on every occasion to surprise whatever frivolity, evil, or want of elevation, there may have been in my actions, and I

have punished myself in a manner that has often been cruel.

At the moment of facing so important an event as that of the success or failure of *Niccolò*, I certainly did not fail to institute such an investigation in all its severity. The first friend who broached the subject found me cold and on my guard. True, the intelligence he brought (when stripped of the rhetorical flourishes in which friendship seemed to have enshrined it), though not bad, was by no means first-rate. But the same night three, ten, twenty other persons convinced me that the *rhetorical flourishes* were only the offspring of my own diffidence. In short, *Niccolò de' Lapi* also had a prosperous issue.

Well, let anybody who can explain this phenomenon otherwise than by the theory of Solomon. I imagined, perhaps, I should feel Heaven knows what superhuman emotion on learning that I had again won the sympathy and applause of my fellow-citizens; but the proud hope of a joy greater than expectation proved a delusion, as was only natural. Some time after the publication of *Niccolò* (perhaps also because I fancied its success less brilliant and rapid than that of *Fieramosca*), I was almost worried and tired by all the kindness shown me by men my equals, and in great measure, perhaps, my superiors. Yet it was satisfactory to know, that

at Florence, Bologna, Venice, Turin, and several other places, where my book had only penetrated with difficulty, it met with general approval. I kept on saying to myself: "I am earning fame, and shall thus have authority for the more important things to which I mean to devote my thoughts sooner or later." At all events, I longed for the coming of the fine season, that I might confine myself to the solitary life of Loveno, on the lake of Como.

I spent a few months in a somewhat melancholy manner, without any earthly reason,—having, on the contrary, a great many reasons for being anything but sad; and had I not been under the beautiful sky of Tremezzina, and on the lovely banks of the lake, I might perchance have understood the meaning of the word *satiety*. But this is an ugly, hateful thing, and one which, for me at least, has no existence. And perhaps it may really not exist, if I reflect on the extreme facility with which it is mistaken for weariness. It has been my good fortune never to feel the weight of the latter; everywhere, and in all circumstances, I have always contrived to be morally sufficient to myself. This is, however, no common gift: he who cannot make a wise distribution of his time, and abide by it strictly, soon catches himself yawning; and this is the be-

ginning of weariness. When a person consults his watch, and seeing that it wants two or three hours to reach a certain appointed time, exclaims, "What shall I do in the mean while?" he is a weary man. But what a wide gap between this and satiety, the biblical conception of vanity! O ye of the rising generation, if you allowed yourselves to be bored in days like these, you would commit a crime! Never feel bored; do something, keep your thoughts always occupied, never cease to exert yourselves.

But I fear I am becoming rather lacrymose, which does me no good, and may entail on you, dear reader, the very malady I was just preaching against, in order to put youth on its guard.

I revert to painting, for a little while only; for I am longing to enter as soon as possible on topics that may impart some serious value to these *Recollections*.

I may truly say that I worked in earnest during my long sojourn at Milan. To give the reader an idea of the really singular good-luck which happened me, I may add that in many instances, as soon as a picture was sold, two, three, or four Mæcenases presented themselves the same day, all wanting to have it. While I was at Lovene, I one day received a letter from my dear Grossi, who was so kind and obliging, that he took a great deal

more pains for my sake than I should ever have dared to ask of him, knowing his many occupations.

"Dear Massimo,—The *Ferraù** is sold: I have fifty napoleons at your disposal. I have also sold the View of Bellaggio, and the money will be paid in two or three days. The purchaser of Ferraù is Count Tosi. I cannot tell you who bought Bellaggio; Gironi, I do not know why, has made a secret of it. Never mind, the important thing is to discover the face of the enemy, and in a few days we needs must see him. This anonymous Mæcenas also wanted Ferraù, but he came too late; therefore I beg you will paint another picture of the same size as that representing Bellaggio, so that it may match it. The subject will probably be left to your choice. If, on the contrary, the purchaser has a fancy for one in particular, he will soon say so. I have not said a word about the price, but the tariff at Massimo's shop is so well known, that even a little girl may go and supply herself. Hayez told me yesterday that Count Arese had commissioned him to buy Ferraù on his behalf. This is the third. Arese also came too late. To-day Count Porro also expressed to me a wish to buy Bellaggio: and he likewise was behind time. See what a good fellow I am: in one little letter I send you money, fresh orders, and laurels!

* The author had called this picture the Ghost of Argalia.

If my fine gentleman wishes anything more, pray let him speak. My greetings to Manzoni, to your family, and to the Beccarias.

"Milan, October 3d, 1834. Your GROSSI."

I have quoted this friendly note, although it bears an earlier date than that at which *My Recollections* have now reached, because, without entering into many explanations and descriptions (some of which would cause me very natural embarrassment), it serves to give an idea of the great, or better still, of the incredible favour with which my early works were constantly received by the Milanese, who never failed to help me afterwards. It must be said that I did not forget to practise the virtue of discretion. During the first years I exhibited pictures at Milan, I displayed a great number; then by degrees I voluntarily withdrew somewhat; after 1835 I confined myself to from three to five pictures: so as not to be intrusive or wearisome. There was only a little falling-off in 1837: but this was on account of the cholera that had raged during the previous year, and prevented the opening of the usual exhibition; one result of which was an attack of artistic plethora.

The list of my exhibitions at Brera from 1833 to 1843 is so short, that I will insert it here, as some friendly reader may like to look at it.

EXHIBITION OF 1833.

1. Engagement on the Garigliano between the Spaniards and the French.
2. View of Cadenabbia, on the lake of Como.
3. Ditto of Majolica on the same lake.
4. Ditto of Cernobbio, ditto.
5. Fisherman's boat.
6. Mouth of the Gresio, near Cernobbio.
7. Castle of Azeglio.
8. View of Grianta, on the lake of Como.
9. Bay in the lake of Como, near Balbiano.
10. Fountain of Perlasca, also near Balbiano.
11. The Challenge of Barletta.
12. Sea-piece near Sorrento.
13. San Pietro di Acqua Acetosa.
14. Sea-piece.
15. Port of Cernobbio.
16. Houses at Perlasca.
17. Fieramosca arriving at the island of St. Orsola.

EXHIBITION OF 1834.

1. View of the Tremezzina.
*2. Imaginary landscape, with the ghost of Argalia appearing to Ferraù.
3. Toast of Francesco Ferruccio, general of the Florentines, to his soldiers before the battle of Gavinana. Commissioned by Marchioness Visconti d'Aragona.
4. Peasant-girl pursued by pirates. Commissioned by Count Mazè.
5. The Challenge of Barletta. Commissioned by the Chevalier Paolo Toschi.
6. Battle of Gavinana. Commissioned by Marquis Antonio Visconti.
7. Encounter between Diego Garcia de Paredes and a number of Frenchmen on the bridge of boats over the Garigliano. The property of Signor Carlo Galli.

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* The subjects of all the pictures marked * are taken from Ariosto.

EXHIBITION OF 1835.

*1. Bradamante fighting the magician Atlante, to deliver Ruggero from the enchanted castle.
2. Revenge. Given to the church of San Fedele.
3. Huntsman resting.
4. Defence of a bridge. Property of Signor Pietro Tron, of Turin.
*5. Ferraù seeing the ghost of Argalia.
6. A combat. Commissioned by Signor Bala Feruco, of Turin.

EXHIBITION OF 1837.

*1. Funeral of Duke Amadeo VI. of Savoy (Conte Verde).
2. Inundation in an Alpine valley.
3. View of Castel dell' Ovo.
*4. Combat between Ferraù and Orlando.
*5. Fight between Rodomonte and Brandimarte.
*6. Astolfo following the Harpies.
7. Cascade of the Dora, near St. Didier.
8. Landscape, with animals.
9. View in the Roman Campagna.
10. Small landscape.

EXHIBITION OF 1838.

1. Great inundation.
*2. Bradamante, having struck down Atlante, demands the liberation of Ruggero.
3. Troops on the march.
4. Napoleon haranging his soldiers in Egypt.
5. Macbeth and Banquo meeting the Witches.
*6. Ippalca, the messenger of Bradamante to Ruggero.

EXHIBITION OF 1839.

*1. Single combat between Gradasso and Rinaldo.
2. Duke Amadeo VI. receives Michel Paleologo as his prisoner.
*3. Zerbino and Isabella.
*4. Ferraù and the ghost of Argalia.

EXHIBITION OF 1840.

*1. Sacripante and Angelica. From the first canto of Ariosto.
2. Mill near San Pellegrino.

3. Defence of Nice against Barbarossa and the French. Commissioned by H.M. King Carlo Alberto.

EXHIBITION OF 1841.

1. Huntsmen resting.
2. A thunderstorm.
3. The battle of Turin (1706).
4. The battle of Col d' Assietta (1747).
5. Imaginary landscape.

EXHIBITION OF 1842.

(I exhibited nothing, though I painted and sold a good number of pictures in this year.)

EXHIBITION OF 1843.

1. Roman Campagna.
2. Peasant-girl, whose donkey has fallen in a rugged path.
3. Giacomuzzo Attendolo Sforza throwing his axe at a tree, to decide whether or not to turn soldier.

It is needless to say that I painted a great many more pictures; but in my study, without ever straining overmuch that cord of artistic forbearance which must give way at last. The temptation to yield to the suggestions of vanity was great. I might have let myself be seduced by the system of hurrying my work, doing things by the dozen, &c. But no—I assert on my honour, I never thought more highly of myself than before; and steadily toiled on as if I had still been at Sor Checco's or Sor Fumasoni's.

I always carefully avoided assuming the airs of a connoisseur or a great master; and whenever I gave a written opinion on a picture, I did so for

reasons and considerations which stripped my verdict of any dogmatic character. I ever behaved courteously to all artists, friends or not; and this was no sacrifice, nay it would have cost me a great deal to act otherwise, as being against my nature.

The pictures on which the public seems to have passed its more favourable judgment (and I fully concurred in it), were: "Revenge," which I saw again with pleasure in 1860, at the Poldi-Pezzolis; the "Ghost of Argalia;" the "Fight of Bradamante and Atlante;" the "Death of Montmorency;" "Peasant-girl, whose Donkey has fallen in a rugged path;" "Ippalca and Ruggero;" and some others. I do not think the "Death of Montmorency" was exhibited at Brera.

Ariosto furnished me with the greater number of my first subjects, and I could have found none better anywhere.

It being my object to follow a style of painting affording me, on the one hand, the opportunity to avail myself of the long and difficult studies by which I had striven to get at the truth, and, on the other, a wide field for imagination and high conceptions, no one could help me more than Ariosto.

In the first place, what principally guided me was the sentiment of nature: my chief thought never aimed directly at producing effect; but if obtained,

I sought to do so nobly, by patiently following the hints that were suggested by the feeling of nature. Art in those days was perhaps not understood in that manner, for which reason I became a novelty, an eccentricity.

This also contributed to win me an easy celebrity. Modesty apart, I believe that those pictures, and some others subsequently painted, have a certain positive merit, especially on comparing the style I then followed with that adopted nowadays by many artists even of repute: I have seen landscapes, where the painter seemed to say to the spectator, "I meant to make a good tree and good sheep; but as I was in a hurry and the price already fixed upon, I have just daubed four lines; which, however, from the masterly way they are drawn, convey the idea of a tree and sheep quite distinctly."

While thus employing my time so pleasantly at Milan, I received a letter from an old friend of mine at Rome, begging and entreating me to hasten thither and rescue him from a very disagreeable affair. Upon this I flew instantly to Rome, and found that there also a certain renown had preceded me: I received a surfeit of compliments, both from gentlemen in black and gentlemen in purple (prelates and cardinals). I rushed at once to my friend; and in a few days succeeded in getting

him out of his scrape, thanks to the kind intervention of Cardinal de Gregorio. The small circle of my acquaintances soon learnt my return; and I received many kind invitations, a few of which were accepted, and others declined. I again saw some of the ladies of my former society, and at one of their houses you will certainly never guess whom I met: the very woman who so many years back was the cause of my long and tedious moral disease. The never-failing topic of the weather was invented on purpose for such emergencies; and of this I very dexterously took advantage, fearing (it must be confessed) that the renewed sight of those features might still awaken a pang in my heart; but, on the contrary, I was not in the least affected. "Bravo, Massimo!" I inwardly exclaimed. A few days afterwards, the incident had almost escaped my memory. Being once more at Rome, I longed to admire its beauties with eyes which, without boasting, might be deemed more experienced than before. I took lodgings, and settled myself comfortably; distributing my hours as usual, with the intention of spending some time there, exclusively and truly as an artist.

One morning Signora Angelina (about whom I shall say more presently) brought me a note: she knew not whence it came; the man who had brought

the message said he was himself ignorant. I entered my small rooms and opened it; a perusal will suffice to explain my surprise. Here it is:

"Sir,—It is considered desirable to communicate something to you which concerns you more than anyone else. A confidential person—with a white handkerchief in his hand—will be at the door of your abode this very day at twelve o'clock: as soon as he sees you, he will walk away in the direction of the deserted lane to the left; follow him, and he will tell you what to do."

"Dear me!" cried I, as I dropped into a chair, "am I to play the part of an unfledged and heroic youth in some grand drama?" For, bear in mind, kind reader, I was now past forty. To make a long story short, in less than five minutes I had already decided on the only possible and reasonable course—that of burning the mysterious note, going out, and only coming home late at night. So said, so done.

In the evening I learnt that the man of the handkerchief had kept watch till half-past one; then he too had gone about his business.

I spent a few days in visiting the studios I had not previously seen; amongst others that of a Frenchman, a very clever and ingenious artist, who has since acquired celebrity in his own country; his name was Couture.

Through him I became acquainted with some of his countrymen. They seemed in general well-educated, and at first I greatly enjoyed their company; afterwards I found it less agreeable: but no matter, education is to me always the basis of every machinery or edifice.

Six or seven days had elapsed since the adventure of the note, when one night, on coming home rather tired, but quite tranquil in mind, I found another message on my desk.

This one ran as follows:

"Signor Massimo,—Be to-night at half-past two in Piazza San Lorenzo in Lucina, unless you are afraid: a person who wishes you well will warn you of a great risk you are running, on account of one who is your enemy."

This note at first annoyed, then irritated me. So I began by burning it, like the other; next I speculated who on earth could want to wreak vengeance on me; then I chafed at that "unless you are afraid."

The fact is, my deplorable old mania, of always wanting to brave everything, made me reject so simple and plain a programme as going to bed; and another fact is, that at half-past two o'clock I was keeping watch in the appointed square. After waiting a little, the distant rumbling of a carriage

caught my ear; then the approach of a patrol, as it seemed, of gendarmes: "Now I am quite done for," said I.

Fortunately instead of keeping close to the houses I had remained in the centre of the square; this was, at all events, a good precaution. The patrol passed on my right and did not see me. The carriage drove by without stopping; but a subdued voice issued from it, whispering, "Follow the carriage; we shall drive slowly on." "Is it so?" I mentally remarked; "go on as slowly as you like in *that* direction; I will follow you in *this* other one."

It might have been about three o'clock in the morning, as I found myself alone, standing upright in the centre of Piazza San Lorenzo in Lucina, listening attentively to catch the sound of the carriage rattling away through Piazza Borghese: when it reached Via dell' Orso, all noise had ceased, and I remained in the midst of the profound silence of the great sleeping city.

I hastily made for my lodgings, but was not worth much that night; and the worst of it was, that I was bound humbly to confess I had rushed into this confounded trouble entirely through my own folly.

Happily every hour, whether pleasant or evil, must come to an end somehow or other. So that

night too passed; and the next morning I said to myself: "Here something must be done; and to begin with, I must be off."

During the day I met a friend of mine, and we quickly agreed to go to Fiumicino together. Hearing that the steamer left in the morning, I packed up my things without delay, and a couple of hours before daybreak we had both started in the direction of Ripa Grande. It struck me as rather odd that the steamer should take its departure at so strange an hour, which undoubtedly was enough to frighten away more than one male passenger, and, worse still, those of the gentler sex. But when we reached Ripa I saw that in point of comfort the administration did not take the slightest pains to attract public favour.

As there was but a small portion of the last quarter of the moon, which hardly shone at all, the river appeared quite dark from the bank. I gazed intently, but could see nothing.

"Where is the steamer?" said I; and a sailor answered "There."

"Where do you mean?"

"In the middle of the river."

"And how is one to get on board?"

"This way;" and the *way* was a narrow plank twenty feet long, the end of which rested on a coal-

barge, and another plank ditto, from the boat to the steamer, both as elastic and rebounding as the spring of a watch. This was all the convenience provided for travellers.

I, who am famous for giddiness, had to make a sailor walk before me, and catch hold of his shoulders, praying Heaven to keep him steady. Luckily my prayer was heard, and thus, one step after another, we got on board, and the sun had been up for two hours when we arrived at Fiumicino.

Fiumicino is a long line of buildings lying on the right bank of the Tiber, which is narrowed and embanked at that point to insure the boats finding sufficient depth of water. Near the sea there is a watch-tower, of that ancient date when they guarded the shores for love of the Algerine pirates. The adjoining coast is low, sometimes studded with woods, sometimes with dwarf groves, or pastures, as is the case throughout almost the whole extent of the Maremma from Pietrasanta to Terracina. The air in May is good, and the passage of quails summons forth sportsmen and sportswomen. The former devote themselves to the quails, the latter go in search of pleasure, and, thanks to the wonderful good-will never failing a Roman woman, their endeavours end by triumphing even at Fiumicino. Boating, fishing, and driving expeditions, cavalcades, picnics, suppers,

balls, all sorts of entertainments; and every one of this variety of occupations is based on the immutable principle of love-making. On the whole, the *villeggiatura* is very pleasant, full of life and animation—of course for those who can make themselves happy without a good dinner, a good bed, or good lodgings.

All Romans, men and women, it must be said, are born with an unflinching resolve to be jolly, and in this they succeed, despite their government, which seems bent on the exact contrary.

This optimism, or heedlessness, whichever it is, forms perhaps the most attractive feature in the society of that sort of people, who often have neither house, roof, means, or any certainty for the morrow, and who yet sing, laugh, and enjoy themselves, who are always stirring; and after all, they reach the end of the year just as well as those who make use of their brains; and it is their gain never to distress themselves about anything, and certainly not to be subject to spleen like the English. Poor Romans! Providence has its own designs in keeping them so flighty; if they were otherwise, what would be their fate?

I spent a month with this society. Beppe Sartori and his family were also there. I lived with them; and what with my own resources, and those offered by their company, contrived to get on.

I had an order for a picture from Paolo Datti; but it was only a matter of forty scudi. Still, every little helps when one is hard up. It was painted, and did not turn out badly.

At that moment I fell in with a man who was really worth studying; and as I have always found it more advantageous to learn from men than from books, I determined to make his acquaintance. He was the butcher of Fiumicino, a celebrated fire-eater, and the hero of a certain infernal row in the Ghetto at Rome, about which I wanted to know the real truth.

One night, being at the café, where everybody went more or less, I had him pointed out to me; and having caught him by the bait which rarely fails to entice men either great or small, vanity—which really fits men as a handle does a basket—we were soon seated at a table with something hot before us, and his mood became as communicative as I could desire.

I had already let him understand that I considered him a celebrity, and continuing in this strain I said: "In short, Sor Pietro, I hear that, when young, you were a perfect firebrand; and I have been told of a devil of a scuffle in the Ghetto, where you called the Jews names. Do tell me what the quarrel was about."

"How shall I tell you? Certainly I had then rather a hot temper, of course. In a word, the fact is, I was butcher-boy at Ponte Sisto; you know the corner shop towards Trinità dei Pellegrini?"

"I understand."

"Well, I used to take meat to the Ghetto every day, and words had already been exchanged more than once; for the Jew intrusted with the inspection for the purpose of ascertaining how the cattle were slaughtered, must have been bribed by some other butcher, and desired a change. If it was cow-beef, he said it was the carcass of a diseased beast; if it was a bull, he said I gave the hind-quarters; in short, he worked mischief. One morning I had carried the meat to the Ghetto, when a Jew began, then another, and so on: one called me names, another insulted me in a different way, and they all chaffed, till at last a cabbage-stalk was thrown at me. Just think, cabbage-stalks at Padron Pietro! I made a rush; I caught hold of my big shop-knife, and with my head down I plunged blindly into them. What could I see? All by myself I made a heap of the d—d cowards; they all took to their heels, and I ran after them; one, I remember, escaped into a cellar, and, by Jove! I stabbed him in his confounded back. On my soul, I was blind with rage. At last,

after a little, I perceived that more than two hundred people were flocking round me, and even this would not have troubled me much; but I thought I saw Galante's sbirri coming, so I made off in the opposite direction, and in three jumps I was at home. My mother, on seeing me come in like a wild beast, cried out: 'Good gracious! what have you done, my son?' 'I know not,' quoth I; 'but I must have done something serious;' and without more words she gave me eight paoli she had at hand; I changed my clothes, took my jacket and the knife, and away by Porta San Giovanni and the Campagna. Towards evening I found myself at Pantano di Borghese, and once there, let Galante lay a finger on me if he dare."

It must be stated that, however much the immunities enjoyed by Roman princes may have ceased as a matter of right, they do still exist in fact. At least, it was so in the days when Padron Pietro, setting himself up as a pendant to Samson minus the ass's jaw-bone, avenged the Philistines without in the least knowing it.

I forget the end of his adventure, because it fell into the usual course of that sort of business, viz. to put oneself under the protection of some influential person, remain in concealment until the freak is forgotten, then reappear one fine day, and those who

were hit may rub their shoulders by way of final redress.

After a few more days, being tired of Fiumicino, and feeling besides more free and easy in mind, I packed up my traps and went back to Rome. My lodgings in the Corso were disengaged, and I likewise found my landlady, Signora Angelina, an ever more faithful portrait of the witch Alcina, as described by Ariosto, after Melissa had opened Ruggero's eyes, thanks to the magic ring; and I resumed my usual mode of life, but soon felt that things were far from right yet.

I felt the want of a great occupation for mind and heart. But where was this to be found? Providence undertook the task for me, and it was one that gave me more work than I imagined. During the winter I had made the acquaintance of a certain Signora Clelia Piermarini, formerly for many years *camerista* to Christine of Spain at Madrid. Ill-treated, then deserted by her husband, and turned out of the queen's household by some backstairs intrigue, she was left destitute, with two marriageable daughters to support. She was one of those thoroughly Italian types—good, expansive, with wonderfully lively imagination, always ready to believe implicitly in the honesty and friendly feelings of everybody; and in politics, "Kill the tyrant, expel

the foreigner, emancipate the people," and so on, was her creed, without stopping one moment to consider by what means the thing was to be brought about.

I had gradually grown intimate with Signora Clelia and her daughters—really excellent creatures, but equally unfortunate; and as I sometimes went to their house, where all the *Italianissimi*, mad or sane, rogues or not, were received with open arms, I had become acquainted with several of them. Two among others seemed to me men of resolution — Adolfo S*** of Pesaro, and Filippo A*** of Cesena —and a mutual interchange of ideas had taken place between us. They were particularly attentive and civil to me. The first had had his brother in prison since the revolutionary movements of the year 1832, if my memory serves me right. With the help of God he at last got out, and they both returned to their home together. The second told me one day that a long and serious conversation with me was indispensable to him, and it was arranged that it should take place the ensuing evening at the house of Signora Clelia.

Understanding that politics were to be its object, I was as a matter of course on my guard, for I did not then know Filippo A*** to be the honest man he really is. Having met, we sat down, and I began as follows: "I must tell you, Signor Filippo, that for

many years I have suffered from a pain below the ribs on my left side, accompanied by a difficulty of breathing, and sometimes by palpitations. You are a medical man, and I should like to have your professional advice. Just feel my pulse, examine me, and then tell me what you think of it."

It is true that from time to time I had suffered from such a complaint; but I had never paid it much attention, considering it as a trifling and nervous indisposition.

A***, who little expected such a speech, and whose head was full of very different thoughts, was half carelessly feeling my pulse, when I burst out laughing, and, withdrawing my hand, added: "For this time we may consider the consultation to be at an end; but as you, being a pontifical subject, are far more likely than I to be arrested and prosecuted, if by chance any such thing should occur, you must remember, as I also will in case of necessity, that this evening, at Signora Clelia's house, during the interview we had together in a room apart, I consulted you about my complaint, which you pronounced to be entirely of a nervous character, not deserving any attention whatsoever, and that after the consultation we separated without any further talk."

Here I must remark that, among the many sad

results entailed on men's characters by governments like that of his Holiness, the worst of all, perhaps, is that of stifling every sense of sincerity, thus rendering falsehood and dissimulation a necessary condition of life, and forcing those who do not want every moment to incur the risk of a jail to adopt it as a system.

A*** smiled, and began to speak about what he had more at heart. As I am unable to remember his words, I shall simply give the substance, which was as follows:

Pope Gregory was too old to admit any possibility of his lasting much longer. The Romagna, as I must be well aware, was in a very precarious state. Honest and intelligent people had already had hard work to prevent the population from breaking out into one of the usual Mazzinian insurrections, always insane and fatal in their results. It was therefore time to think seriously of the contingency of the Pope's death, and contrive, if possible, to prepare the public mind for that, in all probability, approaching event. It was the duty of influential men to employ all their authority in order to persuade the masses that, even on the Pope's death, no movement should be attempted; for if begun with the usual violent and revolutionary means, it could only end in the reappearance of the Austrians, accompanied

by the imprisonment, banishment, and death of many individuals, and an aggravation of the condition of all.

He then added that "all sensible people in Romagna were tired of the secret societies, conspiracies, the *Carbonari* and the *Giovine Italia;* and had persuaded themselves that all their intrigues only served to doom poor misguided youths to exile or the scaffold."

"Are there no more secret societies in Romagna, then?"

"They hardly exist at present, except among the common people, and even there they have almost died out; while not a man with his senses about him but laughs at them. Many of the most influential patriots have imagined that, it being of the utmost importance to anticipate the evils to which the death of the pontiff will undoubtedly give rise, it might be advisable to have a new man, not yet used-up like themselves, who could inspire confidence, and take an active part in uniting, directing, and checking, if necessary, so many tendencies, wishes, and conflicting ideas void of all control; and, in their opinion, you, my dear d'Azeglio, ought to be that man."

I so little expected to be thus appointed general-in-chief of the (more or less *ex*) secret societies of

the pontifical states (an appointment all the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it is known I had not only never belonged to any of them, but had never even met with anybody who considered my face sufficiently like that of a conspirator to propose I should become an adept), that not a single word would suggest itself by way of reply beyond an "I?" full of amazement.

"To be sure, you. You are looked upon by all parties as an honest man; you are not suspected—" and he went on, adding a bit of panegyric, as is usual on such occasions; to which I too, according to custom, answered with half-words, and an expressive byplay of the muscles of my face, suggestive of *Domine, non sum dignus.* At last, after a minute of reflection, I said: "But I neither am, nor ever was, a *carbonaro* or *calderaro,** or whatever it is called. I share none of the ideas of the *Giovine Italia*, except on the point of independence. I have no faith in conspiracies, in the movements you Romagnoli delight in resorting to every now and then. Just think whether I have a chance of being listened to when I speak a language nobody understands!"

"The circumstance of your not being a sectarian is entirely in your favour. Besides, I have already

* There is no sect denominated Calderari (*tinkers*): D'Azeglio used the word simply by way of disparagement.

told you that almost everyone has now seen through these absurdities; and as for your having opinions opposed to those of Mazzini, why, it will, on the contrary, produce an impression all the more favourable upon minds weary of the past and uncertain as to the future."

Thus he continued from one word to another, pressing with ever-increasing urgency upon me the wish of the liberal leaders of the country that I should assume the direction of their party, and their desire first of all to make my personal acquaintance, and have a conversation with me.

At first sight the proposal rather pleased me. Not that I saw any hope whatever of really benefiting Italy; but because, feeling the want of an occupation capable of diverting my mind from thoughts that tortured me, it seemed that I could find no better. Nevertheless, following my accustomed rule of always taking time for reflection, I said to A***: "I understand you, and do not see serious obstacles in the way; however, it requires reflection. I will think of it, and let you know my decision." We agreed on this, and withdrew.

During the following days I pondered a great deal on the matter, turning it over and over, and looking at it under all its different aspects. At times it struck me as the beginning of something

important, at others mere child's-play; sometimes a means of completing my knowledge of Italy, and testing the mettle of Italians, sometimes a concern in which I might easily compromise myself, and end in prison without advantage to anyone. I believe that, in fact, there was a mixture of all this in the question.

At last I made up my mind to accept, for several reasons. The first was the wish—I ought to say the sense of duty—which commanded me to leave no stone unturned to prevent the disorders which would have undoubtedly taken place at the death of the Pope, to the damage of Italy and Italians, and for the benefit of Austria. Next came the other reason, of having a means of chasing away my melancholy; and finally my taste for a life of adventure and action. On meeting A*** a few days after, I accordingly told him I was willing to try this new experiment.

CHAPTER XVI.

I have one Pompili of Spoleto for my travelling-companion—I begin my experiments upon him with some success—Halt at Baccano, and a study of local customs—Embarrassing questions to a waiter at Otricoli—At Terni I find the first link of the *trafila*—In the pontifical states everyone finally said I was right: not so in Tuscany—I part from Pompili at Spoleto—I pursue my journey with an impertinent youngster—At Camerino I seize the opportunity of giving him a lesson—Arrival at Loretto—A few words about Loretto and sanctuaries in general—From Loretto to Ancona—I resume my practical experiments upon a Franciscan monk—I finish my propaganda in Romagna; I continue it in Tuscany, and go back to Turin by Genoa—I request an audience of King Charles Albert, and obtain it at once—My political conversation with the king—After consulting Cesare Balbo, I determine to write on politics—In spite of the opposition of many, I print *Gli ultimi Casi di Romagna*—After this publication I can no longer live in Milan.

At that time I had made acquaintance, I forget how, with a native of Umbria, half literary man, half politician, one of those simple and credulous natures so often met with in Italy; and as he intended to start for his home, a small town in the neighbourhood of Spoleto, we decided to travel together for this first stage of my journey.

So, one September morning—the first or second,

if I am not mistaken—we went out of Porta del Popolo, driven by one of those Roman vetturini who but a short time ago still kept alive the true poetical traditions of travelling, and are now doomed to be swept away by the prosaic corruption of the railway.

Antonio had two of those peculiar horses which, at first sight, seem hardly able to stand on their legs, but which, nevertheless, prove their mettle by keeping up a rattling speed all day. Our chaise, too, harmonised with the animals, being, to all appearance, as crazy and ramshackle as possible, and it jolted along sideways on that part of the road leading to Porta del Popolo, rattling over the street-pavement like a cartload of old iron bars. Yet it carried us through our journey as straight as an arrow, without a screw coming loose. With this sort of turn-out, called in the Roman States, I know not why, *un Sant' Antonio*, we merrily drove out of Porta del Popolo, Antonio cracking his whip, while my companion Pompili and I were busily engaged in making all the different arrangements a traveller should never forget when starting on a journey, in order to have all the little comforts of carriage-life at hand.

Pompili knew the great secret of my exploration of the provinces. The first words we exchanged

proved to me that I had met with a specimen of the by no means easy task, as I then believed it, which awaited me during my whole journey. From the pattern, thought I, one may know the stock: this enterprise will be no light matter. So I then and there began practising on him the plan I had laid down for my future conversations with the Liberals who were awaiting me.

My method comprised a twofold operation: first, the destruction of the old ideas; then the substitution of new ones, both as regarded the Italian question in general, and that of the pontifical state in particular.

The reasons against the system of secret societies, conspiracies, street-demonstrations, &c. have been so often repeated that it is useless to mention them here. The first and destructive part of my programme was therefore not a difficult one, and everyone may readily imagine what were the arguments I had to make use of.

But the work of reconstruction was far more delicate. As long as you tell people writhing in every possible manner under the endless moral and physical tortures of the worst of all governments known to the world, that the way they have hitherto been pursuing cannot lead to any good, there is more or less chance of making them listen to reason. But when

you come to the question of what *ought to be done*, when they ask you to teach them the right means, and you are obliged to answer, "The best thing *to do*, for the present, is *nothing*;" or, "The path to be followed is to *stand still*," they are likely to bid you go to the devil; and, in truth, those who suffer to the utmost verge of endurance are excusable for framing so pious a wish.

True, it was not precisely my view that nothing should be done; but it is not easy to make short-sighted people, who want to reap before evening what they have sown in the morning, understand that there are results, in politics especially, which cannot be attained unless they are prepared long beforehand by causes, whose relation to them is not sufficiently apparent to be seized by persons unendowed with a certain amount of intelligence, cultivation, and the habit of reflection.

Nevertheless, it was obvious that I could only exercise some good influence by instilling these truths into people's minds. I therefore set to work in earnest, beginning with my travelling-companion, and resorting, above all, to comparisons within the reach of the commonest understanding. For I have always remarked that nothing is so likely to persuade the generality of men as a well-selected comparison.

So I said to my simple friend: "Let us speak plainly. What is it that you want, and I with you? Do you wish to drive the Austrians out of Italy, and get rid of the priestly government? If you ask them to do you such a favour, the probability is they will refuse. It will therefore be necessary to force them; but to do so requires strength, and where have you any? But if you have none, we must turn to somebody else. And who in Italy is powerful, up to a certain point at least? Piedmont; because, at all events, it has an independent life of its own; it possesses money in reserve (it had then!), an army, &c."

On hearing the name of Piedmont, my companion made a grimace, and said ironically: "Charles Albert! and you would have us hope in him?"

I shrugged my shoulders, answering: "If you do not choose to hope — as you please; but then you must make up your mind not to hope in anybody at all."

"But 1821? But 1832?"*

"I do not like 1821 and 1832 any better than you,

* The first of these dates refers to the abandonment of the revolutionary party by Charles Albert during the movement of that year, a defection unforgotten and unforgiven by the Liberals. The second alludes to the severities and the executions carried out by his order against the Mazzinian party, in consequence of the attempts that disturbed the beginning of his reign.

though much might be said about those events; howbeit I will admit the worst you can say, and yet I nevertheless repeat, that either we must hope in him or in no one. Besides, let us examine the question calmly, and reason it out. If we required Charles Albert to pledge himself to do a thing contrary to his own interests, out of sheer heroism, to benefit Italy, you and all of us might then say, 'How can one trust the traitor of 1821, the executioner of 1832?' and you would perhaps be right. But after all, what would be demanded of him? We should ask him to do some good to us, but far more to himself; to let us, as soon as an opportunity arose, help him to become more powerful and great than he now is; and can you doubt whether he would accept the bargain?" And here, using a very irreverent comparison—but we were between La Storta and Baccano, a hundred miles from courts, and I did not feel at all a courtier—I said: "If you exhorted a thief to become an honest man, and he promised that he would, you might doubt his keeping his word; but invite him to join in a robbery, and upon my soul I do not see how you could fear his failing you."

Poor Charles Albert! Time has shown that he did not deserve to be judged so harshly; and I now think of my comparison with a feeling of remorse.

Still, thus it happens to princes who do not keep the straight path, who believe they can find strength in cunning. Poor Charles Albert! he thought himself cunning!

The good Pompili gradually became accustomed to such speeches, which were of course more lengthy and detailed than as I now write them down, and persuaded himself that things might be as I said. But, as usual, like all the rest, he next wanted me to tell him when there would be some grounds for hoping to arrive at any conclusion. Here arose another difficulty,—that of inculcating patience on a sufferer; which, as I have already observed, is the greatest and most natural obstacle of all. It was necessary to make him understand, that without a great European complication, it would be impossible, given the conditions of modern politics, for Italy to move, or for Charles Albert to support her. "And when will such a European complication take place?" —"Ask the Almighty," was my answer.

Who could then—in the year 1845—have foretold that the Almighty had decided that this event —the greatest popular upheaval recorded in history —would come to pass within three years?

As for me, who am no prophet, I must say that I had no expectation of seeing it in my lifetime. Yet the singular coincidence between my words and

the events of 1848 had a great share in the influence I exercised throughout Italy for a certain time.

Thus discoursing by the way, our Antonio deposited us at Baccano towards sunset. A pretty halting-place for the night! In the very heart of the malaria, and at the worst season! It was necessary to put a good face on the matter, and endeavour not to fall asleep; for in that den in September I believe even the toads have fever.

I never appreciated so fully as that night the famous sonnet Alfieri wrote when he too was lodged there:

> "Vasta insalubre regïon, che stato
> Ti vai nomando, aridi campi incolti."
>
> "The vast unwholesome region which a state
> Men call, ye arid and neglected fields!"

Two or three buildings—if the name can be given to the wretched, smoky, and tumble-down hovels which flank the high-road on either side—with rickety walls and half-split roofs and shutters, a true picture of desolation; such is Baccano.

The postmaster, with his men, their families, and an innkeeper, are its whole population. They have all yellow faces, with a sinister and perverse expression; like people corrupted by bad government, malaria, the fleecing of passing travellers, and

misery—a physical as well as moral rottenness to the very core.

I entered the kitchen, which was also the inn parlour, and drew near the fire to add a new leaf to the book of my usual studies on the animals of my own kind whom I felt certain to find there in circumstances fortunately not forthcoming every day. The opportunity was too good for me to let it be lost.

There were several postboys, neatherds, country people, with all of whom, as is my wont, I entered into conversation.

Although I represented the aristocracy of that select society, my mode of travelling placed me on a level which, however exalted, was not considered quite out of reach by my interlocutors.

Two peculiarities of that night spent in supping, drinking, and smoking with a postboy of Baccano, who had particularly devoted himself to my company, remain impressed on my mind. One was the really monstrous size of the gnats revelling in that happy spot; the other, the total absence of every idea—every conception, so to speak—of anything like honesty to be found in my wretched inn-companion. He related to me the various means to which he resorted to cheat travellers of a few paoli, with so much candour, that I was really unable to

brand him as a scoundrel even *in pectore*. I mentally ejaculated a string of imprecations against the government, the clerical system, &c.; and was more than ever confirmed in the idea that all criterion of *fas* and *nefas* is lost, extinguished, dead and buried in the happy pontifical dominions.

And in fact there government officials are, for the most part, only a large gang of thieves. How then could one expect that my postboy should be other than a thief whenever he had an opportunity? nay more, that he should not have firmly believed the whole question turned upon being so with impunity?

I protracted the evening as long as possible to avoid falling asleep. At last, however—first one, then the other—all slunk away. The fire was out, and it was necessary to let the innkeeper go to bed. I went up to a room with two beds, in one of which Pompili had already stretched himself. I followed his example, and we chattered on hour after hour, until we both gave in, overpowered by sleep, fever or no fever. But we were fortunate this time, and the fever did not attack us.

I am almost inclined to think that, having once suffered from malaria very severely, my constitution —which, though not very strong, was always extremely sound—was no longer susceptible of catching

it; for on other occasions I had already slept with impunity in places infested by malaria.

The next morning at daybreak Antonio harnessed his wiry little beasts, and away we careered at full speed by Le Sette Vene, Monterosi, Nepi, Civita, and Otricoli. Here we halted. I attacked the waiter, and led him to speak about the movements of 1831, when Zucchi's bands* penetrated as far as Otricoli.

"It is well known what scoundrels they were," said I to the waiter. "How much you must have suffered at their hands!"

"No, sir," rejoined he; "in this respect I must say they were all well-conducted youths, whom no one could complain of."

In thus answering a stranger, the waiter showed more civil courage than I, who had spoken in a very governmental sense in order to feel my way.

By resorting to these means, whenever an opportunity offered itself, I contrived to form an exact idea of the opinion of every place I went through. There is no other way of ascertaining what materials you are to work upon; wherefore they who hold in their hands the destiny of peoples might at

* Zucchi was a Modenese general, an old soldier of Napoleon, who played an important part in the insurrection of the year 1831; and as the movement spread, he led a band of insurgents into the heart of the Roman States: he had also a distinguished share in the war of 1848.

least take the trouble of inquiring into their desires, sufferings, and wants.

At nightfall we were at Terni. Here my journey, or rather, I might say, my *via crucis*, really began. For this reason. The transmission of the Liberal correspondence of the country, established long ago by the secret societies, had survived, even after their diminution and almost extinction, like a vast net embracing the whole country from one end to the other. In every town there dwelt a confidential person, who was one of the links of the chain, which thus received the name of *Trafila.** It was used for the despatch of news, admonitions, directions, letters, and sometimes even individuals —people who were obliged to seek safety in flight, or political *commis voyageurs*, &c. So that it was a cant phrase to say that such or such a thing or person was to be sent by *Trafila*. Embracing Terni, it did not, however, extend itself towards Rome, but entered the Neapolitan kingdom by the Abruzzi.

At that time Rome and the Comarca, Marittima

* Literally, a machine for drawing out wire, consisting of several holes diminishing gradually in diameter, and through which the wire must be drawn until it has reached the requisite size. Figuratively, the name of *trafila* is applied to indicate anything that must pass from hand to hand before it arrives at its destination.

and Campagna, were provinces which, even if they contained some isolated individuals who meddled with politics, did not muster a sufficient number to deserve the honours and emoluments of the *Trafila*. It must also be added that the province of Romagna in those days held Rome and its neighbourhood in supreme contempt; nor would they have trusted the Romans over-much. In fact, had a single link of the *Trafila* proved false, a great number of people would have been ruined; and it is a remarkable fact, that during the many years of the fierce struggle fought out between the Pope and his subjects, never —no, not once—did the Roman police have the satisfaction of discovering one of these links of the great chain, and never was one of them put in prison.

Poor Italian race, how many virtues it still inherits, after all the havoc made among it by its oppressors!

At Terni, then, I was to meet the first link of the *Trafila*. Having shaken off the dust, and had some dinner, Pompili and I went out, when it was already pitch dark. After some search we discovered our man; and whereas I had expected to meet almost insuperable obstacles, the fruit of passion or political hatred, ignorance or narrowness of mind, I found, on the contrary, in this first instance, as afterwards in

all others, every imaginable facility for making my ideas, as well as the deductions that flowed from them, acceptable to my hearers.

Everyone believed the *Giovine Italia* to be a silly hobby; that secret societies, conspiracies, miniature revolutions without head or tail, attempted hitherto, were all follies; and that it was necessary to devise other means. Those I advocated were at first received with ominous marks of disapproval; but, quickly convinced of the utter impossibility of doing anything without strength, and that, not possessing it themselves, someone who did must be sought for, they ended, though reluctantly, by becoming reconciled to the idea of Charles Albert.

And what persuaded them, was the famous and impertinent comparison of the thief, which seemed an unanswerable argument to everyone.

Amid so much unanimity of thought, I only found two exceptions, and these (curiously enough), in Tuscany: and (even more curiously) in two men, one of whom is in every respect illustrious, and is so considered by the whole of Europe; the other, if not his equal, is nevertheless a person conspicuous for feeling, intellect, and erudition; although his mind is somewhat lost in the world of abstractions, as will be seen by and by.

The former (neither had anything to do with the

Trafila) replied, when Charles Albert was named, "What, Charles Albert the leader of Italian Liberals? Nonsense!" And he changed the subject.

The second exclaimed: "That traitor!"

"To begin with," I replied, "much might be said as to the propriety of the epithet; but let us set that aside. Traitor or not, he alone has power, money, an army and a navy."

Here he interrupted me: "The Roman soldiers killed their general when they found he was a traitor" (I forget what name he mentioned). "Now what must these soldiers of Charles Albert be to tolerate him?"

I attempted to excuse the poor Piedmontese soldiers for not having yet slain Charles Albert, on the plea that times were different and customs altered;—all was in vain. And that ill-starred Roman legion, with its plan of summarily disposing of its commander-in-chief, routed me likewise; so I had to depart without having gained any advantage over these good people.

The next day, while it was yet cool, the faithful Antonio drove us, with exhilarating cracks of his whip, by Strettura and Somma, to Spoleto, of Lombard reminiscences. We recalled to our minds that its inhabitants took the field against Frederick Barbarossa and his formidable army: they were all cut

to pieces, as was inevitable. I reflected that when a nation is in such dispositions, sooner or later it must succeed. Blood may be lost, but the example never.

Pompili lived at a little place a few miles distant. He might therefore consider himself at home. I stopped in the upper part of the town, visited the castle of the ancient dukes, the great aqueduct, the work of Cardinal Albornoz,* and we met again at dinner.

Meanwhile he had gone to see his friends. I knew he had an old flame at Spoleto; I said a few jesting words in reference to the call I supposed he had made. He sternly, almost tragically answered: "These are times to think of the country, and not of women. I have seen her, yes: we did not, however, talk of love, but of our mutual hopes."

The above I know is a trifle; but I remember it with pleasure, for (as I noticed on a thousand occasions from 1845 to 1848), it was really striking to see how that first and splendid Italian movement, the earliest tolerably well-grounded hopes of inde-

* Born at Cuença in 1300, he was Archbishop of Toledo, and at once a statesman and a warrior. Banished from Spain by Peter the Cruel, he took refuge at Avignon, where Pope Clement VI. then resided, and was made a cardinal by him. The next pontiff, Innocent VI., intrusted Albornoz with the task of restoring Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter to the Holy See (!), in which he fully succeeded, and replaced Urban V., successor of Innocent, in Rome.

pendence and national honour, gave birth in every heart to devoted and generous sentiments, such as I, who for so many years had wandered backwards and forwards all over Italy, had never seen a trace of before.

I just relate this incident, but further on I shall have occasion to return to the same topic, which deserves great attention.

Here, then, I parted from Pompili, who accompanied me to the lower portion of the widely-spread town of Spoleto. One can see it was once rich, populous, and flourishing: things are quite changed at present.

Having entered my little carriage alone, and exchanged farewells, Antonio and his small cattle sped rapidly along the smooth and beautiful road to Fuligno.

As we journeyed on, I took a mental survey of my position, reviewing my plans and giving them a definite shape, determining also the manner in which my future peregrinations must be conducted, so as neither to compromise myself nor others.

I will now detail my mode of acting, everywhere attended with successful results.

My first precaution on leaving Rome had been to take no servant, thus insuring a freedom from spies.

I carried with me a small stock of artistic implements, which enabled me to stop when I liked without raising suspicion.

Wherever I went, I only knew one name, indicated to me in the preceding place, which was that of the representative of the *Trafila* in the town I was bound to. Once arrived and at the inn, I never inquired for anybody, but went out, and according to circumstances and the people I met, regulated my questions by the different countenances, and ended by finding the house I wanted.

I arrived at Fuligno with the name that had been given me at Terni. I soon found its owner. After one day's stay, though I was bound to the Marches, I paid a flying visit to Perugia, where I had also business. There I met Cavalieri, the eminent professor, my old friend, and spent the evening in his company with immense pleasure. He held an appointment under the government, and I do not think he ever meddled with anything but arts and sciences: while I, who always abhorred direct or indirect traitors, did not dream of involving him in such matters even as a simple topic of conversation.

The next morning I went back to Fuligno, and having taken leave of my friends, I started in the night for Colfiorito and the Marches.

But the faithful Antonio had asked leave to dis-

pose of one seat in the carriage, and having assented, I was no longer alone.

When I got into the vehicle (it might be about one in the morning), and had made all my little arrangements to be comfortable, I could not see who was my travelling-companion. Each of us, as is customary, nestled in his own corner, and, reflecting or sleeping, awaited daybreak.

The rosy finger of laughing Aurora at last removed the veil which shrouded my companion, and I discovered the figure of a sort of schoolboy, long, thin, and yellow, with the face of an impertinent little fop, and a garrulous contralto voice, who was certainly escaping from college or the paternal roof for the first time. His smart get-up clearly indicated this, as did also the many little things which mothers or old aunts are wont to give at the moment of separation, as mementos of their advice, and a measure of their last blessing. A new travelling-bag, a fashionable little cap, some article (I know not what) strapped across his shoulders, and everything bran-new; he had even a bag of those conventual sugar-plums, made by the hands of pious nuns,* which the youngster put at my disposal, and which I declined, as an internal instinct told me

* Everybody in Italy remembers this nunnery confectionery as one of his childish delights.

that hostilities would break out between us, and I did not choose to be under obligations to my future and hypothetical foe.

We entered into conversation, and without being pressed he acquainted me with all his private affairs; telling me how, having terminated his education at the Jesuit college, he had obtained an appointment, and was now on his way to join his battalion at Ancona.

The deuce he is! thought I; then I am enjoying the company of a baby soldier of the Pope.

He afterwards added he was to be a cadet in the custom-house forces, which diminished the esteem the first suggestion had inspired me with by one degree.

Nevertheless, as I had nothing else to do, I thought: Let us study this sucking cadet, and see what sort of ideas he has fished-up in his college. From one topic to another I led him on to the political field. Does the reader imagine what theories he set forth?

Nothing less than that all those who desired change were lunatics, knaves, &c.! So far so good; this was an opinion like another; but he continued, raising his contralto to a falsetto: "Ah, the government is decidedly too mild! *Heads*, *heads* are the thing! *Heads* are all that are wanted!"

I was at first at a loss to understand what he meant by these *heads;* and, reading in my eyes the supineness of my mind, he went on:

"To be sure, if the government, instead of proceeding with so much mildness, were to remove a few more *heads*, you would see how everything would be smoothed at once!"

A trifle! I mentally remarked. Who would have expected to find a Robespierre in this child? But, I added internally: We have not yet parted, my sweet chicken; and, before we do, I will make you pay for *these heads.*

I was equally angry and surprised to find so much venom in such a boy; for having given me to understand he was quite a pet of the reverend Jesuit fathers, this *head*-theory of his struck me as anything but amiable.

The unfavourable dispositions that were brooding within me towards this young *coupe-tête* were moreover increased by a sort of domineering manner he had, as if the world had been invented for him and his comfort in every respect.

As my penal code was, however, less Draconic than his, and as I did not intend to resort to capital punishment for his aforesaid crimes, but only to a penalty that might also prove a lesson, I could not see my way, although I tortured my imagination.

Never mind, I muttered between my teeth: let us go on; the jolts of the road will settle the load; and opportunities never fail those who know how to make use of them.

The opportunity, in fact, did not fail me—nay, it turned up very soon. We arrived at Camerino at noon; the weather was cloudy, and a few drops began to fall.

On alighting, the innkeeper advanced towards me with the most smiling countenance, and welcomed me like an old acquaintance. I, who had never seen him before, stared with some amazement, and he then said, like a man who has made a mistake: "I beg your pardon; I had taken you for somebody else." And he did not utter another word, though he waited on me in my room very obsequiously.

I suppose he had heard of my journey, and thought I was Heaven knows what grand Orient; whence that most respectful reception.

Turning to Antonio, I asked, "When do we start?"

"At three," he replied.

"All right; mind you are punctual, for I never make anybody wait."

My diminutive Robespierre also heard the hour of departure; and lest I should be anxious at not seeing him at the inn, he thought proper to inform

me that he was going to spend the hours of repose at the Jesuit convent.

I do not envy you, said I to myself, and went into the house.

Meanwhile the weather had become more and more threatening, a gale was blowing from every quarter, and the rain fell in torrents as in a storm.

I had a capital dinner; and before three, Antonio, who, having to drive us to San Severino that night, did not care to be late on the road in such weather, was on the box ready to start as the hour struck. I sprang into the carriage; and the little gentleman? The little gentleman did not appear.

I saw that Providence kindly offered to me the handle of the lash by which I was to chastise the youngster and teach him manners, and I seized it with infinite pleasure. Two minutes had hardly elapsed when I began to fume, and say to Antonio, "What are we doing? I was ready at the exact time, and I am not here to await that gentleman's convenience."

Antonio looked round, hesitated, and exclaimed, "But where can he be?" inquiring of everyone whether he had been seen. I, who knew where he might be found, preserved a perfidious silence, and after a while added, "Let us go on slowly; perhaps we shall meet him."

Antonio obeyed, and the bells of the little horses sounded the march. After having descended for a distance of about a hundred yards along the uneven streets of the town, Antonio's conscience began to prick him, and he stopped, scanning every direction most carefully. Nothing was to be seen.

The wind was rising, and I said, "Antonio mio, by stopping your horses in the damp like this you will do them no good, for this morning's sweat is hardly dried. Take my advice—it is nearly half-past three, so much the worse for him who is unpunctual—drive on, and if he wishes to be at San Severino this evening, why, horses are not wanting at Camerino; he may take a trap and join us in a canter."

I, who knew the Roman vetturini thoroughly, was well aware I had touched his heart in its weakest point: and in fact it was true; horses already rather tired, standing in a cold wind, very soon get stiff in their shoulders.

Antonio was convinced: he cast another glance backwards for formality's sake, shrugged his shoulders, muttered something between his teeth, and at last uttered that indescribable guttural sound which, for carriage-horses, amounts to the military command, *marche;* while for my victim it signified a good ducking, and seven or eight paoli of extra

expense in the budget of his journey to his brilliant destiny.

The road being nearly all downhill, as it slopes from the heights of the Apennines towards the Adriatic, we flew all the way, and the Ave Maria was striking when we were safely sheltered under the roof of the inn at San Severino.

There we found a great confusion caused by the crowd of passengers attracted by the fair of Loretto, which was held at that time.

Not feeling inclined for any supper, I relieved the landlady, who hurried to and fro in distress, from all thought about me; and as it was too early to repair to my room, I remained in the kitchen, talking with everybody, and, taking a lesson from my usual master—*man*, studied in all stages, sexes, and circumstances.

Two hours at least had elapsed; it was quite dark, and the rain still came pouring down; presently we heard the noise of a gig on the road pulling up at the door, and the next instant the little fellow we had left behind burst into the house like a storm. He first fell upon Antonio, and began to pour out a string of oaths, no longer in contralto, but in a decided soprano, so great was his passion. Antonio, not caring much for him, and knowing he had a faithful ally in me, replied in capital style;

so that the little gentleman entered the kitchen in a fury, and came straight up to me with the look of a master who has been badly waited on by his servant. I met him with that peculiar glance which says to children: "It is high time you should leave me alone," and answered his lamentations as follows: "Pray, are you talking to me? Address yourself to the vetturino." I then turned my back, and shook him off without another word.

Seeing there was not much to be got out of me, he again fell upon Antonio; but after much brawling, all he could do was to remove his portmanteau from the carriage, renounce our society, and leave us with a most cordial curse.

Thus, the next morning, I started at daybreak for Loretto, once more alone, to my intense satisfaction.

The town wore an aspect of festivity on account of the fair. On visiting the sanctuary and spending the whole day there, I entered into conversation with an old coffee-house keeper, and formed an opinion of the place and its inhabitants, which I am sorry to say was anything but favourable.

I have constantly observed that the villages or little towns which possess a sanctuary of high repute, are as a rule worth very little. On investigating the causes of this, I was drawn to the following points: the people accustom themselves to live, not by the

earnings of honest labour, but rather prefer to subsist by cheating more or less the innumerable persons who visit the sanctuary. Then, as a rule, the population have little belief in the legend which procures them a livelihood and causes the prosperity of their vineyard. Hence they acquire the habit of living by perpetual hypocrisy, and in a state rather of idleness than labour, waging an incessant war of tricks, foul-play, or worse, against strangers. Finally, small places, exposed to a perpetual invasion of the latter, are always the most corrupt of all.

My coffee-house keeper candidly deplored not so much the decrease of devotion for the holy house, as the diminished number of the devotees having a well-filled pouch under their pilgrim's frocks. In fact, in the church I saw only peasants, shepherds, and Neapolitan *ciociari;* and surely my new friend had but a poor harvest to reap with them.

Here I parted company with Antonio; and having taken a place for Ancona with another vetturino, I found on stepping into the carriage a stout Franciscan monk was to be my travelling-companion.

As these monks enjoy the reputation of being rather liberal—a tradition that has perhaps been kept up from their founder* till now—I amused myself

* The only explanation I can give of the liberality attributed to the Franciscans, or Capuchin monks as they were subsequently

by singing such exaggerated praises of the Pope's government, that at last his liberalism was aroused, and he retorted by saying of it all the evil it deserves. Diverted by this pastime, I reached Ancona.

While in this city, on coming out of my room one morning, I found a gendarme standing close to the door; and as in those days they were still my political enemies, and I had not yet had an opportunity of becoming their comrade as I did in 1848 (and now boast of it), when they behaved so gallantly at Vicenza* and elsewhere, I anticipated

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called, is that their holy founder, St. Francis of Assisi, not only established the order on the divine principle of giving everything to the poor, and themselves living by mendicancy, but organised it on what we should now call constitutional principles. That is liberal enough; but I find another and more likely reason for their liberality. In the hermitage near the town of Assisi, to which St. Francis retired in 1206, "Nel crudo sasso infra Tever ed Arno," —and repaired the deserted sanctuary of Santa Maria degli Angioli, there was a cave for which the saint had a particular predilection. Here he founded his order; here he died, after receiving such favours from the Virgin as made him the holy of holies; here he was visited by the Saviour and his Blessed Mother, who brought him red and white roses that had bloomed from the rods with which he scourged himself, *and granted such an immunity to the spot, that if a man had killed all the other men in the world, by only entering this grotto he would come out as pure as a newly-baptised infant:* "*hence this cave was soon prodigiously frequented.*" So I should suppose! and verily, if this be not a thoroughgoing liberal grant, sufficient to give anybody a renown for liberalism, what would?

* Among the pontifical troops with whom D'Azeglio fought

the unpleasant surprise of a visit from him, and perhaps of a walk in his society. But the suspicion proved unfounded; he was keeping watch on someone else, and that was all.

From Ancona I continued my tour in the various towns of Romagna, with the usual halts, the usual speeches, the usual facility of persuasion; but as it is impossible to convince everybody, I was compelled to convince myself that some of the usual rash enterprises were in preparation.

Perhaps I succeeded in circumscribing it to a limited number of obstinate individuals, who one month after made that revolutionary attempt at Rimini which sent another batch of misguided youths to suffer uselessly in prison or in exile.*

Having explored all the Romagna, by Terra del Sole, Rocca San Casciano, and Dicomano, I crossed the Apennines, and arrived at Florence.

I stayed but a short time in this latter city, and in Tuscany I met the above-mentioned friend of the Roman legion—the one who held that the Piedmontese soldiers should have imitated its judicious example. And with this fresh impression of the

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at Vicenza, there was a body of Roman gendarmes (*carabinieri*) whose gallantry rivalled that of their brethren in arms.

* This insurrection furnished the subject of Massimo d'Azeglio's pamphlet, *Gli ultimi Casi di Romagna.*

good sense that dwells in certain Italian brains, I went to Turin by Genoa.

Here began the ticklish part of the business; for I had now to bell the cat.

My task was, indeed, not an easy one. Not having received any commission whatever from the King to undertake my journey and investigations—the whole thing, on the contrary, having been done entirely on my own impulse—whether I should now be well received by him, or turned out with a good snubbing, depended solely on the degree of confidence he might place in me, no less than on whether he thought it advisable to explain himself or not; and I had naturally no means of ascertaining all this beforehand.

I requested an audience, which was at once granted—a circumstance that seemed to me of good omen. The time fixed for the interview was, according to Charles Albert's custom, six o'clock in the morning, which at that season meant before day-break. At the appointed hour, I went to the royal palace, already in a bustle and lighted up, whilst the town was still asleep. I entered with a beating heart. After the lapse of a minute, the equerry-in-waiting opened the door; he showed me into the room next to the state chamber, and I found myself in the presence of Charles Albert, who was standing bolt

upright near the window, and who, having kindly bent his head in acknowledgment of my low bow, pointed to a seat in the recess of the large window. He bade me sit down, and placed himself opposite.

The King at that time was a perfect mystery; and however explicit his subsequent conduct may have been, he will perhaps remain in part a mystery even for history. At that moment the principal epochs of his life—the 1821 and the 1832—were certainly not in his favour. Nobody could understand what connection there might be in his mind between the great ideas of Italian independence and the Austrian marriages; between his tendencies to aggrandise the house of Savoy while courting the Jesuits, and surrounding himself with men like Escarena,* Solaro della Margherita, &c.—between an effete appearance of piety and asceticism and the grandeur of thought and firmness of character which such bold schemes presuppose.

For these reasons no one trusted Charles Albert. It was a great drawback to a prince in his position; by resorting to such miserable tricks to secure the support of either party, he succeeded in losing the goodwill of both.

* The extremely anti-liberal minister of the interior, under the yet more anti-liberal administration of Count Solaro della Margherita.

Even his appearance had something unfathomable about it. Very tall, slender, with a long, pale, habitually stern face, when he spoke he was gifted with a particularly soft expression—a sympathetic voice, and his language was kind and familiar. He exerted a real fascination over those he addressed; and I remember that while he spoke the first sentences, inquiring in his own peculiar courteous way about me, whom he had not seen for some time, I was obliged to lay great restraint upon myself, and repeat inwardly, "Massimo, do not you trust him," in order to avoid being conquered by the charm of his speech and manner.

Poor king! he had good and great qualities. Why did he believe in cunning? While graciously inquiring into my concerns, he said, "And where do you now come from?" This was precisely the cue I required to begin my narrative. I seized it, and spoke thus (if not reporting the exact words, I am certainly giving their meaning):

"Sire, I have been visiting a great portion of Italy, town by town; and if I have asked admission to your presence, it is precisely because, if your majesty allows me, I should like to lay the present state of Italy before you,—what I have seen and heard from men of every province and condition with reference to political questions."

Charles Albert. Pray speak; it will indeed give me great pleasure.

I. Your majesty knows all the movements, conspiracies, and petty insurrections that have taken place from 1814 till now. You likewise know the causes that have produced them, the discontent that fosters them, the want of wisdom by which they are guided, and the sad consequences flowing from them. The inefficacy, nay worse, the danger of acts which only serve to deprive the country of its best men, and to render foreign influence more harsh, has at last struck the most reasonable Italians; and there is a general yearning for a new life and system. Being at Rome some months since, I have discussed and meditated at length on the possible remedies for such a sad state of things. The Pope is old and infirm; if not before, at his death, some great outbreak will undoubtedly occur. All Romagna will be in a blaze, and the result will, as usual, be another Austrian occupation, another series of executions and banishments, a new exacerbation of the numberless miseries by which we are oppressed. It is therefore urgent to find a remedy.

And here I expatiated at length on the disgust which intelligent and honest people felt at the Mazzinian blunders and rascality; on the proposal that had been made to me to set to work somehow, and

endeavour to impart a better direction to the acts of the people; on my journey; on the excellent disposition of the public mind, as I had found it, with a few exceptions; and continued thus:

"Sire, I never belonged to a secret society; I never have been mixed up with plots and conspiracies; but having spent my childhood and youth in constantly wandering throughout Italy, everyone knows me, and being aware I am no spy, no one mistrusts me, I have always been as well-informed of everything as any member of the fraternity. Even now they tell me everything; and I believe I may affirm, without fear of making a misstatement, that the majority recognise the folly of what has taken place hitherto, and wish to follow a new path. Everyone is persuaded that nothing can be done without strength, which Piedmont alone possesses in Italy; and that, nevertheless, not even this can be depended upon so long as Europe continues tranquil in its present state. These are wise ideas, and give evidence of a real progress in political judgment. Your majesty will ask, 'How long will they last?' And I must own that on this score nothing is certain. I believe I may at present boast of exercising great influence over the leading men of those provinces. I succeeded in persuading most of them; but the movement at Rimini, which burst out a fort-

night after I left Romagna, is a proof that they were not all convinced; or the chiefs alone were so, and not the men under their orders. In a hierarchy of that sort, where discipline cannot be compelled, and everything depends on trust, obedience is always a matter of chance. Then passions and interests of various kinds intervene, which sometimes determine movements not generally approved; and finally, the heavy burdens weighing on those populations may likewise be taken into consideration. Where tyranny, violence, corruption, treachery, suspicion pervade the higher spheres, it is natural that opposition of a similar nature should come from below. Where a general moral and physical oppression prevails, without any means of obtaining redress, it is impossible to foresee how far, or for how long, prudence and reason may bridle despair and indignation. Those who suffer are the sole judges of the great question of the possibility of endurance. Men are so constituted; and a wise and provident policy must be based on the logic of facts, and accept them, if it would not be misled. With the view, therefore, of opposing the breastwork of a new idea to the violence arising from despair, I made my tour, and spoke as I have said; and notwithstanding the outbreak at Rimini, I think I attained some good results. It is now for your majesty to tell

me whether you approve or not of what I have done and said."

I paused, waiting for an answer, which the King's countenance augured would not be harsh; but, in essential points, I imagined it would be a case of *ibis, redibis*, that is, leave me as wise as I was before. On the contrary, Charles Albert, without the slightest hesitation or attempting to avoid my gaze, nay, looking me well in the face, said calmly, but resolutely:

"Tell those gentlemen to remain quiet and avoid a rising, as nothing can be done at present; but let them be certain that when the time comes, *my life, the lives of my sons, my sword, my exchequer, my army, shall all be expended for the Italian cause.*"

I, who expected something quite different, remained speechless, and almost thought I had failed to understand. I soon mastered myself, however; but most likely my impression of surprise did not escape the King.

The idea which he had so firmly expressed, and above all, the words "*tell those gentlemen*," had so completely upset me, that I still felt as though in a dream.

Meanwhile it was most important for me to define the question clearly; for then, as always, I was of opinion that honesty is the best policy, and that

equivocal positions, or surprises especially, never produce anything but harm.

Therefore, while thanking him, without disguising my emotion and enchantment (which I really felt) at his frankness, I took care to introduce his very words into my reply, saying, "I shall, then, tell those gentlemen." He nodded affirmatively, to show I had rightly understood him, and then dismissed me. As we both rose from our seats, he laid his hands on my shoulders, and touched my cheek with his, first on one side, then on the other.

This embrace, however, had something so studied, cold, and I might almost say funereal, that it chilled me; and the internal voice, the terrible *do not trust*, rose once more in my heart: terrible punishment of all systematic schemers—to be suspected even when speaking the truth!

And he had so spoken, poor prince! Facts have attested it. For instance, who could have foreseen, as we sat in the recess of that large window, upon those two gilt seats of green-silk embroidered with a large white pattern (I shudder whenever I see them) which are in the said room, that when he offered his sword, his exchequer, and his life to the Italians through me, I was unjust in not being instantly and profoundly persuaded? Who would have said that the great opportunity, so far from every human

speculation in 1845, and which neither of us could hope ever to witness, had been decreed by Providence to take place in three years? And that in the national struggle, then deemed such an impossibility, he was fated to lose his crown, his native land, finally his life; and that to me, as prime minister of his son, was reserved the sad duty of attending his burial, and personally authenticating its registry in the royal tomb of Superga!

Poor human nature, which believes it possesses the key to unlock the events of futurity!

As may be imagined, I left the palace, my heart full of an agitation over which a great and splendid hope fluttered with outspread wings.

I went back to my little room on the top-floor of the hotel Trombetta, and immediately sat down to write to the correspondent whose business it was to communicate the answer to all the others.

Before leaving them, I had invented a cipher on a principle totally different from those in common use. It is a very safe one, and in my opinion may completely defy detection, but it is extremely troublesome to write: my message was, therefore, not quickly composed. It conveyed the precise tenor of Charles Albert's answer; but to observe the most scrupulous accuracy, and avoid the risk of asserting as a certainty what might only be the result of my own im-

pression, I concluded thus: "These are the words: God alone sees the heart."

I never would, as the proverb says, "sell a pig in a poke;" for I always held it to be a sacred duty, when men are being led on to stake their fortunes, liberties, lives, and family peace—in a word, perhaps their whole existence—to let them know and see as clearly as possible what they are doing, and why they do it. I have never had occasion to regret following this system; and I fervently recommend it to everyone in this unhappy Italy, tempted by such infinite seductions, where a great many act on quite a different principle, and expose others to all risks, after blinding them by dint of illusions and lies.

I shall now mention a fact, which, on reflection, seems to me beyond all doubt, but respecting which I nevertheless at times feel somewhat uncertain.

I think the King said to me in the course of conversation, "It would now be advisable to write something;" and I answered, "I had already thought of it," which was true.

My doubt is whether the initiative was his or mine; and in the first hypothesis, whether he said so himself, or sent me a message to that effect.

I had been ruminating over a scheme connected with a plan to be carried out on as large a scale as

possible all over Italy; a sort of conspiracy in broad daylight, without concealment or disguise, or any precautions to avoid the dangers, of whatever nature, arising either from the police or secret societies.

This was my scheme, and that of Balbo too; and I am not even able to say which of us first devised the plan. In substance it was as follows:

No revolution; we had already had too many. No war; because we had neither means nor strength (this was in 1845, observe). Therefore to prepare for battle on that field in which every individual must possess a certain force, provided he be not an idiot, and is willing to risk his life,—the field of opinion and publicity.

Besides his many other qualities, Balbo possessed great spontaneity of feeling and sincerity of expression, without a shadow of that reserved circumspection and calculating coldness so common among us Piedmontese. As I too was by nature opposed to all selfish caution, and inclined to call a spade a spade, our mutual sympathy went on increasing; and when, after my long absence, I returned more frequently to Turin, our friendship grew closer every day. He certainly was apt to fly into a passion, and we sometimes had violent scenes . . . . but I was so much attached to him. And then he never bore the slightest malice, and was without the

shadow of a low or ignoble feeling. In short, I had no more intimate friend, and we could not live without each other. Besides this, from the greatest down to the most trifling things, he possessed a thorough sense of moral as well as material beauty; his taste in art and literature was so exquisite—he felt such genuine enthusiasm for every noble and generous idea, for every courageous and honourable action. Poor Cesare! the world does not contain his equal; and I shall never see his like again.

So we continually discussed this new direction to be imparted to the work of our regeneration, and talked it over every day for hours together.

He lived at his villa, where I was also staying, on the banks of the Po,* opposite the Valentino Castle. What happy days those were! one felt something in the air like an omen of better times, full of hope and undefined forebodings, which our hearts felt as certainties. The Italian cause, agitated and worn threadbare amid adversity, seemed blooming and animated by a new life; it possessed the ingenuousness, the charm, the rich promises of youth, announcing a vigorous and healthy manhood.

The questions of the form of government, the exclusiveness of secret societies, did not seem to interest anyone, and everything disappeared or was silenced

* Just outside the suburbs of Turin.

in presence of the other idea—a general redemption of the peoples of the Peninsula from the yoke of the foreigner.

Balbo's *porro unum est necessarium** was not yet written, but its spirit already flamed up in every heart.

Our conversations turned chiefly on the necessity of preparing men's minds and characters in Italy (and this is the key-stone of the arch, and till this principle is acted upon, the results will be very

* A biblical sentence (St. Luke xx.) chosen by Balbo as the epigraph of his famous book, *Le Speranze d'Italia*, published in Paris in the year 1844. "Porro unum est necessarium" comprised the whole essence of the work in four words. Piedmont had given three men to Italy: Vincenzo Gioberti, Cesare Balbo, Massimo d'Azeglio. They wrote three books: *Il Primato*, *Le Speranze*, *I Casi di Romagna*. These publications may be said to have marked the stages of the movement that ensued shortly after. The author of the *Primato* pointed out what Italy ought to be. Balbo placed before the Italians their hopes, and the way of attaining them. By the narrative of the late abortive Mazzinian attempt in Romagna, D'Azeglio showed the danger and utter futility of such rash republican outbreaks, and the necessity of abandoning the path followed heretofore for a more practical policy. Balbo was the first to give a tangible shape to the aspirations of Italy, to point out the decline of Austria, and the certainty of success, provided the means resorted to were honest, and the Italians closely united and resolved. This alone may give an idea of the profound impression created by the book at a moment when every symptom indicating the approach of a new era was hailed with joy from one end of Italy to the other by populations still fettered, but yearning for a speedy opportunity of breaking their bonds.

small) before proceeding to deeds; on the power and influence public conspiracy was likely to have in helping forward such an end; and history furnished many examples of the excellent effects obtained by open and persevering protests of the weak against the strong. Therefore, after much discussion, we resolved to set to work.

First of all it was necessary to write a book.

The object of the book was already predetermined, but its subject was yet to be found, or rather its opportunity and pretext. It struck me I might write on the late insurrection at Rimini, and placing myself between the two parties, tell both the truth without disguise. Balbo approved the idea, and I set to work.

As this step, however, implied an absolute change in the strategy of the Liberal party, I would not take it without—I will not say asking leave of, but at least not without giving notice to the friends with whom I had been in communication for the last six months. I wrote to the one with whom I corresponded.

A few days after, a general cry of disapprobation was raised against me. It was said that I should be banished and exiled; that I should tie my own hands, and make myself useless and impotent for any further action.

To me it seemed, on the contrary, that it was just at that very moment I found myself useless, impotent, and my hands tied; whereas if there was any way of exposing myself with some chance of success, now was the time. Balbo also persisted; so I wrote again, saying: "It is of no use. I am resolved to carry out my idea; and you will see that, instead of being destroyed, I shall find myself with increased strength." I asked for all the information I could possibly procure about the movement of Rimini; and after a couple of months I received a large bundle of manuscript, in which the whole movement was related—I know not by whom. I used it as the groundwork of my pamphlet. Unfortunately this narrative was not very exact; so that my publication, as far as it is a history of facts (I mean solely those concerning the insurrection at Rimini; not the more general ones connected with the whole of the Papal states and the rest of Italy), is, as I subsequently discovered, also inexact. But as its most important part lay in the reflections, in the truths impartially addressed to both parties, and especially in the publication of my name, I being present and responsible, this fault did no harm.

My pamphlet, which I called *Gli ultimi Casi di Romagna*, was ready in little more than a month. I wanted to hear the opinion of my most intimate

friends; so I asked them to meet one night at Balbo's house. Lisio, Luigi Provana, and Sauli came. Cesare of course was present; and I do not recollect any others. I read my work; some alterations were suggested, to which I assented; and on the whole my censors gave me their approbation.

Now arose the question of where to print it. For us the best place would have been Turin, because, as the government by allowing it must virtually have accepted its principles, the political position of Charles Albert would have been clearly defined.

Whether the King would have done well to take this step decisively or not, might be open to discussion. The fact is, that such plain resolutions were not in his nature. At all events I took my work to Promis,* that he might examine it, and awaited his verdict, to see if I could be allowed to print it in Piedmont.

To fill up the eight or ten days that were to elapse before he delivered judgment, I resolved on going to Milan to look after my private affairs. It was necessary to arrange them so that they should require no farther care for many years; as, after the publication of the *Casi di Rimini*, I well knew I should have to renounce my home at Milan.

* The Chevalier Domenico Promis, principal librarian to the King of Italy, was then a member of the censorship.

Having settled everything to the best of my ability, I returned to Turin. I called at once on Promis, who handed me my manuscript with a smile, and a *no* which admitted of no reply. I was fully prepared for it; so I laughed in my turn, and said, "I shall knock elsewhere," pocketed my Ms., and went home to prepare my portmanteau and go to the great *refugium peccatorum* of those days—known by the name of Tuscany.

That dear country presented a phenomenon of which I have never found the real explanation.

Tuscany lived under a law not written in any code, devoid of all apparent power, yet as much respected and obeyed as the British constitution; and it might truly have been called Tuscany's Magna Charta. The grand duke bowed to its authority, whether he would or not; and if he showed signs of disobedience, he was absolutely deserted, and found himself alone. No official formula of this law existed; but it was felt and followed without being embodied in words. If I had to do so, I should employ these three: "Let it be."

Its applications in private and official spheres were perpetual, endless. If a youngster was a rake; if a girl had an intrigue; if a wife flirted; after a little fuss *pro forma,—let it be.* If a family ruined itself; if tenants and land-agents robbed; there was

an outcry for a moment — then, *let it be.* If the police issued a decree, and no one paid attention to it, there was a display of rigour for four-and-twenty hours, and then—*let it be.* If a person was considered dangerous, without, however, having his conscience loaded with any very great sin (I, who really had that misfortune, was at last turned out), he was banished, it is true; but if he did not stir, or came back to Florence after a little while, they said — *let it be;* and so on. This comes, it will be said, of the softness of the Tuscan character. Very likely. But they were far from possessing such softness three centuries ago; and there was, on the contrary, something very manly in the character of the Tuscans. A proof is afforded by the last siege in 1530.

I Casi di Romagna was finally printed in Tuscany. It is not for me to speak of the effect produced by that pamphlet. Not daring to return to Milan, which would have been an untimely piece of audacity, I resolved to spend my days between Florence, Genoa, and Turin.

CONCLUSION.

UNFORTUNATELY Massimo d'Azeglio's Memoirs were here interrupted by his premature death. To the last his heart beat for the country he had loved so well, and but a few months before an inexorable fatality removed him, he wrote a pamphlet on the Italian general elections, in which the truth was brought home to every elector with that honesty, patriotism, and disdain of popularity, which no one else so thoroughly possessed.

His son-in-law, Marquis Ricci, published a short biographical sketch of the latter years of his wife's illustrious father, of which we omit the first portion, as, for the convenience of the reader, this translation of D'Azeglio's Memoirs is preceded by a notice of his political career. Here, however, I cannot do better than resign the pen to Marquis Ricci, who, having been present, can relate D'Azeglio's end in all its touching simplicity.

On the evening of the 2d of December 1865, while still at his favourite villa on the Lago Maggiore, Azeglio was attacked by fever; and I learnt

afterwards that he had written, with great eagerness, that very day, several pages (they were the last) of these *Recollections*. He read them to a person who was staying with him, and as he finished, exclaimed, smiling: "I am satisfied. To-day I can say my day's wage was well earned." Before long he thought himself much better, and fit to return to Turin, where, in fact, he arrived on the evening of the 9th of December. But during the journey he had been seized with a very painful sense of oppression, and he would not have been able to ascend the staircase of his house without the support of two servants. The acute stage of his malady was soon overcome. The chronic affection of the lungs, however, which had long been undermining poor D'Azeglio's existence, not only remained, but had now assumed the most dangerous proportions.

Up to the 5th or 6th of January 1866, the doctors entertained hopes of saving that precious life; but in those days such a change showed itself in the invalid as precluded all hope whatsoever. Azeglio throughout his malady was constantly resigned, tranquil, cheerful, affectionately anxious (without scenes or lamentations) about the friends from whom he was so shortly to part. He foresaw his end more clearly than those who surrounded him; nay more, he mustered courage to speak to the last with his usual

wit and grace. I myself, on the evening of the 13th of January, introduced into the sick-room H.R.H. Prince Carignano, who had always proclaimed his peculiar esteem and friendship for D'Azeglio. After the first few words, the prince turned away to conceal the tears that filled his eyes. Azeglio did not weep, but, summoning the remnant of strength still left to him, he said, in vibrating accents, though with deep emotion, "I thank you for your visit. Remember that I have been one of the most devoted and most affectionate servants of the house of Savoy." After the visit of the prince, and the much-sighed-for arrival from London of his nephew Marquis d'Azeglio, he resumed a calmness uninterrupted till the last moment, which was at 5 A.M. on the 15th of January 1866. The Marquis Carlo Stefanani of Rome, who had never ceased to attend him with more than brotherly affection night and day, chanced to be at that minute alone by the side of his dying friend, and thus received his last breath. Four or five days previously D'Azeglio had settled all his spiritual concerns, assisted by a learned and, wise Milanese ecclesiastic with whom he had been intimate for years. To the things of this world he no longer needed to give a thought, having with great care amply provided for everything by a will which omitted no one. The readers of these *Re-*

Recollections must have already seen that Azeglio was very fond of making and re-making his will, whenever he thought the occurrence of a new incident (especially in the domestic circle) required it. In fact, several draughts were found among his papers. But there is one, written entirely in his own hand, and dated Turin, July 2, 1857, which is particularly important; for, after the usual formula disposing of his property, he begins a solemn declaration, followed by the most serious advice to his fellow-citizens. I do not think I can better complete my short biographical notice than by inserting this religious and political testament of Azeglio; and I hope the Italian public will read it with gratitude.

"Having thus settled all matters concerning the interests of those to whom I am bound by ties of duty or affection, I will not end this my will, which may be the last, without adding a few words of farewell, remembrance and prayer.

"First of all, I pray my Lord God to receive my immortal soul, to grant it forgiveness, and lead it to the place for which it was created and retained on earth. He knoweth that I prayed to Him every day of my life with true sincerity of heart; that I always firmly believed that to love justice, truth, and self-sacrifice, was the best means of worshipping

and serving Him. If I have not practised this faith as would have been my duty, I crave His pardon and trust in His clemency.

"I implore Him on behalf of this our unhappy native land, which I have loved so much, that He may grant her to win her freedom and independence.

"I remind the Italians that such is their right; and feel sure that, though I may be deemed unworthy of beholding the holy and blessed day of their complete independence, that day will infallibly dawn. May they who are then alive not forget those who helped to prepare the way. I hope they will also remember me amongst them; for if I knew not how, or was unable to excel in the great task, none, God knows, exceeded me in earnestness of will.

"Howbeit I remind the Italians that the independence of nations is a consequence of the independence of individual character. He who is the slave of municipal passions or of secret societies must not complain if he is under a foreign yoke.

"The day of concord and the sacrifice of every rivalry, hatred, and personal interest, will be the forerunner of that of independence.

"I thank the numerous friends I have found all over Italy and abroad, for the comfort they afforded me by their constant and genuine affection, which

facilitated and smoothed the path of my life on so many occasions.

"I have never hated anyone, nor, as far as I know, did I ever seriously intend giving offence to any person whatsoever. If I have unconsciously been guilty in this respect, I trust and beg that I may be forgiven; and if, on the other hand, there is anyone who thinks he requires my pardon, let him be sure that I fully and completely grant it. May God thus have mercy upon us all!

"May my memory abide in the hearts of honest men and true Italians!—and this will be the greatest honour that can possibly be paid to it, or that I can ever imagine.

"MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO."

THE END.

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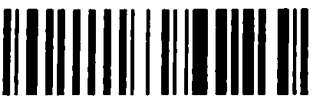
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